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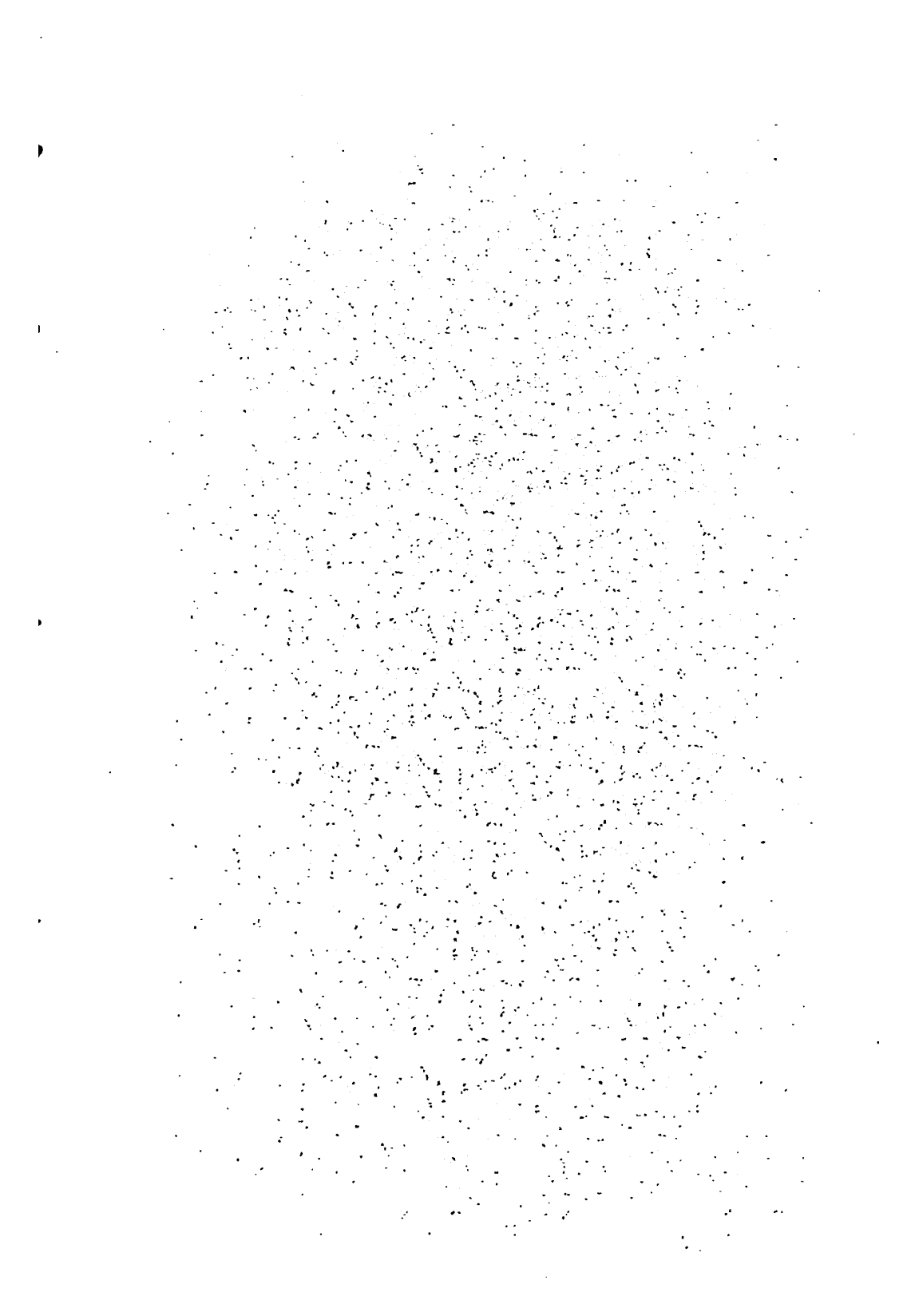
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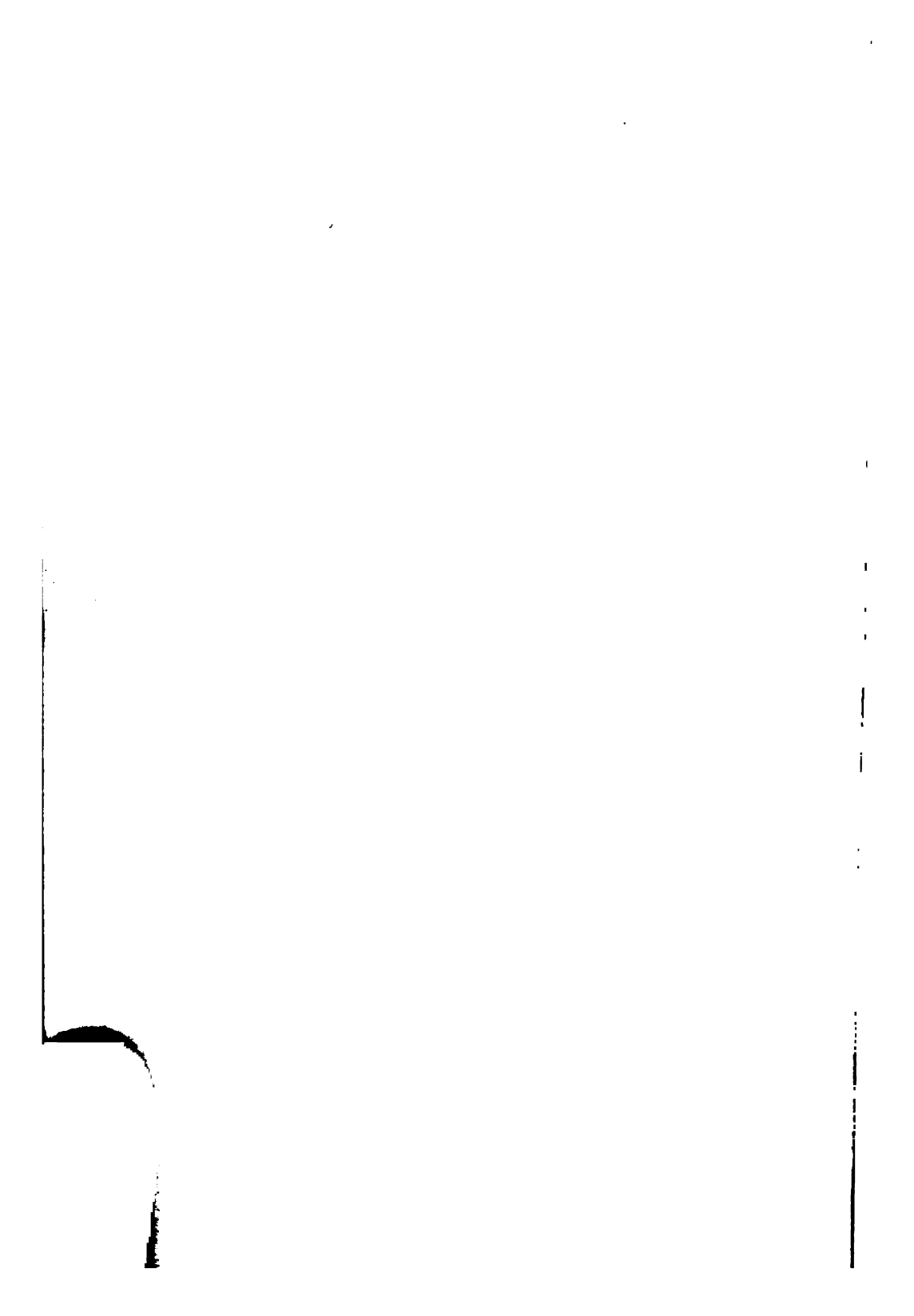
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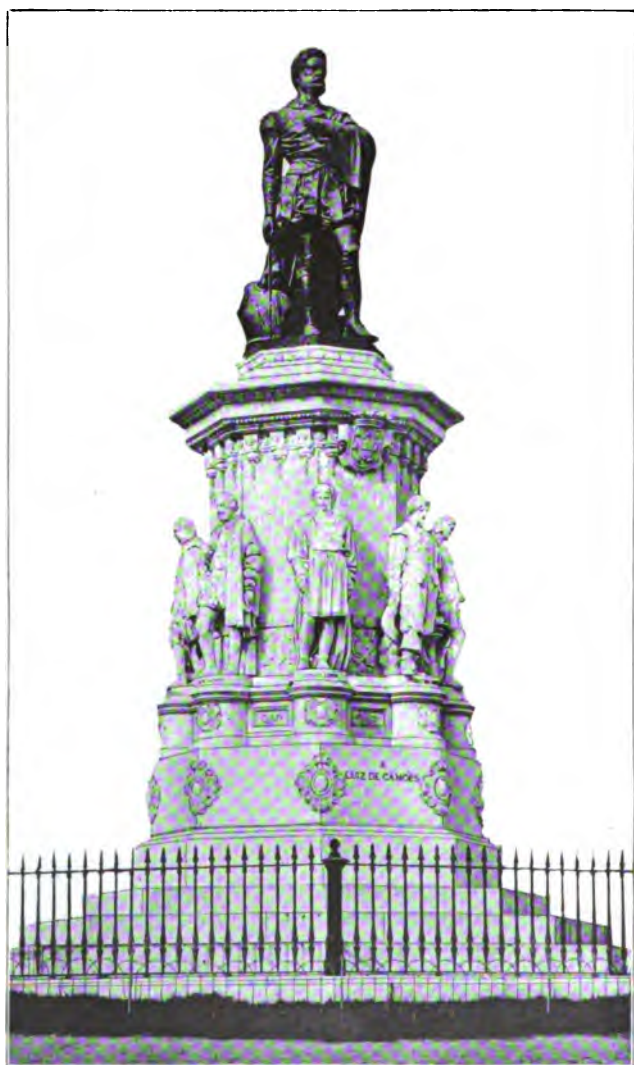
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CAMOENS.

A YEAR IN PORTUGAL

1889-1890

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BY

GEORGE BAILEY LORING, M.D.

LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER IN LISBON



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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TO
MY DAUGHTER

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PREFACE.

THE following journal was written during a rapid journey to Portugal and a year's residence in Lisbon and Cintra. It also covers a month spent in a trip to Rome and Gibraltar and Seville. I have not endeavored to discuss elaborately the objects I have seen, but to give a view of the life of an American Minister abroad, and to let light in upon the condition of Portugal, to which Court I was accredited. The advantages one enjoys who travels in Europe with a commission as a representative of the United States, or any other power, are great; and I have been encouraged to believe that I have familiarly witnessed many a scene which I should not have enjoyed had I been present as a private citizen. The knowledge of Portugal, moreover, is not extensive, and I have been strongly inclined to sketch a country which has a most delightful climate and most charming scenery, is full of romantic traditions, and has been the theatre of some of the most remarkable events in history. From the days of Dom Henriques to the days of Dom Carlos, Portugal has contributed a large share of the contentious history of Europe; and now, after fifty years of peace, it enjoys an opportunity to become a most important kingdom. If this journal conveys, even in a small degree, the pleasure I enjoyed in the beautiful scenery of Portugal and in viewing the memorials of its greatness, I shall be content.

GEORGE B. LORING.

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A YEAR IN PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON TO LISBON.

June 17th.—I left New York for Lisbon, as U. S. Minister to Portugal, on the 8th of June, and arrived this morning in London, after the usual passage of eight days to Southampton in the *Elbe*, and three hours' rail to the metropolis. The sea is the same from one end to the other; but the land varies with every mile, and indicates the character of the people who inhabit it. From Southampton to London we passed through a most charming country, fresh with June vegetation, cultivated to the highest degree—a market garden from one city to the other. If this were England, no one could ask for a more joyous land. The endeavor to make the island a garden has not been pursued with enthusiasm, and the fine cultivation and thrifty people and comfortable dwellings of this southern section is the exception and not the rule. It was a charming morning in early summer when we made our journey through England, and were borne into the whirl of London to witness the refreshing bustle and intensity of the town after the idle life of the sea. To debark from our compartment,

to shake hands with our friends who had accompanied us across the Atlantic, to reach the hotel and find apartments, was the work of a minute. London was very full of strangers, the Ascot and the coming exhibition at Windsor having crowded it to overflowing. While I rested after my journey, my family went to Westminster Abbey, bound to be introduced to London without delay, and determined to begin with the glory of the town. They returned to our apartments radiant with the spirit of the Abbey, eloquent over its beauty, and conversant with the names of poets and scholars, statesmen, heroes, and kings buried there. There was a service which charmed the Episcopal side of my family, and, altogether, their visit was most successful, while I was left to remember that Canon Kingsley commenced his journey in America with a charming lecture in Salem on Westminster Abbey, that we gave him a banquet at the Essex Institute, and that Dean Stanley introduced himself to an American audience with his admirable speech at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of John Endicott at Naumkeag.

I shall probably spend a few days here, not with the hope of getting even a bird's-eye view of London or a glimpse into its society or a taste of its quality. There is too much for a lifetime. And, moreover, I rather long to get away and betake myself to my quiet sphere of duty in Lisbon, where I can take in the situation entirely, and where there is but one attraction, I am told, —the lazy luxury of climate and scenery and repose, and what Whittier called so charmingly, "Old endéavor and achievement, romance and song."

Amidst all the smoke and filth of the city, I was

struck with the neatness of the people. Every man who pretended to wear a shirt wore a clean one. Clean boots, clothes, cravats were conspicuous everywhere. The servants, with their white collars and neck-cloths and black coats—the regalia of valetdom in England,—the clean table-cloths in the eating-houses, the clean floors and walls, and the clean well-arranged shops, bade defiance to the smoky air and the dingy, cloudy, dripping sky. The well-defined orders of society are impressed upon you every hour. The carriage with its coronet, the hackney-coach, and the street cab all have their place. As a buyer, the seller always treats you with respect; as an eater at the table of a hotel or restaurant, no jest of yours is recognized, no attention is expected, no acknowledgment is offered by the spruce waiters who stand around you.

The spending of money in London teaches you much about English society. It is worth nothing and it is worth everything. To those who have it, its temptations are powerless; to those who have it not, the smallest representation of the circulating medium is perfectly satisfactory. With the traders and business men it has very small capacity to express value. You cannot buy anything of high quality at a reasonable rate. You can devour half a sovereign in a twinkling. Gold weighed against bread, necessities, luxury, and pleasure sinks into insignificance. But when it is applied to the other phase of society, its character changes at once. For the relief of a beggar, a penny is omnipotent. You can avail yourself of the popular modes of conveyance for next to nothing. Any article stamped with poverty, or applied to its uses, seems to have no pecuniary value affixed to it. In the common

restaurant, beef and beer, enough for a wood-sawyer, cost about fourpence—the same beer and beef, under the Royal Arms, is invaluable. This is all significant. It would disgust a peer to wear a jerkin costing a couple of shillings, while he pays five pounds for a jacket no better.

London presents the most extraordinary contrasts. From the bustle of business you can step at once into the most delightful seclusion. Its parks, which you come upon unexpectedly, afford rural retreats to the ear stunned, and the foot wearied, and the eye dazzled with the noise and stony hardness and constantly changing crowd of the streets. The fine roads of these parks afford admirable opportunity for exercise to the English gentlemen and their horses. On the green feed flocks of sheep to give an air of domestic comfort to the scene. The tired citizen breathes their invigorating air, and the luxurious traveller reposes upon the richness of the scenery. The retreats of students and professional men are quiet and appropriately secluded in this busy, noisy city, whose incessant hum, resounding through these places of repose, adds effect to their subduing silence. Lincoln's Inn Fields, where are the museums of John Hunter and Sir John Sloane and the Inns of the court, give a sequestered spot where the talent of English physicians and barristers may be cultivated without disturbance and their scholastic tastes may be cherished. I felt as if a new life was breathed into me when I rambled beyond the noise and filth of Newgate into the refinement of this quarter of the city.

I have spent a few hours in the House of Commons—a dull and most uninteresting session, where I saw

Bradlaugh, who came into the gallery to meet me, and who inquired after his old friends in America. Last evening I had a long and most interesting conversation with Mr. Gladstone after a dinner given him by Mr. Carnegie. I asked him how long it would be before a confederation would be formed in the United Kingdom. In his endeavors to answer this question, which I have found it very difficult for any Englishman to answer, he entered upon a discussion of American affairs and the character of our Constitution. He expressed his usual admiration of our institutions and of the policy on which our government is founded. The idea that our civil organization was founded on an accumulation of facts and popular necessities, and grew out of them, had impressed itself on his mind, and he seemed inclined to believe that, while the theorists and doctrinaires were opposed to our federal organization, the most practical man of his time, the best farmer, the bravest warrior, the most successful land-surveyor, secured the adoption of the charter of our rights and privileges, and that it was Washington alone who gave us our Constitution. He said he had watched with great interest Mr. Bryce's excursion to America to give a sketch of our institutions; and when I ventured to refer to De Tocqueville as having written, half a century ago, the best analysis of our government and laws, he remarked that De Tocqueville was a genius as great as Burke in his use of language and in his power of investigation. Mr. Gladstone is a most agreeable talker and takes care not to monopolize the conversation. He resembles the best type of our New England character in form and feature and cast of mind. In my youth I knew an old Unitarian

minister who had been ostracized and driven from his parish in Coventry, Connecticut, on account of the liberality of his opinions in the early days of the contest between the believers in the Unity and the believers in the Trinity—a sturdy old Puritan, who was a patron of letters, was poor, but helped the bright boys of his neighborhood to get an education, had a broad face and broad shoulders, talked moderately, and was named Abiel Abbot, one of a long line of educators, scholars, and philanthropists. And this worthy and representative New Englander, Mr. Gladstone strongly resembled. The type is a good one for a free and non-conforming people, but a poor one for a conformist. The party at dinner was most distinguished—Sir Edwin Arnold, John Morley, who introduced us to the gallery of the House, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. William Black, Mrs. Morley and Miss Pullman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lincoln, Gen. Lloyd Bryce, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Commodore Garrison, and Consul-General and Mrs. New. Mr. Carnegie sent his keen impulse through the assembly, and his sweet wife performed her part with great grace and dignity.

June 20th.—This morning Mr. B. F. Stevens took me to the House of the Rolls, in which are kept the records of the kingdom and which contains documents of rare value. Few persons are admitted, and it was only at the request of Mr. Stevens that I secured a permit. I had a most charming genealogical talk with my guide, and saw Domesday Book, upon which all eyes are not allowed to rest. I saw the oath taken by Queen Victoria on her coronation, a clear, beautifully written sheet, with questions and answers definitely arranged,

among which was an oath to support the Church of England, and Ireland now disestablished. Victoria's signature is rough and manly, not the handwriting of a fashionable young lady, but the sturdy and unpretentious work of a farmer. The Rolls itself is most interesting, standing as it does near the old church and but a few feet from all that remains of Dryden's house, now nearly demolished.

An invitation to attend Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office and that of Mr. Morgan to occupy his box at the opera gave us good opportunities to catch a rapid view of society as we flew through the city. The reception was most beautiful. The great staircase, the wealth of flowers, the abundance of diamonds, the multitude of dowagers, made a most distinguished display. Lord Salisbury is a sturdy son of England, and Lady Salisbury has a most gracious and gentle manner. I dined with the Historical Society, a body of learned gentlemen, and at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, where we met at dinner a most thoroughly American party, and where I was charmed with the grace of Mrs. Chamberlain, who represents so well the renowned beauty of old Salem.

The exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society, its semi-centennial, took place at Windsor while I was in London, and I witnessed with great satisfaction the universal interest felt in its success by all classes of people and the high value set upon it as an encouragement to agriculture. They are not obliged to defend cattle-shows in England. The season here has been good thus far. A good hay crop and large crops of potatoes, grain, and roots rejoice the heart of the farmers. The crop of wheat was estimated at thirty bushels to the

acre. The farming industry of England is always interesting. From her flocks and herds the United States breeders have drawn their most valuable blood for every purpose to which animals are devoted, and the English farmer has received for his sales of cattle and horses, sheep and swine, a larger remuneration than for any other branch of his business. I learn that the sales of pure-bred stock during the past year, both of cattle and horses, have been most satisfactory. Early in the year the sales of Shire-horses were large, the most important of which was the sale of Mr. Gilley, at which the Duke of Westminster paid five hundred guineas for Stanton Hero, and the Prince of Wales three hundred guineas for the Pride of Fleet. At the Shire-horse sale nearly £10,000 was received at public auction, and during the show the private sales amounted to about £4,000. For Hackneys, Suffolks, Cleveland Bays, and Clydesdales the trade has been good. Cattle also sold well. At forty-three sales of Short-horns 2,323 head were sold for a total of £76,570 14s. 6d., or an average of £32 19s. 3d., each, being a large advance over the prices of 1885, 1886, 1887, and 1888. In Scotland the sales of pure-bred cattle resulted in an average of £22 15s. per head being obtained for Short-horns, and of £21 18s. for those of the Polled Angus breed. Besides these a good business has been done in the other leading breeds, the Herefords more especially. The greatest feature of the year, however, has been the growing popularity of the Irish cattle, the Kerrys and the Dexter-Kerrys, many of which have been brought into England. Herds of these small cattle have been established at Windsor and Sandringham, and so great has been the demand for them that the Royal Dublin So-

ciety have determined to establish a herd-book of the breed. Sales of sheep have also been very satisfactory, and prices for all breeds have been better than for many years. In the Windsor show no less than £150 were given for three Lincoln sheep, the first-, second-, and third-prize winners in the shearling ram class, having been purchased to go to Victoria at that price. The demand both from home and foreign buyers was largely increased over former years, the breeders of some varieties, such as the Hampshire Downs, being encouraged to make a great increase in their flocks, and to establish a flock register. I think the Shropshires still hold the foremost rank among all the sheep of England.

The establishment of a Board of Agriculture and the appointment of a secretary who is a member of the Ministry, have given a new impulse to agriculture in England. The command of the Queen to Mr. Jacob Wilson, the honorary director of the society's shows, to dine at Windsor Castle, and to receive at her hands the honor of knighthood, her success in taking prizes at the Birmingham and Smithfields fat-stock shows, besides several of the breed championships, and a large number of other prizes, have encouraged the English farmer to pursue with more than usual zeal an occupation which has not of late years been distinguished for its success.

The presence of the Queen and the Royal Family at the Windsor Exhibition was impressive, and gave great *éclat* to the occasion. She drove through the grounds with the Prince of Wales in most gorgeous style, followed by a great body of outriders and the members of the Royal Family, in stately array. The Queen looked cheerful, substantial, and proud of her surroundings.

The Prince of Wales is growing old. The whole scene represented well the solid power of England.

I have received an invitation to the dedication of the national monument at Plymouth—not Plymouth in England, but that more sacred Plymouth, where the genius of the English nation found a home, and made that nation immortal. I have felt it to be appropriate for me to send the following reply from the land of the fathers and from those "sweet homes" they loved so well,—

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE *Elba*.

"*To the Committee* :—I have received your courteous invitation to attend the celebration of the monument erected to the memory of those who landed at Plymouth two hundred and sixty-nine years ago, and brought with them the principles of state and society upon which the American republic is founded.

"Were I on the soil which they made sacred and immortal, and to which I am bound by every tie of blood and patriotism, I should accept the invitation with gratitude and eagerness. But I am making my way to the land which they left to find a home for their free thought and their untrammelled conscience, and am traversing the path which they bravely pursued to high accomplishment and high service ; and I can only express my thanks to you for remembering me on this occasion, and my reverence and admiration for the work which they performed. I am bound for their native shores ; and if any one doubts their defiant faith and courage, let him visit their imperial home ; if he doubts their resolution, let him sail their stormy seas ; if he doubts their wisdom and foresight, let him survey the empire which they founded, and the nationality which they inspired.

"The story of the Pilgrims has been so often told that it has become as familiar as human speech. But are we not in danger of forgetting what our history and our nation would be without them? They brought to our shores as a family tradition the story of reform in England, wrought out by their own ancestors, the policy of a representative government, the religious congregation as the corner-stone of a Christian church, a well-defined faith superior to theory and speculation, a magistrate without a crown, a bishop without a mitre. The foundation of their state was a church, which was built upon a pure heart as the rock of salvation, and required no forms and ceremonies to point the way to the throne of God. To be a citizen of this colony, whose monument you have now completed, was to be a Christian in word and deed, and from the hour when the compact was signed on board the *Mayflower* until this day, the spirit which has animated the American people through all ranks and orders, through all denominations and forms of faith, has been guided by Christian rules and devoted to a Christian purpose. There may be contending creeds and parties, but the object is the same, and the individual is never lost in the multitude, nor is personal independence ever surrendered to the decree of an organization. American individualism which displays itself everywhere, which absorbs all nationalities and never emigrates, has its roots in Pilgrim soil, and spreads its branches, laden with the fruit of the tree of knowledge, wherever the purest American institutions are found.

"Believe not that the Pilgrim, whether Separatist or Puritan, planted this tree in doubt or gloom. If he had no music or song, he had enjoyed none in his old

home. If he had no drama, the dramatist and the poet had no commanding place in his native land of ambition and conquest. If he had no art in the wilderness, he had not known statues and paintings in his universities and cloisters. He came forth from a severe and intense people, the most intense and severe of them all. And yet, in the absence of what in our day we call æsthetics, I am unwilling to believe the life of those heroic people was a life of darkness and gloom. Song and story and art indeed illumine human life, but there is an exultation and a triumphant joy in heroic endeavor which outshine all external light, and are not beclouded by trial or misfortune. A hard faith and a severe rule of conduct may not create a gloomy life, and we know that they gave the Pilgrim a jubilant strength and a shining victory, for which no song or comedy or device of man could have inspired him. He had his hard sorrows, but his cloud had its bow and its silver lining.

"Our land is full of monumental structures now. A loyal people has erected them everywhere to its loyal dead. The prosperous sons of self-sacrificing and devoted fathers build libraries and churches to their memory on the spots once made sacred by the family hearthstones. We immortalize those who taught and prayed for universal freedom, and those who fought for it, and now you complete a monument to mark the spot where the character of a great people was established on the foundation of religion, education, and self-sacrifice."

In a few days we leave England, with all its associations and memories and greatness and feebleness, and go on one stage more towards our destination. To go

from Boston to London is like going from one American city to another. The tastes, the manners, the language, the traditions, are the same ; and it is into the literature of England that the American looks for those works of thought which have made him what he is, and into the records of England for those names which are dear to him at home. England contemplates America now with respect, wonders at her growth, is astonished, as Mr. Gladstone said, at her personal fortunes, is amazed at her public finance. The two nations may be rivals, but they should be friends.

June 24th.—We have been two days in Paris. The journey from London was rapid and comfortable, and the Channel instead of being tempestuous was lively and inspiring. Our rooms at Meurice's were ready for us, and we entered upon Parisian life promptly. An early call on Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister, made an opening, and after very courteous advice and invitations from him, we began to roam. Paris covers a large surface, and the drives are long, and we were delightfully occupied until it was time to go to the Chamber of Deputies, where we listened to a most furious debate on a letter which a son of a senator had written in praise of Boulanger, and which had been intercepted. The storm was great and very amusing. A French orator is always demonstrative ; a mad French orator is fascinating.

On Saturday evening we went to a reception which followed a dinner given by the American Minister to Mrs. Levi P. Morton. The house of the Minister is really a palace in size and decoration. Miss Eames, who started out from Maine and has captivated the musical world, sang charmingly, accompanied by a

most admirable tenor, whose name I have forgotten if I ever heard it. We met many of our Washington acquaintances, Count Lewenhaupt and the Countess, Aristarchi Bey, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Otis of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Jay. M. Spuller, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, entertained me with a long speech about his experiences in America at the time of the Yorktown celebration, and expressed himself as delighted with our country. Yesterday we breakfasted with friends at St. Germain. A ride of forty minutes by rail brought us to the historic spot with its old palaces and its interesting neighborhood. We breakfasted in a pretty arbor, and afterwards we drove through that beautiful wood for which St. Germain is so famous; and the terrace from which the view of the valley of the Seine and on to Paris is as fine as nature and art can shape it, and as historic as man has been able to make it. Last evening we dined with Mrs. Sherwood, who chaperones the beautiful daughter of Mr. C. P. Huntington, and has a kind word for all Americans. The company, consisting of ten persons, was most agreeable. I listened long to the conversation of an elderly gentleman who was full of information on Suez and Panama canals, agriculture in France, French politics, French incomes, and French manners. He is a devoted friend of Boulanger, and evidently feels that he will triumph in the end; and he informed me that the Minister of the Interior had said the scenes of '93 should be enacted again rather than have Boulanger to rule over France. He expects victory for Boulanger from a combination of Orleanists, Bonapartists, and dissatisfied Republicans, mixed in what proportion he did not inform me.

To attend the Exposition was a matter of necessity, and we took an early hour for the excursion. Familiar as I am with such scenes, I was deeply impressed with the extent and beauty of this. It was not as broad and free and open and, as it were, natural as the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, but in wealth of construction I am compelled to think it surpasses it. There are no charming hills and valleys, no great trees, no widespread landscape, but the old Eastern nationalities have poured forth their art and industry in surprising abundance ; England is strong, massive, solid, and enduring in her great exhibition of ceramics, manufactures, and machinery of every description ; France abounds ; everything that can conduce to the luxury of life she has gathered here. There is one Sevres vase worth coming to Europe to see. There are groups of statuary, graceful, gross, inspiring, and the reverse ; boudoirs furnished like the garden of Eden ; gigantic figures of heroes, lions, and griffins ; brocades which would have set our colonial damsels wild ; and decorations more beautiful than even the ceilings of the American Capitol are in the eye of an admiring citizen. And then the laces of Brussels, the beautiful work of thousands of weary fingers ; the gorgeous glass of Austria and Hungary ; the intelligent machinery of England and the United States ; the mounted savagery of the forests of Russia ; the swarthy beauty of Arabia and Persia ; the quaint productions of the Swiss ; the agricultural machinery, and well-ordered stables, and dairy arrangements, and model farm-steadings, in miniature, from France and Germany ; and gilded and carved furniture of Italy ; and textiles of Spain ; and wines and primitive implements of Portugal ; and the

mineral and forest wealth of South America ;—all this and more in most fascinating collection and arrangement filled me with wonder and admiration. I was really introduced to human ingenuity and skill, and was more than ever impressed with man's devotion to beauty and luxury. All philosophy and theology and social speculation and poetry and politics were driven out of my head by the material splendor before me. Our trip along the Champ de Mars to the Eiffel Tower, for scenery and a lunch, was by no means the least interesting experience. It is useless to try to describe this tower. The work is as grand as a mountain. They call it a thousand feet high ; but it seems to be five thousand. A tall poplar-tree has not more grace, Mount Washington not a firmer base. It is the Washington Monument, and the Susquehanna Bridge, and the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, and the dome of St. Peter's all crowded into one. We went in an elevator, a huge car lifted by water machinery, to the top of the first platform, higher far than Bunker Hill Monument, and had a most refreshing luncheon, a bottle of chablis, a bit of roast beef, a salad, and bread and butter—with a view of Paris before us never seen until this tower was built. All the great historic buildings, the hill of Montmartre, the great Arc de Triomphe, the gilded dome of the Invalides, the towers of Notre Dame, stood around, and the gardens and groves and dwellings of Paris filled the scene. The view is most impressive, suggestive, and interesting. There is so much life in Paris,—such a bright sky, such invigorating air, such marks of the saint, such footsteps of the devil, such perfection of beauty and the beast, one wonders, admires, and is bewildered.

For myself I have been very busy—not in visiting old scenes and old buildings,—but I have seen many interesting people, and have greatly enjoyed strolling over this gay, bright, irrepressible city. My commission goes far towards my enjoyment. Official position is much esteemed here. We dine to-night with Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and to-morrow we go to a garden-party given by President Carnot at the Elysées. I am determined to leave on Monday for Lisbon, which I find is at the end of a long and tedious journey, made by express on Wednesday and Saturday, on every other day by stages from town to town, and, if you wish, once a fortnight by small steamers from Bordeaux. Not a pleasant prospect. Last evening we took another long drive with Count and Countess Galli in the Bois de Boulogne and in the suburbs of Paris, and wound up the evening with a visit to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Everything trivial fits this place and people exactly—even where the tragic marks are the deepest in the world.

The garden-party was quite entertaining. The French have preserved enough of the royal magnificence, which once prevailed entirely, to give an air of monarchical rule to all their public ceremonies. The republic flourishes in all its power, and France gets further and further away from the splendors of royalty. But time alone can remove the landmarks laid down by kings and a voluptuous court, and the simplicity and absence of display which mark the workings of popular government come on as slowly and gradually as the days of spring and early summer. And so the garden-party had much ceremony, and many lacqueys, and much tinsel, and a good deal of

promenading, and considerable formality. I met many Americans there. And Colonel Lichtenstein, who represented President Grévy at our Yorktown centennial, greeted us as an old friend, and escorted us through the charming salons hung with old Gobelin tapestry.

The scene at the garden-party was enchanting. The beauty of the Elysées has charmed many generations of men. Nature and art have combined to make this spot most lovely and most appropriate for an assembly of savans and scientists from every quarter of the globe. Men gathered in groups on the lawn according to their nationalities in Europe, and representatives from the newly found western continent. Many a familiar American group welcomed me; and the French spirit animated and the French courtesy regulated the entire assembly. President Carnot might have been born in Malta.

July 3d.—The journey from Paris to Bordeaux is fine and varied. You start out at once into Orleans, with all its historic interest, and travel over a great extent of country level and almost treeless, cultivated to the degree of a garden, with no waste land, no animals, apparently no people—none visible. The Château de Chambord arrests your attention,—a specimen of architectural beauty seldom surpassed, and rich in the portraits of Madame de Maintenon, Anne of Austria, and their brilliant associates. You pass on through gardens and towns to Tours, where you rest for an hour and get a flood of historical memories. Beyond Tours, Poitiers greets you, and Angoulême, and you realize that you are passing through a part of France owned and loved by kings and princes and fought for by great captains. As you approach Bordeaux the surface of

the country becomes more uneven, and you are attracted at once by the multitude and extent of the vineyards. Vines planted on thousands of acres make a cheerful landscape at this season, and hold out great promise of autumnal wine. Indian-corn fields also attracted my admiring gaze.

In the morning we left the vinous town in a bright sunlight and sweet air. As we went on our way everything changed. First came miles of hard pine forests planted in even rows for the pitch, each tree having a wound and a cup to catch the flow of vital fluid—like a sugar-maple in Vermont. The soil was thin, but cultivated everywhere for some purpose—wheat, barley, potatoes, grass, pines. Ere long the Pyrenees appeared, and then for miles we whirled on through a scene hardly equalled in the Alleghanies or White Mountains. The great hills like Mount Washington, the deep valleys like the Glen, the rapid streams like the Saco, all filled me with great joy in nature and with the tenderest memories. For an hour or more the seacoast comes into view, and on one side lie Biarritz and San Sebastian, while on the other the mountains and hills are piled up in great grandeur and beauty.

The sun went down ; a new moon like an eyelash appeared ; my planet, the evening star, which lighted me home so often last autumn, and whose glories have followed me everywhere in Washington and New York and on the ocean and here, hung in all its glory in the same western sky, and the evening air was cool and sweet. Soon we broke out of all this glory and traversed the hard, rocky hills which abound in this part of Spain.

Now through all this long day's ride we saw everywhere marks of human industry. No acres available were lying idle. All that could be reached were well cultivated. I saw no people—only a few toiling in the field—men and women hoeing and making hay. I saw very few horses—only one small drove on their way to market, and another at pasture. I saw only one pleasure-carriage during the day, on the fine roads. Mules and well-mated fawn-colored oxen, cultivating the corn and skilfully avoiding the rows, were doing the farmwork. I saw but few homes of the people. They toiled up to the latest twilight, and then collected into little groups to go I knew not whither. A few flocks of sheep gathered around their shepherds and lay down for the night. When I passed on they stood looking at them—the shepherds at the sheep,—and for aught I know they are there still. There was no dwelling near. The mules were tethered by the roadside and the toil-worn oxen made their beds in the tall grass. No walls or fences divided the fields. The grazing animals seemed to recognize the boundaries of the various plots of grain and grass by instinct, and none overstepped the limits. In all this one got no idea of home, or school, or association, or social culture, or civil right. The level for men and animals and industry was uniform. The only mills I saw were windmills and two or three paper-mills, and the rapid streams were chiefly devoted to women washing clothes.

When we left Bordeaux, we intended to stop a night in Burgos and take a train the next morning for Madrid, according to instructions given us in Paris. But I was misled and I made up my mind to gain a day and

see Burgos, with its great cathedral and its historic associations. When I left Bordeaux I went away from a busy American-looking town, which was once famous for its American commerce, its maritime business, and its historical importance, whose streets and mole had been trodden for ages by a most industrious and hardy people, and whose name is identified with ancient and modern enterprise. When I arrived at Burgos I found myself in an interesting, quaint, venerable town, whose antiquities occupied all my attention, whose enterprise was small and secondary, and which is distinguished for the marks of the Cid and Charles the V., and all the Don Fernandos, and with a great gateway erected in honor of Charles the V. ; and the famous cathedral.

Burgos was long the capital of Castile and Leon, and is a fine specimen of a genuine Castilian city. It was founded in 884, and has passed through the various fortunes of war so well known to all Spanish towns. When the kings of Castile removed their court from Burgos, they destroyed the sources of its prosperity. During the Peninsular wars it was with its strong fortifications the obstacle to the passage of Wellington out of Spain, and so firmly was it held that, after five or six assaults, the English were obliged to retire to Madrid, while the fortifications were destroyed and the path left open. Since that day Burgos has been idle.

The Gothic Cathedral is the main object of interest in this representative Spanish town. It was royally founded by St. Ferdinand in honor of his marriage with Donna Beatrix in 1221 ; and the reigning sovereign became one of the canons of the chapter from which Pope Alexander VI. sprang. The very soil on which it

stands is steeped in ecclesiastical renown. It seems to be the most sacred spot on earth—and the cathedral itself an object worthy of occupying the place. True the approach to this wonderful piece of architecture is most humble, and the great doorway opens from a court-yard surrounded with dingy and misshapen dwellings. But out from this low level springs a collection of graceful spires, which draw you away from earth and direct your mind to the heaven of saints and the great white throne. While you contemplate this ravishing accumulation, the heavy curtain is swung away from the door and you enter. The scene before you is overpowering. The lofty arches and the great nave oppress you with their grandeur. The retable of the high altar, in the centre of which is a silver image of the Virgin, is very fine, and the rest of the altar is occupied by statues representing scenes from the life of the Virgin, of apostles and saints. At the side of the altar are tombs of three Infantes of Castile, who were buried there in the 14th century. Impressed with the sacredness of this monumental structure, you wander from chapel to chapel, until you become enamoured of that genius and religious enthusiasm which found expression in such sublime work. It is a picture of ancient repose—representing the fervor and zeal of past centuries without a bond to bind it to the present. The mind endeavors to people it with active life, with kings and priests and all the bright display which belonged to the Church in its prime and power. The arabesques and monsters represent the hideous side of life, and images of saints and angels all that is holy and pure. Recumbent effigies of the founders have lain silent there for centuries and

fill you with awe and reverence. To be led from chapel to chapel, introduced by turns to the work of Nicodemus, and the Virgin and child by Sebastian del Piombo, and to the splendid tomb of the great Bishop Alonso de Carthagena, and to the gorgeous Chapel of the Condestable with its great wealth of art and decoration, is like being borne from one sacred presence to another, until the mind grows weary with the contemplation of so much beauty. The cloisters are equally fine and imposing. Over the doorway leading into the Old Sacristy is carved the Descent from the Cross ; and in the ante-room of the Chapter House is preserved El Cofre del Cid, a battered iron-bound chest, attached to the wall high above the floor, in which the Cid stored the stones which he pledged to the Jews for a loan to carry on his wars. He pledged his victories also with the contents of the chest, and returned victorious to redeem his pledge.

When you leave this lofty monument to man's devotion and religious zeal, you step forth into a dismal accumulation of ordinary city life. Burgos is old and squalid. But within those holy walls are legends and tales of sad realities and tragic adventures which give inexpressible charm to the scene. The beautiful door of the cloister, the finest in the world next to the gates of the Baptistery at Florence, arrests you, and you stand in mute admiration before it. The choir, the stairs, the doors, the iron bars, and above the cathedral doorways images of saints carved in stone, all challenge you to pause and admire their grace and beauty. The tales which are told you of the faith and love and devotion manifested there—of the Christ which bleeds, of the king whose romantic life is con-

nected with this great cathedral—bind you as by a spell to the spot. And you go forth into the decaying city around you perplexed by the mysteries of the Roman Catholic Church, to whose glory all wealth and power and genius once dedicated themselves, and which now turns back with pride to its ancient grandeur.

No cathedral in all Christendom surpasses in beauty this at Burgos. From the small square in front, one can contemplate the façade above which rise airy spires pointing in great numbers high above the roof like tall and tapering pines in the forest. The façade is ornamented with a multitude of statues of princes, angels, and martyrs, so perfect in size and shape that they deceive you with the thought that they are living guardians of the temple. Not a line of all these spires disturbs your sense of harmony. The group is as uniform, beautiful, and inspiring, as the work of man can be to the soul of him who contemplates it. As in viewing a lofty mountain man is filled with faith and aspiration, so, as the eye wanders over this sublime structure, he warms toward those who have labored to bring to earth the beauty of the starry heavens. This great work, which belongs to the times of the Renaissance, was built when devotion to art and architecture had reached the highest point. Religious faith found expression in most exquisite forms: and so as you stand beneath the cupola of this building you behold on every side, above and below, a bewildering mass of columns and tracery and images, each one of which is so delicately wrought that it seems to express all that sense of beauty which language would fail to convey. Turn to either hand and your eye rests upon a gorgeous chapel dedicated to a prince, or a

bishop, or a king, whose effigies lie in the centre of all the magnificence, guarded by an army of angels and saints so decorated and clad that at a signal the room might be filled with life. To the art of this structure it is said that Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto contributed each his share ; and the Roman Catholic Church can turn to it as the culmination of its architectural power. •

July 9th.—We reached Madrid early in the morning of July 4th, and proceeded at once to get a view of the town. We began by exploring carefully the great museum where the pictures of Murillo, Velasquez, Titian, Tintoretto, Poussin, Rubens, and a numerous crowd are collected. Murillo is as sweet and spiritual as ever, Velasquez as royal and vexatious, Titian as voluptuous, Rubens as red, Poussin as gloomy, Tintoretto as brilliant and commonplace. Among them all stands Murillo pre-eminent.

A journey in the night-time on a Spanish train from Burgos to Madrid is dismal and dreary,—spectral in the darkness. The surface of the earth and the forms of animal life were bad enough before we reached Burgos, but when morning dawned and revealed the landscape, the sight which met our eyes was rude and picturesque. Dawn broke upon a surface of mountains and valleys literally covered with boulders large and small, from the size of a cocoa-nut to the size of a cathedral. They stood not alone but in groups, and lay as thickly along the land as the dead lay at Waterloo and Gettysburg ; and so on for miles. The scene was defiant and startling. A scanty herbage sprang up among the rocks. No crops appeared, except here and there at long intervals a sickly patch of wheat or

lentils. I lay in my berth watching the increasing sunlight when, just as the gloom diminished and the earth seemed a little more hospitable, a beautiful vision of a building came into view with a dome of unparalleled beauty and lines of windows flashing in the sunlight like long rows of brilliants. It was the Escorial shining in the desolation. Why it was there no man could tell. Philip II. spent fifteen years in watching its construction from a rocky seat on a neighboring hillside; and there it stands as beautiful without and as gloomy within as his dismal soul could make it. It was a realization of the Methodist hymn which, in describing heaven, says with religious fervor and pious zeal:

“Those glittering towers the stars outshine.”

I had no idea the famous structure was so far away from Madrid; and I suppose if Philip had imagined a railroad would ever have shortened the distance, he would have taken his seat and laid the foundations of his palace farther on among the stony hills of Spain, beyond the reach of locomotives and wagon-lits, the detestable European name for a detestable thing, which we possess with all its comforts and luxuries and cleanliness and call a sleeping-car in America.

We spent the Fourth of July with Minister Palmer, who with Mrs. Palmer and the attachés of his Legation and ourselves sat down to a national dinner. We drank to the prosperity of the Republic; and after having explored a city like this the Republic seemed resplendent. It seems to me that nothing but ecclesiastical necessity and personal ambition could have located Madrid where it is. It is the centre of the

most miserable part of Spain and has been maintained by force ever since it was founded.

At eleven o'clock at night we left for Lisbon. Of course I saw nothing until morning dawned, and then we were rolling through a poor barren country such as we saw on our approach to the capital of Spain. As we went on, however, matters improved, and from the sandy soil and thin crops of that part of the country, we gradually ran into a better region which increased in beauty when we entered Portugal. The grain fields were somewhat luxuriant. The cork trees were being stripped of their crop of bark, and stood around in flesh-colored costume or in dingy garments, covering hundreds of acres in most picturesque manner, like sturdy oaks. The fences were great rows of century-plants rejoicing in a genial climate. The houses were prim and white. Drove of horses fed on the pastures, and herds of cows reminded me of the Pickman farm and the town pastures of Salem. At last the Tagus came into view and enlivened the landscape with its broad yellow current, bearing on its bosom a scattered fleet of boats with tall lateen sails. On its banks were a few lumber establishments, and on its low borders salt-pans were doing the best they could to convert their salt-water into a merchantable product. Gardens and vineyards multiplied as we approached Lisbon, and I looked with delight on the evidences of horticulture under favorable circumstances. We reached our destination at three o'clock, and were met at the station by Mr. Wilbor, the Vice-Consul who attended us to the Hotel Braganza, and enlightened me about the people and my predecessor. From our windows we could overlook the broad river widening into a bay directly

before us. The far off opposite shore is beautiful, and the white villages along the remote banks are most attractive and suggestive.

Lisbon is an interesting town—the Portuguese are an interesting people. They appear well, are quiet and reposeful and calm under ordinary circumstances. They neither drink to excess nor fight. Their houses are in good order, their railway stations are well-built, neat, and convenient, their fields are well cared for, so far as the simplest implements of husbandry will allow, and their streets and highways are well-built and clean. They have an encouraging air of slender thrift. There are not many new buildings in Lisbon, but there are attractive old ones—convents, monasteries, palaces, and churches.

The Legation, as it is called, is a suite of old-fashioned rooms with old furniture and marks of old diplomacy, relics of General Humphries and John Pickering, in the early times, and of devoted citizens later on. There is an air of comfort about them which is encouraging. The place is unique. London is grand and massive; Paris is glittering and active; Madrid is, with the exception of its great galleries, hard and cold, and as imperious as a cavalier or a don. But Portugal is the condensation of luxurious quiet. Lisbon with its steep hilly streets, its mouldy grandeur, its calm old age, is the place in all the world to which one can retire with assurance of finding rest, even among mild protests and popular feeling. It is one extreme of cultivated civilization—London standing at the other. It has the respectability of old age. But we abandoned all this and took up our residence at Cintra, that famous abode of heroes and conspirators and poets and diplomatists.

CHAPTER II.

CINTRA AND MAFRA.

Too much cannot be said of the beauty of this renowned spot. Its striking loveliness consists of a section of deep ravines, lofty heights, bare and rocky summits, luxuriant gardens whose foliage vies with the tropics, a lofty Moorish palace, whose twin turrets are the chimneys of the kitchen ; winding narrow streets half the width of the road on the rocky promontories of New England, little streams trickling down the rocks into dark grottos, great towering pines, imposing palms, a confused heap of rugged and magnificent nature ; beyond which, stretching towards the invisible sea, is a vast plain of variegated beauty, green pastures, yellow grain fields, groups of trees, and those delightful landmarks to a Yankee eye—meandering stone walls. I am only surprised that more travellers do not go to Cintra. We secured quarters at the Lawrence Hotel, a comfortable hostelry, which has sheltered among other distinguished guests Lord Byron and Lord Lytton, Lady Franklin, and many of my predecessors.

Yesterday I walked to Pena. Pena is one of those structures which the " old people " of Portugal were so fond of erecting on every crag and hilltop, always with a religious significance. It was originally a convent,

built by Dom Manuel, for the Jeronymites of Belem, and was a watch-tower for this monarch, from which he looked out day by day and hour after hour to see Vasco de Gama return from his voyage of discovery round the Cape of Good Hope in 1497. When the convents were suppressed it was purchased by a private gentleman, who soon sold it to the late king D. Fernando, who bequeathed it to the Countess Edla, from whom it has been recovered by the present king. It is perched upon a peak a thousand feet or more above the plain, and commands a vast view of the sea and the mouth of the Tagus, the lines of Torres Vedras, the great convent of Mafra, and a curious landscape of wild and cultivated hill and valley. Around it stands a collection of stony peaks crowned with boulders, which it would seem as if Agassiz' travelling glaciers could not move. From the towers of the castle the ravines seem to be of unfathomable depth. The surrounding hills are all below you, so high is the castle, and their savage rocky aspect, starting up as they do out of the luxuriant foliage of the valleys, is most impressive. On a peak not far off stands the ruin of a Moorish castle a thousand years old, an inaccessible fortress, whose occupants were starved out when Christianity secured its triumph in Portugal. There they stand, the one in its natural beauty looking over upon the desolate ruin of the other, and both representing the folly of ambition and conquest. Pena is full of choice bits of architecture, fine Gothic arches, a picturesque entrance with a drawbridge, a charming little chapel, and frescos and carvings innumerable. Its square and Moorish towers are exceedingly beautiful, and the wall around its bastions startling and confusing. The gardens are

filled with tropical plants, shrubs, and trees, and the surrounding forests are grand and luxuriant.

This structure represents Portugal almost as well as any object you will see here, and what it does not represent itself, it will bring before you in the wide range of the horizon about it. Portugal is more remarkable for its extravagances than any other spot on earth. If you want to learn the power of an earthquake you can find it here as nowhere else. If you would study the savagery of war, read the bloody tale which begins with Gothic invasions and Moorish tyranny and cruelty and Castilian murders and Spanish tortures, and continues through the Peninsular wars and the contest for the succession. If you would know the horrors of a plague, read the ravages of the yellow fever in Lisbon. If you desire to know how far human cruelty can go, learn the story of Inez de Castro, and the tale of D. Alfonso VI., and the fate of Beatrice and the Moor, the surrender of Urraca, and that long list of tortures the work of personal revenge and of religious persecutions. If you would see the extravagance of religious devotees and imperial usurpers and robbers and land-grabbers, travel from town to town, and count the churches and castles and convents from Mafra, overlooking the mouth of the Tagus, to the confines of the kingdom, and wonder at the reckless waste of treasure and toil. If you wish to see the perfection of the stony deposits of the ice-bound period of the world, visit the entire Iberian peninsula from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar, and you will find boulderian nature in all its possible grandeur.

A favorite drive from Cintra brings you to Mafra, a monstrous architectural pile long since deserted,

standing in solitary grandeur by the sea, a monument of extravagance and imperial folly, religious enthusiasm and weak ambition. It takes its name from a small village in which stands this Palace, Monastery, and Basilica, a huge building erected in 1717 by D. Jose V., in gratitude to God for the birth of a son, and in fulfilment of a vow he had made that whenever the son was born he would erect a magnificent monastery on the site of the poorest Priory in the kingdom. And this Priory was at Mafra—a hut in which dwelt twelve Arabidos, the poorest order in Portugal. In 1717 was the foundation laid, this ceremony alone costing 200,000 crowns. A daily force of 14,700 workmen was employed thirteen years in the construction; and during the entire time 45,000 men were engaged in the work. The edifice cost 19,000,000 crowns, and during one day of the eight occupied in the consecration, the king dined 9,000 persons. The length of the wall running north and south is 1,150 feet. There are 866 rooms and 3,200 doors. The roof is so broad that 10,000 men can be reviewed upon it, and it is so solid that a great stone turret, weighing at least a ton and a half, falling from the tower to the roof, a hundred and fifty feet, made no impression whatever on the surface. There are palaces for the king and the queen, a magnificent audience chamber, a church of great beauty, barracks for the soldiers, and a library 300 feet in length containing 30,000 volumes, the oldest of which are illuminated missals of 1450. The chimes of bells are wonderful—sweet in tone, impressive in power. For a hundred and seventy years their great machinery has worked, and is as perfect now as it was the day it was erected. There are two sets of bells, each set weigh-

ing two hundred tons, costing one million crowns apiece, and doubled by the extravagant king, when he was reminded that the vast sum of one million crowns would be required to pay for one. This immense building stands on a wide level spot in the midst of a small cluster of houses as remarkable for their humility as the great monastery is for its gloomy greatness. The great front wall, blackened as all old buildings in Europe are, is an accumulation of lofty columns, high massive towers, deep niches ornamented by statues, and all the wealth which architectural ingenuity could pile up in one mountainous structure. The ample front portal opens into a hall, whose walls are adorned with colossal statues of saints and apostles, and it leads into a church of lofty proportions, rich decorations, great arches, and beautiful chapels. From this imposing edifice you pass on through innumerable rooms, some adorned with finely frescoed ceilings, some as white and still and empty as a snow-cave in the arctic,—all opening into each other and making a vista like a great avenue. The vast building running back from this splendid front, with its church and towers and belfries and statues, is no more impressive than the walls of a huge cotton-mill. Its exterior is of a dull yellowish-brown color, its interior contains the hospital with its many stalls, the monastery with its cells for the monks, the great dining-room with its long, heavy tables, and the superb kitchen. You are compelled to admire the well-made Brazil-wood doors, and to wonder at the simple decaying window-shutters. And you wander about and ponder and wait for a group of occupants in vain, and try to people all the solitudes with royal assemblies and devotees and sol-

diers; and you listen for echoes of the old revelry and chants and responses. But it is all deserted and still and useless—waiting for time to do its work. Mafra in full blast must have been a scene of military and ecclesiastical glory, such as the world has seldom seen. Now the desolation and repose are awful.

When this monastery was built at Mafra the resources of Portugal were great,—great for her rulers and nobles,—great for a privileged few, and plentiful enough as they now are for the mass of the people. Regardless of the wants of his subjects, indifferent to the necessities of his great empire, the king compelled all people and all industries covered by the Portuguese flag to pay tribute to this reckless and extravagant conceit. And now all industries and people have withdrawn from its presence and left it standing alone. The power of him who built it is gone. The significance of the building has passed away. The object for which it was erected is forgotten, and even if remembered, is considered a piece of weakness and folly. And yet it represents what was once the civil and ecclesiastical power of Portugal, the former of which is in decay, and the latter of which its great minister abolished.

We drove over a wide region of dry hills and valleys occupied by thin wheat-fields and stunted vineyards, where a poverty-stricken people reaped the meagre grain and waited for the small wine crop. There was no luxuriance, all was a low level of civilization, without schoolhouse so far as I could discover, and surely without a town-hall or a meeting-house. I could not help contrasting this scene of poor agriculture and dead society with the fertile fields and pleas-

ant homes and pretty villages where a free and grateful people erect monumental structures for their heroes ; a living and active civilization engaged in paying tribute to those who have made life strong and aspiring. But I abandoned contrast and comparison early, because I am inclined to think that every form of civilization has its purpose, and that the institutions established by one people are as much entitled to respectful contemplation as those established by another. So much for Mafra, its building and its lesson.

August 1st.—We have had our first court reception—not my presentation, which is still delayed on account of the illness of the King ; but a party given in honor of the birthday of Dom Affonso Henriques. The reception was given at Cintra in the royal palace, where the family spend two or three months in midsummer.

The palace is a most interesting and homely old building,—an irregular pile surrounding a large courtyard, and especially conspicuous for its tall conical chimneys and its fragmentary architecture. It was the Alhambra of the Moorish kings and passed from them into the possession of the Christian Portuguese monarchs. The building was completed by Dom Manuel about A.D. 1500, and was his residence when he watched from Pena for the return of Vasco de Gama from his great voyage of discovery. It is famous for many historical events, and is a curious mixture of Christian and Moorish architecture.

The reception was held in the great salon, a large and finely decorated room about fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, with a beautiful frescoed ceiling and with modern doors, which contrast curiously with the ancient type of the walls. We entered this room

through a narrow passage between two pillars where guests who expected to be presented to the King gathered. I was introduced by Senhor Barros Gomes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to his Majesty, who sat during the reception and offered me a chair by his side. He is a gentleman of taste and talent and culture, speaks well many languages, is a good musician, a first-rate English scholar, and a judicious statesman. My conversation with him was interesting, and we discussed the affairs of his kingdom with allusions to the literature of the United States. He very civilly excused his inability to receive me formally on account of his ill-health, and assured me that the informal interview we were then having would be sufficient to establish my official relations with his government, while my presentation would come hereafter. I was presented to the Queen, Maria Pia, a stylish and anxious woman with a pomp of golden hair, the daughter of Victor Emanuel; and to the Crown Princess, the wife of Dom Carlos, Marie Amélie d'Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris. The presentation of Mrs. Loring to the Queen was made by Lady Petre, wife of the British Minister, who was the dean of the diplomatic corps, and to the King by Senhor Barros Gomes. I left her conversing with his Majesty while I pursued my substantial English way among "all English-speaking people" whom I chanced to meet.

It was not a lively reception, inasmuch as the ladies sat in a solid and impenetrable mass along the side of the room opposite the royal family, while the gentlemen concentrated themselves wherever they could find room in all the dignity of black coats and, in some cases, of knee-breeches. I was agreeably impressed by the

Crown Prince, Dom Carlos, the Duke of Braganza, the Infanta, who was making himself generally attentive, and with whom I had an interesting talk about lands and horses ; and also by the Prime Minister, Senhor de Castro, who told Mrs. Loring he had never been out of Portugal, and had never had a fire in his room ; by the Queen's Chamberlain, the Duke of Loulè, Master of the Horse ; by Duke Albuquerque ; by the Russian, Swedish, Dutch, Austrian, British, and Brazilian ministers ; by the Spanish Secretary, Polo de Barnaby ; by Marchesa de Funchal, Lady-in-waiting to the Queen ; and by Dona Eugenie Nitza, Maid of Honor, a very pretty person descended from Vasco de Gama. The music was given by a fine band, which was stationed in a Moorish court and which discoursed the peculiarly graceful and lively strains for which Portuguese airs are distinguished. The supper was in the famous dining-room whose ceiling is adorned with numerous magpies, bearing in their beaks the motto " Por Bem," painted there, by the order of Dom John I., as a rebuke to the gossips of the court, who revelled in the fact that the Queen caught him kissing one of her maids of honor ; and the supper consisted of Consommé de perdrix, Filets de veau à la Portuguese, Roast beef roti à la Chateaubriand, Dindon brochées à la Periqueux, Jam-bon Westphalian, Patés de foix gras, Sandwiches à la Romaine, Ices, and dry Champagne. The table was handsomely decorated, and the numerous waiters were in red and yellow livery. During the supper the King and Queen remained in the salon, the Princess Amélie having retired at an early hour. All of which items I do most faithfully record.

Hildreth accompanied us to the reception and was

much impressed by the dignity of the occasion. He was presented to the King and Queen, and to the Princess Royal, who were most kind and gracious to him.

The entrance to this scene was quite imposing. On each side of the broad staircase leading from the courtyard of the Palace to the interior stood torch-bearers in livery, red and yellow, who lighted the way to the not very imposing hall, and from which you ascended by a winding and narrow staircase of marble, without banister or rail, into the anteroom of the salon.

We had the pleasure yesterday of paying our respects to the Crown Prince and his charming Princess, of whom I have already written. We were met at the gate of the pretty villa in which they reside by a most sturdy gatekeeper who took our cards, and soon returned, indicating that we could enter. We were met also at the door of the villa by the Condessa de Sabugosa, who received us most cordially and admitted us into the presence of the royal pair. The room was large and high, with walls decorated with a light greenish paper ornamented with large figures; it was modestly furnished, having a few pictures on the wall and round tables on which stood some china flower-pots. The Prince was dressed in a white flannel jacket striped with narrow lines of blue, a white cravat and waistcoat, and white checked pantaloons. He looked cheerful and happy. The Princess was simply attired in a gown of brownish stuff without ornament so far as I could discern. She looked most sweet and dignified. She is taller than the Prince, as appeared when we entered and found them standing side by side to receive us. While Anna

was talking Paris and Lisbon with the Princess, I conversed with the Prince about his cork-forest, four miles long by three wide, which yields him \$20,000 every eight years, the time required to grow a crop of cork-bark ; about his swine, of which he sold \$30,000 worth last year ; about the wages paid for labor—25 cents in some places and \$1.00 per day in others ; about his arrangement of the Portuguese Exhibition at Paris ; about the agriculture of the country generally ; and about his proposed trip to Paris. We had a most satisfactory interview. The Princess holds her receptions every day at one o'clock.

It was now considered proper that we should be officially received by the Queen, and at two o'clock, on the suggestion of the Marquise de Funchal that we might select our day, we drove to the palace and strolled between files of soldiers up the wide staircase to the Queen's salon. When we had been admitted through the two huge doors hung on ancient hinges, with ancient knobs and latches, we were received by the Marchesa de Funchal, accompanied by the Dona Nitza de Gama, and the Condessa de San Miguel, with many gentlemen unknown to us. After a short delay we were presented to the Queen by the Duke of Loulé, the Queen's Chamberlain. She occupied the same sofa on which she sat during the birthday reception. She was alone and was most dignified and attractive in her appearance. She has a pleasant face, tinged with sadness, and lighted by a smile. Our talk was mainly on the health of the King, the antiquity of the palace, the attractions of Paris, and the glories of Worth. The quiet, gentle manner of the Queen reminded me of

those admirable old ladies of Salem, now gone, who in their lives never knew the back of a chair, and were models of kindness, dignity, and sincerity. We retired from her presence with our respect for her good qualities greatly increased.

CHAPTER III.

PORTUGUESE AGRICULTURE.—AUDIENCE WITH THE KING.—DEATH OF DOM AUGUSTO.

I have entered upon an agricultural investigation, and propose to record a view of the only industry for which Portugal is distinguished.

It is natural that I, who have been so long interested in the agriculture of my own country, should be curious to know about the farming of this country, which was ancient before ours began, and whose power was fully developed before the shores of America were known. Portugal, which covers an area a little more than four times the size of Massachusetts, is devoted almost entirely to agriculture in one form or another. More than fifty per cent. of its soil is productive, and the remainder is for grazing and forest. In depth of ravines, and in lofty piles of high and startling boulders, Portugal stands foremost among the nations of the earth. She does not raise grain enough, it is true, for home consumption,—but she produces nearly \$30,000,000 worth of wine to quench the thirst of home and foreign multitudes. The cultivation of her productive lands is almost universal,—but few acres lying idle. Her market-gardens are models of neatness and careful management. The capital invested in manufactures is about \$13,000,000, and the annual production is estimated at about \$18,000,000; while the

cereal productions of the kingdom amount annually to \$43,087,000. She imports cotton to the amount of \$4,132,700, raw and manufactured; farinaceous articles amounting to \$8,203,633; animals and animal productions, \$3,165,000. Her exports, consisting largely of cork-bark and wine, amount to \$24,801,761. Meanwhile, she produces of Indian corn \$20,477,300; of wheat, \$13,365,000; of rye, \$3,941,410; of barley, \$1,406,160.

The crops vary largely in amount,—ranging from 5 bushels of wheat to 10 bushels to the acre; and rye in about the same proportion. According to careful official estimates contained in the report of the Director-General of Agriculture, land fertilized with \$5.25 worth of manure or other fertilizer, will produce 27 bushels of wheat on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres; the value of the wheat and straw being \$30, and costing \$30.01. This is a wheat crop following rye; of wheat after potatoes the amount raised was $31\frac{1}{2}$ bushels on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, valued at \$31.50, with the straw at \$4.50; the crop costing \$33.00. Of Indian corn, the estimate is interesting, as follows on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres:

Labor of oxen, ploughing and harrowing.....	\$10.00
Seed.....	.75
21 days' hoeing, at 20 cts. per day.....	4.80
6 days' watering.....	1.80
Manuring.....	6.30
Harvesting, husking, and shelling.....	4.20
Expenses,.....	\$27.85
Crop, $33\frac{1}{2}$ bushels on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, valued.....	\$33.75
Corn fodder on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres.....	8.00
	<hr/>
	\$41.75

Potatoes, according to the estimate, yield $365\frac{1}{2}$ bushels on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and are valued at \$75.60, costing \$66.46. The market-price of wheat is about \$1.00 per bushel; Indian corn, \$1.00; rye, 75 cts.; barley, 70 cts.; oats, 35 cts.; white beans, \$1.08; potatoes, 60 cts. Beef brings 11 cts. per pound; veal, 10 cts.; mutton, 7 cts.; pork, 10 cts. The wages of farm-hands is about 25 cts. per day for men, and 12 cts. for women.

The price of wine in Portugal, according to official reports, varies from 55 cts. to \$1.10 per gallon. The yield per acre varies as largely as the cereal crops to which I have alluded. The ravages of the phyloxera have been great in some sections of the country; and the introduction of American vines, which are free from these pests, has not resulted as favorably as was hoped. The wine product in 1882 was 125,000,000 gallons, valued at £5,700,000.

A wide landscape in Portugal presents to view a great number of farms, and constant succession of cultivated fields devoted to grain crops, the weight of which varies most remarkably. The agricultural condition of the sections varies greatly also. The Director-General finds on investigation that the increase or diminution of population depends on the condition of agriculture, and not as in New England on the growth or decline of manufactures. The prosperity of the country depends on the fertility of the soil and the skill displayed in its cultivation; and where the ancient methods remain, the population seems to grow fewer, and the soil poorer. In addition to this, the ten years from 1878 to 1888 were attended with great disasters. Oil has found a poor market, cattle have been low, and the vines have failed. The production of silk has not been profitable.

A large portion of the land came under mortgage, when held by the people in small farms. The pastures of Portugal, except in the Douro district at the north, are poor ; and the hay crop is universally light. The food of horses and cattle consists entirely of straw and grain. The land is mainly held in large estates, and is managed by tenants who either rent the farms at a fixed price or carry them on shares. Horses, sheep, goats, cattle, swine, and donkeys abound. The sheep have lost much of their quality as merinos, for which they were formerly distinguished. The cattle are very fine. I have never seen in any country so many admirable oxen as I have seen in and around Lisbon. They are large, measuring often seven feet and three or four inches, of a uniform dun color, with stately, well-formed limbs, straight bodies, wide hips, and delicate and at the same time firm heads. They work in pairs or singly, and are trained to perfection. They are evidently a breed of the country,—carefully preserved, as will be seen by the rules adopted by the managers of the agricultural exhibitions. The implements of husbandry are a one-handed plough, a long-handled spade, and “the ox that treadeth out the corn.”

In Lisbon there are *vaccarias*, or milk-stores, in which are kept from six to twenty cows, provided with elegantly furnished stalls, kept perfectly clean, and used to supply fresh milk to customers. The cows and the counter are in the same apartment. They are among the finest specimens of dairy cows I have ever seen, being Holsteins of moderate size and admirable shape, and well-developed grade Jerseys. They are fed on all they can eat of wheat straw, carelessly threshed by treading and coarsely chopped ; to which

are added twice a day about ten quarts of a mixture of large beans soaked and coarse wheat-bran—three quarts of beans and seven of wheat-bran,—evidently a most nutritious food.

Great care has been taken in breeding horses, and the government has established sixty-five breeding studs, thirty-one in the north, and thirty-four at the south, in which may be found the Thoroughbred, the cross of Arab and Portuguese, the Anglo-Norman, the Cleveland bay, the Hackney, the Anglo-Arab, the cross of Portuguese and Morocco. They breed especially for the saddle throughout the kingdom, and sure-footed, elastic, well-made horses for this purpose can be found everywhere.

In 1888 the Department of Agriculture organized a most interesting exhibition in the city of Lisbon. The directors, in organizing the show, presented with great force the character of the display they desired, and the advantages to be derived from it. They urged the judges to consider carefully the fitness of various animals for the service required of them and for the demands of the market. Especial attention was called to the breeds of animals already existing in Portugal, which, being accustomed to the climate and food, thrive well and fatten early; and great care in the selection of animals for crossing was urged. Great satisfaction was expressed with the native bulls, while the necessity for using better stallions was strongly laid down. They encouraged Portuguese and not foreign breeds of cattle therefore; in fact, they especially objected to the introduction of foreign breeds if they tend to weaken the native stock. The premiums offered under these rules were very liberal and significant. For the best

stallion \$200 ; for the best lot of mares \$80 ; for the best lot of colts \$60 ; for the best gelding \$200 ; for the best saddle horse \$100. For the best bull the premium offered was \$60 ; for the best lot of 3-rams \$18 ; for the best boar \$20. No premium was offered for specific breeds.

The exhibition created great interest and was largely attended.

Portugal has for a long time encouraged agricultural education. For many years the government supported a school, not far from Cintra, at an annual expense of \$23,284. The students received free tuition, and the remainder numbering about fifty, paid \$8.10 a month each for the service. The best agricultural implements were provided for preparing the land, seeding and harvesting. The cultivation of market-gardening and field crops was carefully attended to. Vines of the best varieties were introduced. The dairy was managed according to the most approved system. The care of swine, poultry, and bees was especially taught. The graduates of this institution, now established near Coimbra, are in constant demand as superintendents of estates ; and the applications for admission into the college far exceed its accommodations. The college can hardly be called classical or purely scientific. Of the school and its effort it has been said : "There are great difficulties to be overcome in displacing the old to make room for the new, however great the improvements of the latter in a country whose peasantry have been bred to ancient ways, and who fear the innovation of new ideas and labor-saving appliances may deprive them of the opportunity to earn a living by work and so condemn them to a greater poverty than they now

endure. But gradually the little leaven of the institution is leavening the mass." In addition to this institution, Portugal has now a well-endowed system of education.

The characteristics of this industrial organization which I have briefly described are simplicity and economy. The investments are not large nor are the profits. The amount of money involved is comparatively small. The wages of labor, as I have pointed out, are very low ; and steady, long-continued toil is the law of life. I have seen laborers going to the field before sunrise on long summer days, and I have seen them returning at twilight in the evening. Their repose they take at mid-day. I have seen twenty reapers at work in a wheat-field which a reaper and binder would have cut in a few morning hours, and the field was not half reaped towards the close of the forenoon. In it all I saw no recognized personal poverty nor did I see much wealth or energy or ambition. The people were well-fed if we may judge by strength and form and muscle. In fact, the Portuguese are a well-made people. The strength of the porters is amazing. The longshoremen are vigorous and strong. The soldiers have sturdy habits and a great stride. The young men who go forth to their business in Lisbon have athletic frames. The pedestrians in Cintra possess great muscular power—else the hills would kill them. There is apparently no haste here. The climate is delightful. The soil is easily cultivated. Summer in different degrees is perpetual.

An excursion among the farms around Cintra is most delightful. Apple Bay lies along the sea about five miles away, and in reaching it you drive up and

down the steep hills for which Cintra is famous, between the high, thick-plastered stone-walls, hung with vines and ferns and geraniums, which bound the road on either hand, out into an open country with a sandy way, and along the foot of a high range of hills, until you reach the sea. These hills are literally covered with vineyards from which the famous Collares wine is made,—Collares being a small village through which you drive on your way to Apple Bay. The sea view here is as fine as any you get at Marblehead or Cape Ann or Cape Cod or the shores of Maine,—in some respects finer. Apple Bay has a short beach between two high promontories, at the foot and up the sides of which are piled great blocks of a black, rough, seamed rock, indented as if it had been pelted with eternal hailstones. The breakers against these rocks are sublime, and the surf of the beach, stretching from one breaker to the other, is a great silver-bond to complete the picture. I have never seen on our coast, even after a storm, such activity of the sea. The ocean beyond gave no evidence of a gale, but the surf rolled up three high waves deep with great white crests and a roar as if they were enraged by their limited sphere of action. The ocean here is most "beautifully blue," and sparkles over its entire surface. The sky above is bluer, if possible, and you feel as if all nature realized the phenomena of this volcanic country.

I have been received by the King at the old palace at Cintra,—quite out of the usual course,—this being the first time in modern days that a foreign minister has had an audience outside of Lisbon and the Ajuda Palace. The extreme illness of the King rendered

this necessary. The ceremony took place at two o'clock. I drove to the palace, which is about three minutes' walk from the hotel, armed with the President's letter accrediting me, and a copy of my address to the King. When I reached the wide marble steps leading to the broad landing, I was taken in hand by attendants in gorgeous livery and escorted to the anteroom of the reception salon of the palace in which was given the birthday ball I have already described. There I was met by his Excellency Senhor Barros Gomes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who left me with the Marchesa de Funchal and Mademoiselle Nitza de Gama, Ladies-in-waiting. Ere long the doors of the great salon were thrown open and a group of gentlemen, brilliant in uniform and decorations, passed on—the cabinet ministers, as we should call them. The Grand Chamberlain led the way. The procession filed across the great landing and left me with the ladies,—and I also was in waiting. In a few minutes my companions were summoned, and I was in waiting alone. At last my signal came, and I passed across the open space into a small red room containing the King, the Queen, and Prince Affonso, the ladies-in-waiting, and the cabinet. The King sat opposite the entrance in a handsome arm-chair upholstered with brocade. He looked feeble and sick, and with his decorations and neatly fitting dress-suit, he most appropriately represented his aged kingdom. He received the President's letter, which I presented, and I proceeded to deliver my speech as follows:

"Your Majesty: I have the honor to be charged by the President of the United States with the pleasing and honorable duty of presenting to Your Most Faith-

ful Majesty a letter accrediting me as Minister Resident to your Majesty's government.

"I bring with me from the government and people of the United States the most cordial feelings of friendship and good-will. The amicable relations which have so long existed between Portugal and the United States have been continued without break or intermission from the time when Washington sent his favorite general and friend, the poet of the American revolution, to represent, as its first minister, the young republic at this court of renown and achievement. The founders of American commerce were intimate with the merchants and captains of Lisbon, whose name is still cherished in our maritime communities.

"It is a source of great gratification that in all vicissitudes these relations have never been broken.

"In his communication to my faithful and distinguished predecessor, announcing my appointment to the post he so honorably filled, the Secretary of State informed him that I have held an important official relation to the agriculture of the United States as commissioner. In this service I have learned the value of national industries to the welfare of the state, and I trust I may be allowed to observe and investigate the method by which Your Majesty's people preserve and develop that occupation which is the fundamental calling of all nations, the central pillar in that social system of which commerce and manufactures are the associates, and which binds all peoples together in a common brotherhood.

"On my journey hither, I took occasion to visit and examine the specimens of her various industries which Portugal had sent to the great exhibition at Paris; and I am happy in having this opportunity to express to

Your Majesty my admiration of the collection, as illustrating the taste and skill of Your Majesty's people.

"While extending to Your Majesty's government these assurances of the sincere friendship entertained by the government and people of the United States, I express also their deep interest in Your Majesty's personal welfare and happiness, and their hope that Your Majesty may enjoy a long and prosperous reign."

To which His Majesty made the following reply :

"Mr. Minister : I receive with much pleasure the letter by which you are accredited as Minister Resident near me, and am gratified to hear the expressions of cordiality which you communicate to me from the President and the noble people of the United States of America.

"The political and commercial relations between the two nations, so auspiciously maintained without interruption during nearly a century, tend not only to preserve their friendship but to increase more and more by the simultaneous development of the two peoples as exhibited in their industrial progress and agricultural productions.

"The eminent qualities with which you are endowed, and their recognition by a previous appointment to an important commission which you lately discharged, will greatly strengthen and contribute to these relations.

"The knowledge of mutual interests acquired by the observation which the exercise of that charge gave you, is a guaranty that your mission will have a beneficial influence on the increase of commercial transactions and of communication between the two countries, and in strengthening the bonds of friendship between the two nations.

“For that purpose you may count upon the assiduous co-operation of my government and my good will.”

At the conclusion of the King's speech we parted, and I turned to the Queen, who was laden with pearls and jewels adorning a white satin dress, and expressed to her the respect my government has for her Majesty. I then paid my respects to the Prince who stood near, and on a signal from the Minister for Foreign Affairs I departed.

A Portuguese Sunday is the usual European mixture of Sunday and holiday. I had a full experience of one yesterday—at a rude market-place in Cintra, where, I was told, I could see the people and the products of their industry. Both are unpolished, and I looked about the rough crowd to find the finely shaped pottery which the peasantry of Southern Europe claim as their specialty. The scene was primitive and quaint; the people were coarsely clad; the wares exposed for sale were common; the animals were wretched; and the “articles manufactured from leather” were most ordinary. When we reached the fair ground,—a rough valley in a rougher village, shaded by a few shadowy trees, and adorned with a very dilapidated stone bandstand,—we found a vast collection of coarse pottery, jars and jugs unglazed, and milk-pans glazed, with no beauty whatever. The *utile* completely displaced the *dulci*, and we wandered on disappointed, to fall in with a large table of cheap trinkets and gewgaws, at which Loring lingered and bought only a huge clasp-knife. Thence we proceeded through a collection of saddlery—cheap bridles and straps tan-colored—and enormous pack-saddles. Beyond these was a large herd of

swine—old and young, black and white—lying lazily about and attracting great attention from the crowd who evidently never heard of the morale of a Jew or the danger of trichina. The people at the fair were evidently of the lowest order. We made our visit short and returned to the quiet of our hotel and the delights of our books.

At noon we were suddenly informed that the day was the Queen's name-day and her majesty was receiving. It was St. Maria's day. When we reached the palace we found the court and the diplomatic corps assembled in the anteroom of the great salon. The pretty Princess Amélie greeted us very cordially and we were at once presented to the Queen by the Grand Chamberlain. The interview was short. The condition of the King's health cast a shadow over the occasion, and created in the Queen an air of sadness and nervousness which it was touching to contemplate. She was attended by her younger son, Dom Affonso.

October 4th.—It is a rainy day—the first we have had in Cintra, and I suppose what is called here the rainy season has begun. After days and weeks of bright sun the fogs began to gather over the western sea, towards the approach of evening, and at last they rolled over the land in great masses and took possession of hill and valley. And now they have made up a good vigorous rain-storm, not rising, as in New England, against the wind, and showing their cloudy signs in the west preparatory to a northeaster,—but gathering on the seaboard as the troops of the Duke of Wellington gathered and marching inland with favoring gales, conquering and to conquer. I like the day. Perpetual sunshine or "eternal sunshine," as the poet

has it, is tiresome. A rainy day is good for contemplation. While the earth and sky are performing their toilet and preparing for the gay season of bright weather, one can withdraw from them and turn to his own seclusion. The scenes of Cintra are indeed fascinating—and you never tire of contemplating the great rocky hills and the deep verdant ravines—peopled with such heroic names as John de Castro and St. Francis Xavier and Vasco de Gama and Dom Manuel,—and looking down upon the great theatre of Wellington's martial exploits; the chosen abodes of historic Moors and Christians; the heights where castles perch, and the valleys where convents and monasteries hide; the region of luxuriant gardens and sterile hills;—you do not easily tire of this scene with all its associations. There is nothing here after the usual order. The storms, as I have said, come up with the wind and make arrangements for a regular incursion.

I went yesterday to see the model farm of the region. Instead of a cheerful farm-steading with broad fertile fields and a pleasant outlook, betokening thrift, for man and beast, I found a huge monastery occupying a small plateau surrounded by the most stupendous and gigantic construction of cliff and hill and boulder I have yet seen even in this region of rocky greatness. The approach was through a long avenue lined with trees whose heads were tied together to make an arch. The entrance to the mansion, now reduced from ecclesiastical to secular purposes, was through the stable-yard, where we stopped to contemplate the horses and their stalls before we were received by the master in his drawing-room. As he was dining

we passed on to an imposing stone stable for the cows, forty in number, a building with picturesque walls made of irregular stones of various colors and joined by pink mortar, whose wide-raised seams looked like great veins and tendons, with an interior filled with stylish stalls and floored with stone. Then we visited an imposing piggery, also floored with stone, with paved yards where a multitude of swine grumbled over their cleanliness and were pining for a good dig in the soil. From this we mounted a little stony height to a columbarium which rose like a tower out of a rabbit hutch, where numerous unhappy rabbits were confined in little wire cages, one for each rabbit; accommodations which neither pigs nor rabbits seemed to enjoy. All this led to the kitchen garden whose little crops of cabbages and carrots and melons and grapes and lettuce I will not describe. We passed through a series of poultry yards in which hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks were enjoying their confinement; and we were then guided into a dairy whose architectural beauty and marble tables and porcelain pans and tessellated floor occupied so much of our attention, that we forgot the emptiness of the pans and the small supply of butter. No dairy machinery was visible—the season however was adverse and the pasture feed short. By this time the dinner was over and we were most kindly received by Count Pena Longa, an old gentleman, with a silk cap on his head and attended by a huge stately Danish bloodhound, of a rich slaty color, related to the famous dogs of Bismarck. The old gentleman ushered us into a handsome salon through which was scattered a small supply of rich furniture; thence into a beautiful chapel with an imposing altar and a lofty

pew in the wall for royalty ; thence through charming cloisters into a fine dining-room where sat a long table with a great array of empty chairs and a little table where the host took his solitary meal—for he is a lonely old man of simple ways, without servants in livery or even a stylish butler. He was very hospitable and presented us with a large basket of fruit when we left. He boasted of his butter—I boasted of my milk. He said he laid out his farm with five hundred men, and now with a much reduced force was trying to make it support itself by furnishing butter to the King and some of his fortunate subjects. I told him I had been nearly thirty years trying the same experiment in vain—barring the royal customers. This is the model farm of Cintra, perhaps of this part of Portugal. And this is the fate of one of the suppressed monasteries of Portugal. The scenery around this farm is extremely desolate, the rocky peaks rising high above the sterile plains, if plains they can be called. The plain is named *Pena Longa*—so named on account of an enormous boulder which stands on end at the very peak of a high cluster of rocks as if planted there by the hand of man.

O Senhor Dom Augusto Maria Fernandez Carlos Miguel Gabriel Raphael Agricola Francisco de Assis Gonzaga Pedro d'Alcantara Loyola de Braganza Bourbon Saxe Coburg Gotha, Duque de Coimbra, is dead. He departed this life September 26th at the age of forty-two, having been born November 4, 1847. His father was Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, one of those German princes who have succeeded in marrying into royal families, I suppose, on account of their political neutrality. Ferdinand, or Dom Fernando, as he be-

came in Portugal, was a cousin of Albert, the Prince Consort, and he possessed the admirable qualities which made the prince so beloved in England. The mother of Dom Augusto was Queen Maria II., known as Maria Gloria, who was the daughter of Pedro IV., the first Emperor of Brazil, and who, as of the Braganza line, the emancipators of Portugal from the rule of Spain in 1640, received the crown from her father in 1826, married the Prince of Leuchtenberg in 1835, was a widow in two months, and in 1836 married Dom Fernando, and died in 1853, leaving five sons, of whom Dom Augusto was one. These sons were Dom Pedro V., Dom John, Dom Fernando, Dom Augusto, and Dom Luis. On the death of the Queen in 1853 the King Consort, Dom Fernando, became regent and remained in power until 1855, when Dom Pedro V. came to the throne. He married in 1859 "Madame Hensler Condessa d'Edla." He died in 1883.

The Braganza family, from the time of John IV., in 1640, named "the Restorer," has had a most varied career. A hundred years before John IV. liberated Portugal she had attained the height of her glory and greatness and ruled the great colonies and the commerce of the world. In the year that followed she had seen her army, composed of sixteen thousand men, including the flower of the Portuguese aristocracy, utterly destroyed in Africa, and her King, Sebastian, the commander, wiped out of sight forever. Philip II. of Spain had succeeded in seizing her throne. She had endured the Castilian usurpation, a captivity of sixty years. She had lost her empire in Asia and nearly the whole of Brazil, and in a single century had performed the great tragedy among the nations of the earth. When

John IV. of Braganza fought his way into power his country was prostrate. He proceeded to defeat the Spaniards at home, and the Dutch in the islands in the Atlantic, Angola, Maranhão, and Pernambuco. His son, Affonso VI., drove the Dutch from Brazil, was declared insane, and banished to the island of Terceira, where he remained six years ; was afterwards confined in the palace at Cintra, where he died at the early age of forty. Meanwhile Portugal had risen, and John V., known as the Magnanimous, built Mafra, constructed great aqueducts, spent the enormous wealth which had flowed in from the colonies, died, and left the treasury empty. An earthquake destroyed in this period a great part of Lisbon, and added a ghastly horror to the tragic era. The Queen, Maria I., became insane, and Napoleon declared the House of Braganza had ceased to exist. But the strange career did not end here. In 1807 the armies of France, under Junot, invaded Portugal, and the Braganzas, the royal family, sought refuge in Brazil, while the English, led by Sir Arthur Wellesley, laid the great military lines of Torres Vedras and drove the French from the Iberian Peninsula. The insane queen died in Rio ; her son, John VI., succeeded to the throne and returned to Lisbon, having surrendered Brazil to his son Dom Pedro in 1820. And then a family fight commenced. Dom Miguel, the King's second son, raised a revolt against the constitution which had been proclaimed and accepted by the King ; and he continued his warfare for more than ten years. He fought his father until he was banished to Vienna in 1824 ; saw the Brazils acknowledged independent ; learned the death of his father in 1826 ; and saw his brother, Pedro IV., elevated to the throne, signing the

constitutional charter, abdicating in favor of his daughter, Dona Maria Gloria, on condition that she observe the constitution and "marry her uncle, Dom Miguel." This arrangement, however, did not seem to work. This charming uncle, Dom Miguel, managed to be proclaimed king and to secure the support of Austria, Russia, and all the opponents of the liberal cause in Europe. Upon this Pedro IV. landed in Portugal with an army of seven thousand five hundred men, and together with the Duke of Terceira, with his expedition from the Azores, and Sir Charles Napier's performances on the high seas, crushed Dom Miguel and drove him from the throne. And now Maria II. was proclaimed queen in 1836, married Dom Fernando the same year, and left the five sons to whom I have already referred.

But the Braganza tragedy did not end here. Dom Pedro V. commenced his reign in 1855. His father had given him a fine education. Dom Fernando had graceful talent and a good deal of æsthetic culture. He was a good musician, fond of art and architecture, devoted himself to the restoration and adornment of the old convent at Pena, and was an elegant and perhaps somewhat voluptuous gentleman, who gave garden parties, and sang sweetly with his friends in the grounds. Dom Pedro V., the son, was a most amiable and accomplished king. The people were extravagantly fond of him, and under his reign Portugal seemed to be rising into the culture and prosperity of well-ordered peace.

In November, 1861, the royal family were residing at the Palacio das Necessidades, a magnificent structure in Lisbon, built by Dom John V., at whose touch

the great treasures of Portugal melted away. In that month a strange and fatal disease, supposed by some to have been contracted in the marshes toward the north, and believed by many to have been the result of poison, carried off the King and two of his brothers, to the dismay and horror of the community. Two only were left, Dom Luis, the present king, who was heir to the throne, who arrived in the Tagus three days after the death of his brother, and who when informed of the death of the King said: "I have lost by one stroke the two things I most prized in the world: my brother and my liberty"; and Dom Augusto, who died September 26th and was buried October 1st, 1889. Dom Luis still reigns, a scholarly, accomplished, judicious gentleman, broken in health at fifty-one, unable to walk, and evidently suffering from mortal disease. His death may be expected at any time.

Dom Augusto has dragged on a feeble existence, broken down, as it is said, by the disease which attacked him more than a quarter of a century ago. I met him at the reception given at the palace in Cintra on the birthday of Dom Affonso the Prince Royal, and had a short conversation with him. He was very tall, and stooping. He bore himself like a feeble man and walked with difficulty, as he had done since his illness. He was a faithful friend, an affectionate brother, and an amiable member of society. I often met him on the road in Cintra in his barouche, drawn by four good-looking mules. His last hours were soothed by the Condessa d'Edla in the Palacio das Necessidades, to which he was carried but a few days before his death. His funeral was a Portuguese pageant. A long line of very ordinary hackney coupés in which were a few

private carriages scattered and containing army and navy and civil officials, led the procession. These were followed by the hearse, a huge structure entirely covered by a heavy black cloth and drawn by six horses, also clothed in black, from their ears to their heels. Then came a succession of heavy, elaborate, huge, gilded, deeply carved, richly upholstered, massively adorned carriages of state, some one hundred, some three hundred years old, remarkable for the great ornamental excrescences, which were piled on the two ends of the carriage while the body of the vehicle swung on huge thorough-braces, mounted with heavy gold buckles. The gold-mounted harnesses almost obscured the horses that wore them. The procession wound its way through the narrow streets of the hilly town to the Church of St. Vincent, the patron saint of Lisbon, and which is the last resting-place of the dynasty of Braganza. For the first time I saw a royal funeral with the ceremony of the church. I found a seat provided for me in the diplomatic tribune, a high raised and draped enclosure, where sat the diplomatic corps in uniform of various grades and every degree of glitter. I sat at one end of the front seat, while the Pope's Nuncio, Monsigneur Vannutelli, a most delightful person, who gives you a warm greeting with his sensible face and his good grip, sat at the other end—he in his robes, I in my republican dress-coat and white cravat. The scene I looked down upon was most striking. I was near one corner of the chancel and could see the whole church. The huge coffin was borne into the chancel and placed on an elevated dais. All about the church sat fraternities in every variety of costume—long gray surplices, ornamental uniforms,

solemn sashes, fine trimmings. In an enclosure in front of us was a group of decorated senators. Below them a body of generals of the army—a good-looking manly body of peaceful warriors. Inside the chancel were the ministers of state in brilliant array, and at the altar the archbishop and bishop with a mysterious body of attendants, which resembled on a very large scale the group I have often admired.

The ceremony was long and very impressive, and was thoroughly appreciated by the congregation. On the coffin rested the sword and cap of the deceased—for he was a captain of artillery, whose duty in times of peace was to attend with his troops on funerals and royal processions.

CHAPTER IV.

CINTRA.—PORTUGUESE HEROES.—DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE KING.

October 15th.—I have just had a visit from the Marquis of Ailsa, whose home is on the Clyde, and whose large landed estate of nearly 80,000 acres in Scotland resembles somewhat the great tract of picturesque territory which constitutes the pasture lands of Essex County. The Marquis came to Lisbon in his yacht *Titania*, on his annual cruise in the Mediterranean and Spanish waters, and brought a letter of introduction to me from Sir George Bonham, the Secretary of the English Legation, who is now in Lisbon. Ailsa presented his letter of introduction, which I should always recognize, and with his own quiet and self-possessed ways, won his way at once into my hospitality. I made with him excursions to all the remarkable and attractive spots in Cintra. We explored the Palacio da Pena carefully ; crept through the Cork Convent patiently ; made Sir Francis Cook a long morning call, at which we were treated with great hospitality and kindness, while we admired his graceful palace at Montserrat and his luxuriant garden, and grew enthusiastic over the great natural beauties of Cintra.

When the Marquis left Cintra I escorted him into Lisbon and dined with him on board the *Titania*, a beautiful steam yacht of three hundred tons, with

most graceful lines, and an elegant outfit for a comfortable and gentlemanly cruise. She lay in the wide harbor of Lisbon, where the Tagus spreads out into a great bay, and all around her was gathered a fleet of merchantmen of every nationality, with here and there a man-of-war, while the lights of Lisbon and of the little villages along the curving shore were reflected in the smooth water, and a great full moon, "round as my shield," shed a pale and thoughtful light over the whole scene. The Great Bear lay low in the horizon, and the North Star looked down from his eternal and unchanging throne to remind me of that spot from which I have so often surveyed it and felt that it was a constant friend. The scene was dream-like, and as I was rowed ashore to take the train for Cintra I seemed to be transported to a land filled with heroic memories, great aspirations, valiant deeds, and romantic thoughts, over which was spread the hush and mystery of the recorded past. I forgot the material pleasures of the yacht, the Scotch hospitality and cheer, so in contrast with my daily experience in this land of dietetic expedients, and wandered through the ghostly streets of Lisbon in the moonlight, to return to the rich verdure and solemn crags of Cintra. My way lay along the quay, which stretches by the river-bank for miles, and is busy from sunrise to sunset with gallegos bearing heavy burdens of coal and wood, and oxen moving the great wains, and barefoot women carrying broad baskets of fish and vegetables on their heads, and sailors unloading their lateen vessels of the huge, widespread cargoes of straw, and great freight of fagots for burning, and long lumber from Norway, and Belgian blocks split out from the ledges high up the river. It was all

still and weird and moonlit now. I was making my way out of Lisbon along that path which led northward into the historic portion of the kingdom in which had been enacted nearly all the deeds which made Portugal great and all the tragedies which made her mournful. From Lisbon to Braga on the north, all along the Atlantic coast, the Portuguese character displayed itself for centuries. Here were the great sieges, here the bloody battles, here the warring factions, here the fleets of discovery were fitted out, here the armies for foreign conquest were organized, here the wealth of foreign commerce was gathered, and here the vast treasure poured into the kingdom by great merchants and brave captains was wasted by weak and extravagant monarchs.

The landmarks are all impressive. Belem, the great tower, erected originally as a defence against pirates, which has stood for nearly four centuries, armed with ancient cannon, a picturesque structure which first welcomes all who enter the Tagus, and fills them with admiration of its towers and Gothic arches, reminds you that on this spot Vasco de Gama first set foot on his return from the discovery of a new empire. From the rocky peaks of Cintra the King had witnessed the approach of his triumphant little fleet as it entered the mouth of the river and cast anchor off the shore of Belem. The story it told was fabulous. The circuit of the Cape had been accomplished, the prosperous regions of Africa had been explored, the Indian Ocean had been navigated, the secret designs of hostile tribes had been circumvented, the treasures of the East had been discovered, and were poured into the treasury of Portugal until she became the most powerful empire in

the world and Lisbon the richest and busiest emporium in Europe. Hardly had the Western Continent been discovered when the gorgeous civilization of the East was reached by the bold Portuguese navigator. Born in a small seaport town on the coast of the Algarves, he had become so familiar with the sea and so brave and hardy under its influence that before he was thirty years old he had accomplished his great work, and dying at fifty-five, he had discovered and subdued great colonies in the East, had been appointed Viceroy of India, and had suffered from neglect at the hands of those he had enriched. His remains were brought from India where he died to Lisbon, and with the most solemn and imposing ceremonies were deposited in the Carmelite Church at Vidigueira, where they now repose in a magnificent mausoleum erected to the memory of the renowned Discoverer of the Indies. In memory of his great achievements and to mark the spot where he and his companions spent the night before their departure in prayer to God for his blessing on their undertaking, and in gratitude for the success of the voyage, King Manuel founded a church, dedicated to St. Mary, to the erection of which he devoted the first gold that came from India. All that art and architecture could do was done to give beauty and grandeur to the building. From the portico, which is profusely ornamented with statues, to the high-vaulted roof with its white marble pillars and its imposing cupolas, the symmetry is perfect. And the cloisters are not surpassed by any in Europe. As a monument to the great discoverer it is most interesting, and as a token of gratitude to God, who had given the King so great a subject, it represents the piety and ambition which characterized that age of

ecclesiastical fervor and imperial power. And you have only to go on to Cintra, along the path we are now travelling, to look with admiration on the convent which the King also erected on one of the highest peaks, to mark the spot where he watched for the coming of the fleet which brought him his wealth and power. Vasco de Gama was one of the men who made Portugal great.

But a little farther on the way stands the Church of Bemfica, where repose the bones of John de Castro, the hero of a hundred battles, the Viceroy of India, who was born A.D. 1500, the year after Vasco de Gama returned from his great voyage, and died at the early age of forty-eight, twenty-four years after the discoverer of India had gone to his rest. Bemfica is about two miles from Lisbon, and stands a hamlet on a hillside, remarkable for its splendid aqueduct arches more than 250 feet high, and its windmills, its orange groves, gardens, and orchards. In the midst of a most verdant spot stands the church, containing the chapel of the Castros. The church is by no means an imposing building. It is simple and unpretentious externally; but the interior is a fit resting-place for the great hero. It is one of the three buildings with which the name of John de Castro is intimately connected, and represents the different phases of his extraordinary character. After an early career of heroism, he sought repose in Pena Verde at Cintra, where, with agriculture and literature, he passed a few years of leisure and culture before setting forth on his great expeditions. Here he practised the most rigid economy,—living in the humblest apartment, refusing all compensation for his services, asking only as a reward that

a rock, on which stood six trees, should be annexed to the estate. Here he exercised that extraordinary contempt of wealth, which he displayed in life, and of which he boasted in the hour of his death, by bequeathing this property to his descendants, with the express condition of their not deriving pecuniary advantages from its cultivation, saying, that even from the earth he would accept no reward for his labors. He condemned this favorite abode to leasehold, and Sir Francis Cook now has it on a lease of ninety years. De Castro seemed to be more proud of his poverty than of his achievements, and he provided in his will that his son should spend whatever recompense he received from the government in the erection of a convent for the Franciscan reformed friars (the Recollets). Out of this came the ecclesiastical burrow, known now as Cork Convent, abandoned even by the poor, for whom an impecunious man built it; but possessing still, by special papal favor, the high privileges of the Church which made it attractive. This convent and Pena Verde remain, in memory of the great viceroy—one his abode, and the other the fruit of his pious devotion. The modest church, not far away, holds his bones, and, as a mark of respect, was spared when the convents of the kingdom were sequestered.

It is not easy in our day to comprehend a character like John de Castro. Possessed of powers which made him a great warrior and ruler, with the comprehension and capacity of an accomplished man of affairs, familiar with the luxury and state of kings at a time when royalty was the goal which the ambitious sought as the height of human happiness and success, he was obedient to that spirit of piety and self-sacrifice which

belonged to the devotees of the Church, and which made starvation and stripes the fountains of ecstasy and joy.

He seems to have been indifferent to the refinements of life, and superior to all its comforts and luxuries. The service of an acolyte was as dear to him as the accomplishments of a conqueror and ruler. He did not fight for the Church ; he entered upon no crusade. The service of the Lord gave no strength to his right arm. He fought for empire and power. And when he sheathed his sword, he left the battle-field and conquests behind him, and retired to his sanctuary and penance. We have known many Christian warriors who fought for their faith ; but he was not one. He fought like a warrior, and he prayed like a parson ; but he never mingled the two characters together, nor did he call in either in aid of the other. He was not a reformer, or an independent ; he was a faithful subject, and a firm believer. And he was another of the great men of Portugal who builded his house upon the sand. He died and left no idea behind.

The best sketch of John de Castro is given in a quaint volume, written in 1664 by Freire de Andrade, and translated into English by St. Peter Wycke, Kt., whose account is graphic, and whose style is admirably adapted to his subject. He says :

“Dom John de Castro, as illustrious for his family as virtues, was born in Lisbon the 27th of February of the year one thousand five hundred : He was second son to Dom Avaro de Castro, Governour of the House of Civil, and to Dona Leonor de Noronha, the daughter of Dom John de Almeyda, second Earl of Abrantes ; Grandchild to Dom Garcia de Castro, who was brother

to Dom Alvaro de Castro, the first Earl of Monsanto ; these two were sons to Dom Fernando de Castro, grandchildren to Dom Pedro de Castro, and great-grandchildren to Dom Alvaro Pinz de Castro, Earl of Arrogolos, the first Constable of Portugal, brother to the Queen Dona Inez de Castro, wife to Dom Pedro the Cruel. This Constable was son to Dom Pedro Fernandez de Castro, called (in Castile) the man of Warr, who coming into this kingdome began here the Illustrious house of the Castros, which hath preserved itself in so much greatness ; Dom Pedro by the male line, descended from the Infante Dom Fernando, son to King Dom Garcia of Navarre, who married Dona Maria Alvarez de Castro, the only daughter of the Earl Alvaro Fanhez Minaya, the fifth grandchild in descent from Lain Calvo, from whom this family derives its beginning. Dom John de Castro, when very young, marry'd Dona Leonor Continho, her Cousin German once removed, greater for her quality than portion, with whom retiring to the Town of Almada, he by an antedated old age avoided the ambition of the Court : He went to serve at Tangier, where he gave the first, but extraordinary proofs of his courage, though of his actions there we have more from his fame than our knowledge. He returned to Court recalled by the King Dom John the third, and the Kingdom being too narrow for his Gallantry went to India with Dom Garcia de Noronha : He accompany'd Dom Estevan de Gama in his expedition to the mouth of the Red Sea, and made a journal of his voyage, a usefull, and acceptable work to Sea-men. On his return to Portugal he retir'd to his country-house at Sintra, recreating himself by Reading, in his solitudes and employments

always Exemplary : He put on his sword again to follow the eagles of Charles the Emperor in the Battail of Tunis, where he raised his name with new Glory ; when this design was over, hiding himself from his own fame, he again retired to Sintra, knowing how to avoid, not keep himself from employments.

“ Dom John made him Admiral of the Navy of the Coast, a service where his Courage was answered by Success. He went last of all to govern India, where by the victories we have related, he secured and brought into reputation the State. When the designs of Warr spared him, he in a large Card describ'd all the Coast betwixt Goa and Dio marking the Flats and Shelves, the Height of the Pole in which the Cities lye : the depth of water, Anchoring, and Creeks which form the Havens ; the Trade-winds, and Nature of those seas, the force of the Currents, the swiftness of Rivers, disposing the lines in different Tables, all with so minute and accurate Geography as only this work might seem to make him famous, if he were not so eminently for his great Fortitude. He look't the same in his straights at Home, and prosperity in the East, appearing always the same man in diverse fortunes : his ambition was to deserve all Things, and ask nothing. He equally did reason and justice to all men, unbyast in his punishments, but so justifiable, that the Complaints were more against the Law than Minister. He was free to his souldiers, sparing to his Children, shewing more civility in his office, than nature. He us'd with a great deal of Ceremony the actions of his predecessors, honoring even those he put not in practice ; without prostituting his Civility, he preserved his Respect. He appeared above the great ones, and Father of the meanest : such was his life, as

by that, more than by punishments, he reform'd extravagancies : his first zeal was always in God's cause, then in the state's ; he past no virtue without reward, some vices without punishment : amending not a few, some by favors, others by Clemency. The presents he received from the Princes of Asia he put to the King's revenue, a Virtue all prais'd, few imitated : the maim'd souldiers found him Sollicitous in their cure and Compassionate of their condition : He obliged every one, yet seemed obnoxious to all : He kept the souldiers (as what would prove the Ruine of the State) from merchandizing : He set upon no action, which he did not atchieve, being ready in Execution, mature in Council ; amidst the employments of a Souldier, he preserved the virtues of a Religious man, was frequent in visiting Temples, a great honourer of Church-men, mercifull and liberal to the Poor ; had great devotion to the Cross of Christ, which he revered in its Figure, by a low inclination without any difference of time or place ; and so Religiously was he fir'd with the Worship of this most holy representative, as he rather chose to build a temple to its memory than raise a House to his Posterity, leaving it in his Fatherly blessing to his Son Dom Alvaro, that if he found in the favour or justice of the King, any recompense for his services, he should with that build a convent for the Franciscan Recollets in the Mountains of Sintra, and name the House The Invocation of the Holy Cross [now *Cork Convent in Cintra*]. Dom Alvaro de Castro, Heir apparent to the virtues of so pious a Father, gave order for building the Convent, not so great for the Majesty of the Pile, as for the Sanctity of the Penitents who Inhabit there. Being the first time sent from King Dom Sebastian Ambassador to

Pope Pius the Fourth, he obtained of him to privilege the Altar of the Convent for all Masses, and on the day of the Invention of the Cross, Plenary indulgence to all those who pray'd for the pressing necessities of the Church, and designedly for the soul of Dom John de Castro; so singular and unusual a grace as we have not known granted to sovereign Princes. It is apparent the Fame of his victories was as loud in Italy as that of his Virtues, attested by so illustrious a testimony from the Vicar of Christ; for these and other virtues we believe he now enjoys in Heaven nobler Palmes in a more eminent Triumph. He had three sons who all exposed themselves to the dangers of Warr, as their Father's blessing; Dom Miguel the Youngest, who in the Reign of King Dom Sebastian went to the Indies, and Dy'd in the Government of Malaca; Dom Fernando burnt in the mine at Dio; Dom Alvaro, with whom he seem'd to share his Palmes and victories, the son and companion of his fame, who, returning to the kingdom without any other Riches than the Wounds he received in the Warr, married Donna Anna de Attayde, Daughter to Dom Lewis de Castro, Lord of the House of Mon Santo: He was a particular Favourite to King Dom Sebastian, entrusted by him in the greatest affairs and places of the Kingdome, went on diverse Embassies to Castile, France, Rome, & Savoy; was of the Council of State and sole Superintendent of the Exchequer, and in the midst of so eminent offices, Died poor, though he Deceast a Favourite.

“ DEATH AND BURIAL OF DOM JOHN DE CASTRO.

“As soon as the Vice-Roy perceived himself summon'd to a sharper Conflict, avoiding the importune diversion

of Human Cares, he secluded himself with the Father Saint Francisco Xavierius, providing for so doubtfull a voyage to secure a Pilot, who all the time of his sickness was his Nurse, Reconciler, and Governour. As he had got no riches to make a new Disposal of, he made no other will than that he left (at his coming to govern India) in the Kingdome, in the hands of Dom Rodrigo Pinheiro Bishop of Angra, to whom he had communicated it; and receiving the Sacraments of the Church he gave up his soul to God the sixth of June One Thousand five hundred forty-eight, in the eight and fortieth Year of his age, and almost three of his Government of that State. The riches he gained in Asia were his Heroick actions which Posterity will read in this book with tender memory. In his study were found three pieces of small money, and a Discipline which seem'd to have been often us'd, and the locks of his beard he had pawned: He ordered his body should be Deposited in Saint Francis Church in Goa, thence to be Translated to his chapel at Cintra: They immediately consulted on his funeral, which was to be not less compassionate than solemn, deserving the Illustrious and common Tears of the whole State.

“After some years his bones came to the Kingdome, where they were received with reverent and pious applause, as being the last benefit his country received with his ashes, and on the Shoulders of four of his Grandchildren carry'd to Saint Dominicke's Convent in Lisbon, where for many days were made costly Exequies; thence they were Translated the second time to Saint Dominicke's Convent at Bemfica, where (though in another's Chapel) they remained some years in a decent Depository, till his Grandchild Francisco de Castro,

Bishop and Inquisitor General made for them a Chapel and place of Burial ; for Design, Matter, and Adornment, but to the King's monuments, not second to any ; the relation of it will not perhaps seem tedious out of respect to the memory of the Grand-father and piety of the Grand-child."

Their bones are all that remain of these great men. The seas they explored have become highways for every trader ; the kingdom they enlarged has dwindled away to a mere shadow of the greatness they gave it. What they thought is forgotten, if it was ever known. They fill a most attractive page in history. They belong to the romance of the world. If they had only left a civil organization in which conventions, and caucuses, and legislatures, and presidential campaigns, and civil-service reforms, and free trade, and interstate commerce formed a part, how grateful the modern nations might be to them ;—anything besides a mere bone—some solution of home-rule for England—some way of disposing of political aspirants besides banishment for France—some security for the ballot-box to all who have a right to its blessings—some record of a constitutional convention—some *Mayflower*—some Plymouth colony. But now it is merely idle to tell us that heroic qualities can be remembered for their devotion to the age in which they live and labor, and can build a monument to themselves even on fleeting foundations—a monument which all the generations of men will admire.

Perhaps we think more of Washington and Grant than we do of John de Castro—more of Farragut than we do of Vasco de Gama. We have a perfect right to,

October 26th.—Another royal death and another royal funeral. On the 19th of October the King of Portugal, Louis Philippe Marie Ferdinand Pierre d'Alcantara Antoine Michel Rafael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier François d'Assise Jean Jules Auguste Volfande de Braganza Bourbon, known among the sovereigns of Europe as Luis I., the eldest surviving son of Dona Maria II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, and Dom Fernando, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, died. Yesterday he was buried. The first time I saw the King was at the reception given at the palace in Cintra on the birthday of Prince Affonso, and the last time I saw him was on my presentation as American Minister, August 29th, at the same palace. On both occasions his extreme illness was manifest. Shortly after my audience he left Cintra at midnight, probably to avoid observation, and was carried to Cascaes, where he died. He was a sailor by education and experience, and a soldier—as all monarchs in Europe necessarily are. He never forgot the sea nor lost his love for sea-life, was devoted to the navy, and was an active member of a yacht club in Lisbon. He turned naturally to Cascaes as his strength failed, and there, in view of that beautiful little bay—very like the bay at Newport—and the sea beyond, sheltered by the high weather-stained bastions of the great fortress built by Affonso VI. in 1681, and converted in later years into a summer palace, he passed away.

Dom Luis I. was born October 31, 1838; and on October 6, 1862, he married Maria Pia, the youngest daughter of Victor Emanuel, by whom he had two sons: Carlos, born September 28, 1863, who has now ascended the throne; and Affonso, born July 31, 1865. His reign was peaceful and prosperous, and with his

encouragement Portugal advanced greatly in industry, education, and wealth. He began to rule when Portugal was fairly emerging from a long period of confusion and revolt, which had been partially closed by the amiable wisdom of his father, Dom Fernando, and the imperial force of his mother the great Queen Maria II. The Braganzas had not been distinguished for quiet and peaceful reigns. They had restored the power of Portugal, as I have stated, in 1640, had driven out the Spaniards, had spent enormous treasures, had expelled the Jesuits, had fled to Brazil, had accepted a charter and a constitution, had spent thirteen years, from 1821 to 1834, in a family fight for the throne, had seen more than a dozen uprisings, and had brought the kingdom through fire and sword and capital punishments and tortures and great energy to a stage of exhaustion and to a constitution as the last resort and a way to prosperity. When Dom Fernando came down from Saxe-Coburg and married the Queen he seems to have brought with him an element of German prudence and self-possession which cooled the ardor and steadied the purpose of the Braganza blood. The Queen reigned nineteen years, from 1834 to 1853, having accepted a modified constitution, having with the aid of Spain on land and England on the high seas subdued a revolution, and leaving her kingdom to a judicious prince consort, who knew enough to resist the temptation of the Spanish throne and to exercise a good influence at home. It was comparatively easy for the young King Dom Luis I. in 1861 to apply his peculiar faculties to the management of a kingdom which was beginning to enjoy the luxury of peace and was quite exhausted by intestine strife. For a state of affairs like this Dom Luis seems to

have been peculiarly adapted. He possessed a constitution not easily disturbed or driven to nervous excitement, he had refined and scholarly tastes, he was fond of music, and he had reached a capacity for steady contemplation by the subduing influence of a life at sea. He had a due appreciation of the value of successful industry, and the peace of mind and heart which goes with it. He subdued the last insurrection which threatened his kingdom by force of wit and good sense and not by force of arms ; and when the veteran conspirator Saldanha threatened a revolt in case his demand for a change of ministry was not complied with, he quietly submitted to the threat, notwithstanding, as it is said, a mild remonstrance from the spirited and resolute Queen, and sent the conspirator to represent him at the Court of St. James. He resisted the last Spanish temptation, and rejected the proposition of General Prim to bring the entire Iberian peninsula under the Braganza rule, fearing, I doubt not, a return to the storms and conflicts of the house. He saw that the work of restoring Portugal to any degree of her ancient grandeur was enough for one mind, and that the glory of even a partial accomplishment was enough for one reign. And so he devoted himself as a scholar to the Literary Congress at Lisbon, and the Archæological Congress ; took an active part in erecting a statue to the poet Camoens, and in celebrating his centennial ; and as a believer in material development encouraged the extension of railroads and their sound organization and efficient equipment. He evidently understood his duty as a constitutional king, and maintained a scrupulous observance of all the duties and obligations of such a position, realizing that a king differs from the

people over whom he rules only in his greater opportunity and the sacredness of his responsibility.

The influence of Dom Luis I. during his entire reign has been for the development of Portugal and for her advancement to the commercial power which her intelligent people now desire. That the work he commenced will be continued by his successor, and son, there can be no question. The dignified and patriotic manifesto put forth by Dom Carlos I. on his elevation to the throne, combined with his expressions of esteem and respect for his father, indicates a determination to serve his country in accordance with the good example he has before him. At his first reception of the Foreign Ministers at the Ajuda Palace yesterday, I took occasion to assure him of the deep interest the government and the people of the United States were taking in his reign just now begun, and their readiness to respond to all measures for the intimate relations of the two nationalities. To this he responded most cordially. He has commenced his career as ruler in early life; his queen has great equability and good sense as well as many charms; and in everything calculated to maintain the peace and promote the prosperity of his kingdom I feel assured the people of Portugal are with him.

Dom Luis during his long and painful illness was attended most carefully and tenderly by the Queen, whose devotion to the dying monarch was untiring. When the King had drawn his last breath, the Queen rose from her knees, and embracing her son Dom Carlos, who stood beside her, said: "*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi.*" May you be as good a king as you have been a son." The scene was most touching. The body of the King was then embalmed, and preparations were

made for the funeral, which was appointed for the following Saturday, leaving eight days in which special ambassadors could come to represent the sovereigns of Europe.

The funeral of the King was very imposing. He lay in state at Cascaes for a few days, and was then borne to the beautiful Igreja e Mosteiro de Santa Maria de Belem, not far from Lisbon, the Convent of St. Jerome. It was on this spot that Vasco de Gama passed the night before his departure on his famous voyage of discovery, in a small chapel, asking God's blessing on his perilous undertaking. Here are the tombs of the children of Dom João III., the greatest of all the kings of Portugal, who brought the kingdom to the height of its glory ; the cenotaph containing the ashes of Dom Sebastian, as is supposed, the unfortunate young king who perished in Africa with an army of princes and nobles ; the tomb of the great cardinal-king, Henriques ; those of Dom Manoel and his queen Dona Maria, the daughter of Ferdinand the Catholic. From this beautiful and historic church the body of the King was borne to its final resting-place in St. Vincente in Lisbon, on Saturday, October 26th, attended by a long procession of the representatives of many of the courts in Europe, the royal family of Portugal, the ministers of state, the officers of the army and navy. The procession was led by a platoon of cavalry. They were followed by six heraldic ensigns bearing heraldic banners ; all the corporations which wished to join the procession ; a great number of ladies mourning for the King ; carriages of the presidents of the Cortes ; the carriage of the municipal council of Lisbon ; high officers of the court ; the foreign princes who had come to attend the

ceremony, among whom were the Duke of Edinburgh, Duke de Montpensier, General Voisin, representing President Carnot, General Werfen, representing the Emperor of Germany, Prince Hohenzollern, peers of the realm, and councillors and ministers of state. The carriage of King Dom Carlos I. ; that of the Duke of Oporto, Dom Affonso ; the carriages of the royal house, in which were seated the doorkeeper of the royal chamber, gentlemen of the King, aides-de-camp of the military house of the King, the major-domo of the palace, with his insignia of office and the keys of the coffin, followed in the procession. The royal crown was carried on a cushion by an officer of the palace. High representatives of the clergy followed, preceding the funeral carriage, which was heavily draped in mourning and profusely ornamented with flowers. On each side of this carriage walked six servants of the palace carrying torches. The service of the grand huntsman, the grand equerry, the commander of the Royal Guard, and the Royal Guard, the officers and the military house of the King followed. Leaving Belem at nine o'clock in the morning, the procession reached St. Vincente de Fora at three, where a large assembly of foreign ministers in their tribune, senators, files of erect and sturdy young men from the navy, members of the press, and ecclesiastics were in waiting. I think every European nationality was represented, together with the United States, Japan and China, Brazil, and the Republics of South America.

At eleven o'clock we drove through the crowded streets filled with a noiseless multitude dressed in black ; even the poorest peasants were in mourning, for Dom Luis had been a good king and much beloved. Every

quarter of an hour for eight days and nights the great guns on the ships on the Tagus had been firing, as they were continuously during the procession, making it almost impossible to sleep in Lisbon. When we reached the church of St. Vincente we entered at a side door, and were taken by a priest, dressed in violet, to a reception-room, where we met the nuncio who is the head of the diplomatic corps, and who led the procession of foreign ministers as they entered the church with their wives, who in deep mourning occupied the front seat of the tribune. The nuncio wore a violet silk gown with a rochat of most beautiful lace and a large cross of aqua-marine stones set in diamonds.

The church was hung with gold tapestries edged with black velvet. Three stationary catafalques had been erected along the nave, covered with gold and black, on each side of which eight candles, six feet high, burned in golden candlesticks. The first catafalque was near the door, and there the coffin was placed while a chant was sung. It was then borne to the second, in the centre of the church, at the head of which stood the cardinal in his scarlet robes holding a high gilt cross, many archbishops and bishops being around him. The coffin was borne thence to its last resting-place—in the church in front of the high altar. A black velvet pall with a large white satin cross embroidered with gold was thrown over it, and the crown of the kings of Portugal on a satin cushion was placed at the foot. Dom Carlos, the new king, dressed in full uniform and covered with jewelled decorations, walked alone at the head of the procession. Behind him came the Duke d'Aosta, Duke de Montpensier, and Dom Affonso. Every one was in uniform, and the church

was soon filled with a glittering throng of courtiers and officials. In the royal box sat the widowed queen hidden behind her long crape veil, through which gleamed the pink satin ribbon of the royal Order of St. Isabel worn across her breast. By her side sat the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, the Duchess d'Aosta. The King stood through the service in front of the box. As the mass progressed numbers of lighted candles were brought in and distributed until nearly every one standing on the floor held one. Their light made the gold hangings and the uniforms brilliant, while high up in the vaulted roof long rays of sunlight were streaming through the oriel window across to the gleaming altar. The effect of the whole scene was wonderfully grand and imposing. At the end of the service the cardinal, followed by all the other high clergy, walked twice around the coffin, swinging upon it a great censer, and then proceeded to the Pantheon, the royal tomb, the priests chanting, the organ pealing, and heavy salutes of cannon being fired as they moved on. The widowed Queen followed the coffin on the arm of Dom Carlos.

The cardinal patriarch officiated, and at the close of the high mass pronounced a short eulogy on the character of the King. Accompanied by funeral chants by the choir of the royal chapel, the body was borne into the Pantheon to rest with the long line of Braganza kings entombed there. By the terms of the royal decree, the grand marshal of the palace, before delivering to the cardinal the mortal remains, took the oath required by law that the body was that of His Majesty Dom Luis I. He presided at the ceremony of interment, and kept a key of the coffin, which, with a copy of the *procès verbal*, is to be deposited in the archives of the

Pantheon. All the high personages present signed the *procès verbal*, and a duplicate key was given to the cardinal. Amidst heavy salvos of artillery the body was deposited in its last resting-place, and the apartment of the royal dead was closed.

I have spoken often of the commanding position Portugal held among the nations of the earth in her days of great colonial possessions and vast commerce, long before the wealth and power of our own day were even founded. But during the last century she has held as important a position in the political world as she formerly held in the world of exploration and commerce. The contests between freedom and right, between imperialism and constitutional independence, were constant and severe on her soil. The rigor of arbitrary rule and the license of revolution were displayed in Portugal with almost as much cruelty and strength as in France. Human life and human conscience counted for little. She was the field, moreover, on which Napoleon was met by that force which ultimately destroyed his empire, and Portugal was almost as fatal to him as Russia. For the preservation of her integrity England accomplished some of the greatest achievements on land and sea, and manifested the parental as well as the imperial power when she sent Sir Charles Stuart to represent, in the factious councils of Portugal, the practical wisdom of her own statesmen. The normal condition of this little kingdom was one of revolutionary conflicts from the close of the Peninsular war to the death of Maria II., a period of nearly forty years. The peace which has followed is due, as I have said, to the good sense of Dom Fernando as regent, and still later for a quarter of a century to the admirable qualities of the King who has just died.

It is evident to those who carefully observe her course at the present time that the energy and enterprise of Portugal are as ready to assert themselves now as they have been in times past. She counts her claims and enterprises in South Africa and makes her observations along the coast of Congo. She is growing watchful of her commercial relations. Not yet recovered from the financial prostration into which extravagant monarchs and exhausting wars have thrown her, her taxation is organized more for revenue than for its effect upon her industries. But of her resources there can be no doubt. Already the work of renovating a worn-out soil, one of the great problems of agriculture, has been profitably conducted on areas which were tilled in the days of the Romans and the Moors. The profits of well-conducted manufactures have already been demonstrated. In an article published in the *Jornal do Commercio* of Lisbon upon the address I made to the King on my presentation I find the following comments :

“ From the discourse which the Minister Resident of the United States of America pronounced on delivering his credentials, which accredited him to this court, we take the following passages, to which we attach the greatest importance at the present time ; and which prove how deeply the government of that flourishing state desires and takes interest in the encouragement of agriculture :

“ In his communication to my faithful and distinguished predecessor announcing my appointment to the post which he has so honorably filled, the Secretary of State informed him that I have held an important official relation to the agriculture of the United States as Commissioner. In this service I have learned the

value of national industries to the welfare of the state, and I trust I may be allowed to observe and investigate the methods by which Your Majesty's people preserve and develop that occupation which is the fundamental calling of all nations, the central pillar in that social system of which commerce and manufactures are the associates, and which bind all peoples together in a common brotherhood.'

"The discourse of the Minister, abandoning the narrow limits of a mere exchange of compliments to which such discourses have usually been restricted, presented the programme of his mission, which appears to have for its object a special study of our agriculture and industry.

"We hail with enthusiasm and faith the new American Minister, who during some years dedicated himself to the study and analysis of the manifold questions of agriculture, upon which he made an important report, which served to enlighten his government and led to the adoption of measures leading to the development of agricultural industry.

"At the present time, when agrarian questions so greatly occupy the governments of all European nations, it is truly agreeable to record that the choice of the new Minister of the United States should have fallen upon a gentleman possessing such excellent qualifications.

"To develop our commercial relations with the United States is a mission which long since should have attracted the attention of our government, for the purpose of drawing to our port the presence of North American shipping, which would confer upon us such great benefits

"The enormous and unparalleled progress which this

nation has attained plainly demonstrates not only its great and expanded commercial, industrial, and agricultural development, but as well in its monetary resources, which reacts and is powerfully felt in the markets of Europe. Our country from its geographical position should be prepared in every way to become the *entrepot* of inter-oceanic communication; and therefore our relations with the United States should be strengthened and made closer in all respects. The great expansion of the industry of North America renders home consumption inefficient for the great production; and hence the exportations of products demand the greatest care from the government of so prosperous a nationality. The port of Lisbon is the nearest station from the American continent, and if in it the commerce of the United States should meet with facilities it would certainly lead to the establishment of an *entrepot* or warehouse for the deposits of their manufactures destined for the European markets.

"We are enthusiastic partners of mercantile development, so that agriculture and industry may prosper; and in the prosecution of our programme we have always the greatest satisfaction when we see new advocates present themselves who concur in encouraging commerce.

"We are convinced that the treaty of commerce with the United States will bring great advantages to our country, not only by reciprocal exchanges of agricultural productions, but because a great number of manufactured articles would meet in this country with ready sale.

"At present the Minister who made so favorable a presentation will meet with an obstacle in carrying out

his mission—that is, the coercive regulations as regards the importation of wheat which were enacted mainly in reference to the American market. This obstacle, which originated before the arrival of the worthy diplomat, will certainly not lead him to cool the enthusiasm which our country created within him, where he will find the most cordial greeting in the discharge of his high duties by the sympathy and friendship which our people accord to the formidable athletes of the Democracy and of material progress.”

Portugal possesses many advantages for industrial enterprises. Her climate is mild throughout the year. A large portion of her soil is capable of cultivation; and the cultivators are a hardy, industrious, and temperate people. The harbor of Lisbon is unequalled on the European coast of the Atlantic for its spaciousness and safety, and is approachable at all seasons without exposure to the severe gales, the ice, and the fogs of the northern Atlantic. Lisbon is connected now with the interior of Spain by a well-organized railroad arrangement, and thence to France and the north of Italy. Commerce to and from the Mediterranean can centre at this port; and Mediterranean commerce now means the way opened by the Suez Canal to the great markets of the East. The channels of trade may not as yet lie in this direction; but the time is coming, as I firmly believe, when New York will be the centre of exchange, and the necessity of shipping by the way of Hamburg and London will cease. The future of Lisbon should be, and undoubtedly will be, as great as its past; and that the commercial and financial power of the world will be on the American continent, who can doubt?

CHAPTER V.

TORRES VEDRAS.—BEMFICA.—ALCOBAÇA.

October 29th.—In going north from Lisbon it is not the churches and palaces and convents alone which attract the attention. The rounded hills crowned with windmills, the valleys clothed with corn, the grazing flocks and herds, the glimpses of the sea which dances and sparkles along this coast as if the sea-nymphs dwelt here and as if Neptune had selected these waters for his high court, make up a view of constant and varied beauty, and reconcile the traveller to the deliberate progress of the Portuguese railway. Often at this time of the year the passenger will find an entire compartment to himself in which seven of the "eight *assentos*" are unoccupied, where he can lounge and look and think without being molested by the smokers of cigarettes. The landscape is not very lively, burnt brown as it is by the summer's sun, nor are the hedgerows and gardens and copses very musical, abandoned as they are by every singing-bird, if they ever had any. The newsboys at the stations sound their four notes and a musical octave to tell you that they have the morning journal, and the water-carriers swing their *carafes* and cry water with a final *quã* worthy of the rich man who called for water to cool his tongue. There is a good deal of Portuguese language sent forth

with successive explosions at these stations by those in the busy walks of life, who are unmindful of the fine modulations of which the language is capable. There is a strange sort of animal vigor in the midst of the natural repose. Things are done and said with a will and an energy which seem wholly unnecessary under the circumstances. Even the donkeys bray with a vocal force unknown to more high-toned and dignified domestic animals. All this is attractive for a time, but the sameness of the landscape, and the stillness of the air, and the monotony of tongues, and the loneliness and seclusion of the compartment bring on a reflective mood, in which the events wrought out, and the designs laid, and the thoughts evolved along this shore become more interesting and important than the shore itself.

After leaving the sacred precincts of Bemfica and the stately arches of the aqueduct, of which you no more tire than you do of the everlasting hills, the green earth-works remind you that you are on that line along which the Duke of Wellington constructed the fortifications which enabled him to drive the French from Portugal. The lines of Torres Vedras are as famous in the history of war on the peninsula as the convention of Cintra is in the history of peace. I have always had a great admiration for the Duke of Wellington—as who has not? I saw him once in the House of Lords, stately, old, and silent, but he seemed to rise superior to Brougham and Stanley and Russell and the rest, partly because he bore a more commanding presence, and partly, I suppose, because he was the conqueror at Waterloo, and more because he could look back on such a tremendous life—tremendous is the only word which describes that life. I have always been sorry that they removed his

equestrian statue at Hyde Park, for it was the Iron Duke on a thoroughbred. I always liked the way in which he told a flatterer not to "make a damned fool of himself." I think the grim chuckle with which he pointed an applauding crowd to the iron shutters on his palace, put there after a mob had threatened its destruction,—pointed, too, with the handle of his riding-whip, as he rode through the cheering multitude,—is one of the best pictures of lofty scorn on record. The gentle affection he manifested towards the young queen at her inauguration, the war-worn veteran that he was, whom iron alone could typify, always brought tears to my eyes, as a picture of English loyalty and pride and parental solicitude and love. When he said he had no talk and Palmerston had no manners, and when he objected to Napoleon because he was no gentleman, he somehow won my admiration. But when I passed my eye along the hill-tops that lead from Lisbon to Torres Vedras, in sight of that ostentatious and imposing monument of kingly pride and extravagance at Mafra, making a horizon from the heights of Cintra, and remembered that here as a young man, so young that an incompetent senior officer superseded him on the field of battle, I must confess that I admired him more than I did when I traced the furrows of his cannon-shot at Waterloo and saw his great sword carving up the empire Napoleon had built in Continental Europe. He was in a great company, moreover, on these shores and among these hills. The bones of John de Castro might have moved in their sacred tomb where they had reposed two centuries and a half, and his spirit might have rejoiced in its heavenly abode, as the footfall of the great warrior was heard on those heights. He had

gone forth in his youth to stay the hand of the great conqueror of Europe, and he halted not until he had accomplished his mission at Waterloo ; and this was the spot where his work began.

Torres Vedras was fortified as silently as was Bunker Hill. Before Europe was aware of it, a hundred and fifty forts, redoubts, and batteries, extending along the hills a distance of forty miles, had been constructed. The details of the work were complete—perfect for its intention. “ For the militia there are nearly inattaackable posts to guard the passes ; for the infantry, admirable fields of battle suited to ensure and profit by victory ; for the cavalry, spacious plains to which the enemy must arrive through passes rendered impracticable to their cavalry and artillery.” So said a brave and skilful commander. But Wellington fought as well as fortified. In August, 1808, he fought at Rolica and cut off the communication of the French army with Lisbon. He accomplished his famous passage of the Douro and drove Soult from Oporto. He fought Ney and Junot at Busaco ; and drove the French out of Portugal. Of course I make this story short. The events, however, have made the ground over which we are travelling historic, and have served as a theatre on which English valor has displayed its most heroic qualities. Here Wellington commenced his great career of success which gave England the mastery of Europe, and on this coast Sir John Moore won his immortality, and inspired the English poet who sang for him the sweetest requiem known to the sweetest of all languages.

But long before you reach Corunna and the heights of Elvira, where Sir John Moore fell, you arrive at

Oporto, where Wellington, two years before he fortified Torres Vedras and four months after the death of Moore, performed his first great act in driving the French from the Iberian peninsula. It was on the 12th of May, 1809, that Wellington reached the south bank of the Douro, and, looking from the precipitous rocky hill, past whose base the river flows, saw Soult occupying the opposite bank and having destroyed all means of communication across the stream. On his way from Coimbra, in command of fourteen thousand men, he had succeeded in driving the French into the city, and had compelled the great marshal to mass all his troops on the northerly side of the stream. Across that deep and rapid current he discovered the opportunity afforded him by the Seminario, an unfinished building on the high bank, with a lofty stone wall enclosing space enough for a strong body of soldiers. A boat to cross the stream and a concealed battery on the Serra, enabled him to embark his troops and to occupy the Seminario before the French had discovered his movement, and had rallied to that fierce attack so famous in that campaign. The English battery commanded all approach to the hill; the people of the town rallied to transport their deliverers across the river; the French retired before the sturdy work of the English troops and the well-devised movement of the English commander. Oporto was relieved; Soult's army was in full retreat; and but for the apathy of the German troops under General Murray would have been completely destroyed. It was here that the French learned that quality of the English soldier which secured the great victory at Waterloo.

In his campaigns along the Atlantic coast of Portugal

Wellington occupied ground already famous for military achievements and for fierce conflicts even in the olden times. The railway carries you through a constant succession of historic towns. At Alemquer, but a few miles on the way, still stand the ruins of the strongest fortress built by the Moors in Portugal, captured, in 1148, by Affonso Henriques, the proclaimed King of Portugal, the deliverer of Lisbon from the Moors, the founder of the power of the kingdom. It was at Santarem that the aged Affonso Henriques rallied his army in aid of his son, Dom Sancho, in his final victory over the Moors. At Coimbra, the first capital of the monarchy, Rodrigo de Bivar, the celebrated Cid, in 1064 vanquished the Moors and expelled them forever from the town ; and here, a hundred and twenty years later, Affonso Henriques held a council of his warriors and organized his expedition against Santarem. When I consider the history of this little strip of sea-coast I am not sure that it has received credit enough for the example it has set of resistance to usurpers, of devotion to the best government within its reach, of valor on the field, of power in council, of enterprise on sea and land, and of culture of the human mind and the inspiration of heroic endeavor.

From the earliest period of Portuguese history until our own generation Oporto has been the seat of civil and military contests, and has secured to itself the title of the Unconquered City. For nearly two centuries it remained utterly annihilated by war—from 820 to 1000. Rebuilt at that time by the French it took the part of Dom Affonso in his war with Dom Diniz ; its inhabitants, men and women, struck against a tax imposed, in 1628, on linen and woollen manufactures ; against a tax

on stamped paper they struck again in 1661; they rose in insurrection in 1756 against the wine monopoly of Pombal and suffered executions on the scaffold and confiscation for their efforts; in 1807 they rose against the French yoke; in 1820 they proclaimed the constitution; in 1842 they replaced the charter; in 1846 they replaced the constitution; in 1832 they sheltered Dom Pedro with his army of seven thousand five hundred men, when he was besieged by Dom Miguel unsuccessfully; and after the defeat of Dom Miguel they sent forth the Conde de Villa Flor on his excursion to Algarve and thence to Lisbon, defeating Telles Jardaó and breaking up the Miguelites there; they witnessed the defeat of Bourmont and the collapse of the pretender and claimant; and they rejoiced in the coronation of Maria Gloria as queen.

On the route from Lisbon north lies Aljubarrota, a battle-ground never to be forgotten or overlooked in a survey of Portugal. It is a little town lying almost under the shadow of the best ecclesiastical architecture in Portugal. Here was decided the independence of this kingdom. In 1383 Dom Fernando I. died and left no legitimate heir to the throne, his daughter, Dona Brites, having married Don Juan I. of Castile. The Cortes at Coimbra undertook to establish a succession in the person of the Master of Avis, an illegitimate son of Dom Pedro I. This opportunity for conquest was not lost upon the King of Castile, who, gathering his army, marched upon Lisbon, to be followed by the Master of Avis, now known as Dom João I. of Portugal. The son of his father fell upon the Spanish army with great fury and routed them horse, foot, and dragoons. The victory was complete. The standard of Castile

was taken, and the Castilian Don Juan fled on horseback to his quarters at Santarem. His entire outfit, such as a Castilian king in all his glory would provide, fell into the hands of the bastard,—including a silver tripod for the altar, a large Bible, helmets and swords, and the pelote of Don Juan. The victory was attributed to St. Bernard, and the independence of Portugal was established.

I suppose battles and battle-fields are not the most interesting objects for a traveller's record, and yet they will not be passed over, nor will their heroes be neglected. They furnish the background of the great panorama of civilization; and they mark the ways mankind has travelled in the construction of social and civil organization. "The battle of Waterloo swung back the progress of Europe for ten generations," said the great English divine. The battle of Bunker Hill gave vital force to an uprising republic. The battle of Gettysburg confirmed the strength of a nation. We survey the fields where these things were accomplished—not those alone where the heroes fell and monuments are erected.

But why should I forget the naval engagements in the waters which wash the coast from Corunna to Gibraltar—the great English victories,—which did so much to control the politics of Europe: that of Rodney, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in 1780; that of Nelson, who broke the power of France at Trafalgar; and that of Sir Charles Napier, who destroyed the fleet of Dom Miguel and placed Dona Maria Gloria on the throne of Portugal.

Northern Portugal has always been distinguished for its great ecclesiastical buildings—churches, convents,

monasteries. Its ancient buildings have been largely destroyed—those great religious foundations for which wars were carried on and in the construction of which vast wealth was lavished. There are many mutilated remains, but few perfect buildings. The glory, too, is gone. The cloisters are deserted, the cells abandoned, the chapels are idle, the arches no longer re-echo to the music of the mass or to the solemn responses of the assembled ecclesiastics.

This heroic section of Portugal is also one of the most thrifty. The Douro region is known for the fertility of its soil, the luxuriance of its pastures, the value of its crops, the size of its cattle, and generally for the sturdy development of its men and the beauty of its women. It seems as if the glow of the Celts, the vigor of the Saracens, the finely chiselled features of the Moors, the vivacity of the French, and the solemnity of the Jews had all combined to make up this remarkable people, the best of whom are at the north. It is from this region and beyond to the Bay of Biscay that the most erect and graceful and tidy of the girls who carry great burdens on their heads come to Lisbon. If you ask a landowner where his farm is situated, he will reply proudly, "On the Douro"; meekly if south of the Tagus. The great river that waters this region is rich in all that makes a river valuable: good water power, good fishing, most delicious water for drinking, most delectable for washing. The people along its banks are well developed, and evidently well fed. They live in a charming country where hill and valley are well balanced and are luxuriantly clad with verdure. The landscape resembles the inimitable beauty of the tree-crowned hills and green valleys of Vermont in mid-

summer, without the gorgeous and flaming coloring of autumnal forests. It is easy to account for the power and independence of a people born on a soil like this. It is easy also to account for their fondness for comfortable homes and good apparel. The peasantry who are in good circumstances possess a most picturesque wardrobe—picturesque for Portugal even, where the dyed colors are most beautiful—from the handkerchiefs worn on the head to the bodice and the border of the skirt. Their gold ornaments are of the most graceful and artistically wrought patterns, and are worn in great profusion. The people are temperate and peaceable and apparently cheerful. Careworn faces and mournful voices are not often met with. Their dances are frequent and long continued, and their singing is sweet and natural as a bird's. They are as courteous and civil as the best classes in what is considered the best society, and more reverential than many persons who are brought up in what claims to be an especially reverential class in a community.

I have no doubt that the influence of the dismantled churches and convents and monasteries still remains among the people of Portugal. In the neighborhood of Alcobaça—in this section which I am now observing—the traditions and memories of the old convent must remain. It is not many years since the glory of the church at Alcobaça was at its height. The luxuriousness of the table was unsurpassed. The kitchen and the wine cellar were filled with an abundance and variety of all man could desire to eat and drink. The apartments were gorgeous with Persian carpets, lace-bordered napkins, ewers and basins of solid silver. The dining saloon was richly decorated and furnished,

and at the dining hour lighted with numerous wax tapers in sconces of silver. The menu surpassed that of the Romans—lampreys, edible bird's-nests, most delicate preparations of pork and veal and poultry. The wines were most delicate, richly made, and ripened to perfection. The incense of aromatic woods through the hall attended the feast. The banqueting-room is now closed, the silver scattered, the luxury and religion of Alcobaca are all over.

The monastery was commenced in 1148 and finished in 1272. The nine hundred and ninety-nine monks inhabiting it were divided into three deaneries, so succeeding each other that praise never ceased under that roof. The Abbot held the rank of an archbishop. The endowment of the monastery was great. The tombs of kings and queens buried there still remain. Among them the mausoleum of Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro stands conspicuous for its beauty and the sad tragedy it commemorates. The story of Inez de Castro cannot be told to often. The daughter of a Spanish nobleman who had fled for safety to the court of Dom Affonso IV. she was wooed and won by the infante Dom Pedro, who privately married her. Her position at court attracted her countrymen, who gathered around her for that security they could not find at home. The courtiers of Affonso became jealous of the Spaniards, and cruelly demanded the death of Inez. During the absence of Dom Pedro, the King with three of his knights visited her at her *quinta*, and, while he was moved to pity by her prayers and tears, his companions fell upon her and murdered her almost before his eyes. Dom Pedro on his return was driven to madness. He took up arms against his father, laid waste the whole of Minho, and two of the

murderers having been captured were tortured to death. Inez de Castro was entombed to await the time when Dom Pedro had wreaked his vengeance and proved the reality of his private marriage. Her body was then raised from the tomb and crowned Queen of Portugal and the Algarves. Her story has passed into the literature of the world, while the sculptured effigies of herself and her lover and husband lie so arranged that at the resurrection the first object that shall meet their eyes will be the beloved forms of each other. The great historic pile of Alcobaça is brought home to our hearts by the tomb of Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro.

The art at Alcobaça is small. A portrait of Thomas à Becket and numerous inscriptions to the memory of the knights slain in the battle of Aljubarrota constitute all there is of it.

Not far away, over a rough road terminating in a wide plain, is Batalha, where was fought the great battle, and where, high above this level surface, stands the great church with its compact accumulation of buttresses and pinnacles so closely joined that the beauty of each individual spire and pinnacle is almost lost. The endowment of Batalha was small; now it stands idle, one of the numerous wasted investments of Portugal in her days of wealth and power. The memory of Pombal's murderous decree at Batalha against the Duke of Aveiro on a suspicion of conspiracy, and the cruel death of the duke and duchess with their friends and followers, with the burning of their bodies and the casting of their ashes into the river, still remain among the horrors of Portugal. Here repose the bodies of Dom João and his queen Philippa in a chapel of Gothic design renowned for its beauty and grandeur, with their

hands clasped as in marriage ceremony. The tombs of Dom Fernando, who died in captivity at Fez in 1443; and of the infante Dom João, Master of the Order of Santiago; and of Dom Duarte, Duke of Vizeu; and of Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, who fell in the battle of Alfarrobeira, form a sad monumental group.

The erection of the church and monastery was commenced in 1388, and completed in 1515. It was erected by Dom John in consequence of a vow made on the field of Aljubarrota, and was dedicated to the order of the Dominicans. From the day of its completion until now it has challenged the admiration of the world. The design of the building is most elaborate and bewildering. Architects have endeavored in vain to imitate it after the most careful study; archæologists have been unable to decipher its inscriptions. It is a monument to the wealth and piety of its designers, and the great king who caused its erection. Like its ecclesiastical companions, it now stands idle and deserted—even its economical refectory closed, its chapels silent, its beautiful proportions a dumb history of the chivalry of the proud centuries in which it was built. It is a relic now, and as such it must remain to the progressive generations that are coming on.

I shall have more to say hereafter of the wonders of Northern Portugal.

CHAPTER VI.

COIMBRA.—CAMOENS, DONA TELLES.—POMBAL.

November 20th.—"It seems to me Portugal has seen a great deal of fighting," said Mrs. Loring, as we sat last evening over our good wood fire at the Lawrence in Cintra, looking back over what we had seen, and forward to what we might see. "There is no doubt about that," said I; "and it has required a great deal of fighting to keep itself alive. Subjugated by the Carthaginians three hundred years before Christ; conquered by the Romans eighty years after; invaded by the Vandals in the fifth Christian century; occupied by the Moors in the eighth century; bestowed upon Count Henriques by Affonso VI. of Castile and Leon, with the hand of his daughter, Theresa, and wrested from the Moors, after great sieges and bloody battles, in the 12th century; torn by a rebellion of the aristocracy in the middle of the thirteenth century; conquering the Algarves at the same time; riven by the civil war and rebellion of the reign of Diniz; engaged in the final fight with the Moors in 1340; ravaged by the civil war waged by Dom Pedro against the King Affonso IV., who had murdered his wife; occupied in the war with Castile, in 1370; fighting the great battle of Aljubarrota, in 1370; carrying the war into Africa, in the middle of the fifteenth century; raging in another

civil war, in 1438, between the Regent, Dom Pedro, and Affonso V. ; attempting to take the crown of Castile with the sword, in 1476 ; startled by the great conspiracy of the nobles against the king towards the close of the fifteenth century ; conducting wars of conquest in India in the early part of the sixteenth century ; mourning over Dom Sebastian's annihilating defeat in Africa ; busy with the perpetual conflicts in the Castilian usurpation, from 1581 to 1640 ; warring with Spain for nearly thirty years for independence, from 1640 ; fighting the Dutch in the Atlantic islands, and Brazil, and the Spaniards at the Linhas de Elvas, in 1658 ; warring with France and Spain a century afterwards ; opening the nineteenth century with her share in the Peninsular wars against Napoleon ; employed from 1821 to 1834 in the Miguelite disturbances ; counting fourteen revolutions in fifteen years preceding 1851, and engaged in numerous skirmishes which I cannot possibly remember ;"—"Let us abandon the battle-grounds for the present," said Mrs. Loring, "and turn our attention to the schools." "Schools!" said I; "why, there is but one in Portugal. We will go to Coimbra."

Such an autumn or early winter morning as can be occupied by an excursion like this is not easily found outside of Portugal,—and away from that part of Portugal in which we now are. Nearly five months we have been here, most of the time in Cintra, and not a storm have we yet seen ; but few showery days, no severe cold, no frost. The heat has been slight ; the air has been invigorating ; and this season of the year, which finds the trees bare of leaves in New England, and the fields frost-bitten and clothed in a winter garb, following a season of tempests and long cold storms

and gales and destructive seas, is radiant here with beauty. The sky to-day is cloudless; the forests are just tinged with a golden yellow; the leaves still adorn the trees; the air has the flavor of May; the grass has returned to the pastures; young lambs are playing among the flocks on the hillsides; and the newly upturned earth, which the farmers are ploughing everywhere, looks like the beginning, and not the close, of the year. Such a day for an excursion is not often seen anywhere on earth. So we go to Coimbra.

Coimbra lies in that line which I pursued when I left Lisbon and followed Torres Vedras and wandered along the historic coast of Portugal. It is a hundred and thirty-eight miles from Lisbon, and the road to it runs through that historic part of Portugal to which I have been so much devoted, and through the towns of Santarem, Thomar, and Pombal, on whose names the student of Portuguese history lingers long. Of course the Romans settled in the valley of the Mondego, the Moors took their place for a season, and in the early part of the eleventh century the Cid and Fernando the Great fixed there the Castilian rule. Coimbra was once the capital of Portugal, and remained so until the Cortes, controlled by the eloquence of the great lawyer John das Regras, elected Dom John I. "of good memory" king, when the seat of government was moved to Lisbon. It has its churches and its cathedral, its university, and the buildings which usually cluster around an institution of learning. It can be explored in a reasonably short space of time, if one desires; has a charming situation on the high and hilly river bank; is old and quaint and interesting. It has its supply of decrepit beggars usually found in the towns and cities

of Portugal. The oldest inhabitant, who still lives on nothing, as he has done for ninety years, has his terrible traditions for willing ears. The traffic of the place is of that limited nature usually found in seats of learning—feeding and lodging professors and students. It is the university, therefore, which citizens talk most about and travellers visit first—the only university in all Portugal. For Portuguese purposes it is doubtless better than Oxford or Cambridge, or Harvard with its theological liberality and its political eccentricity; but for the outside world it presents but few attractions. As a law school it takes high rank and supplies the kingdom with judges, advocates, and barristers, as well as legislators and councillors. It educates the best of the medical fraternity, enjoys the benefit of fine museums of anatomy and natural history, and has an admirable library of sixty thousand volumes to which the suppressed convents of St. Bento, Santa Cruz, Santa Rita, and Graça made liberal forced contributions. The capacity and deportment of the students have always held high rank. The course of medicine lasts eight years; the law six years, five for qualification for a judgeship, and one additional for the degree of a doctor; the theological term is six years, is controlled by a faculty of seven members, and is very thorough in theological lore with text-books mainly in the Roman Index. The terms begin in autumn and last until the end of May; examinations continue until the end of July, followed by a vacation of three months. About \$400 is a liberal allowance for the annual expenses, tuition being free. The accurate and systematic education of the university furnishes Portugal with an ample supply of accomplished members of all the liberal pro-

fessions, who are held in high esteem throughout the kingdom. For the supply of technologists, scientists, metaphysicians, engineers, mineralogists, chemists, electricians, the university has hardly reached distinction. There are, however, five faculties—theology, law, medicine, mathematics, and philosophy, besides a school of design.

Into the general education of Portugal the students of Coimbra do not appear to have entered. For the supply of teachers for what are called municipal schools, normal schools for males and females are amply provided, and they furnish an excellent body of teachers. The municipal schools are not graded as in Massachusetts, but have been organized on the system of classes, which I have always advocated,—the old plan of our academies, in which the scholars had an opportunity to learn from the recitations of their associates, as well as from the guidance of the instructors. Municipal schools are provided for boys and girls separately, and all children are admitted free. Unfortunately compulsory education is not enforced, and the proportion of uneducated children is consequently very large. In addition to the government provision for education, there are many liberally endowed schools supported by private munificence and bequests. There have been a few instances of the private academies once so well known and so useful in New England from which many accomplished boys went forth into the higher walks of scholarship. The last of these, as near as I can ascertain, kept in Lisbon by an English scholar, secured for its founder, Mr. Davidson, an ample fortune, and gave many young men from Lisbon and many from Brazil, who desired an English education, but were

unwilling to expose themselves to the rigors of an English climate, an opportunity to pursue studies in this line. The collegiate and common-school education of Portugal is well provided for, but the addition of a Round Hill with Bancroft and Cogswell at its head, or a Franklin Academy ruled by Mr. Simeon Putnam, or Exeter with the beloved and venerable Abbott, or Andover with its genial and authoritative Taylor and Bancroft, would add greatly to the educational privileges of a kingdom to which more and more young men from abroad are annually attracted. The University of Coimbra should have its attendant Eton and Rugby, to make the classical system of Portugal complete. That its name is beloved and venerated by all Portuguese scholars is not surprising, for from its walls have gone forth the learned men who have made the literature of Portugal what it is—its historians and poets and novelists.

I wish we could count Miranda, the neglected father of Portuguese poetry, among its alumni; but we cannot, and are obliged to leave him to the tender mercies of the mass of mankind without the love and admiration of a college fraternity. The mother of Camoens, however, sent her son to Coimbra, gave her mite to the cultivation of his mind, and gave the country of her birth his immortal genius. We all know how misplaced love in the aristocratic circles of Lisbon drove him to the wars; how his censoring verse was punished by his banishment to China; how he was cast ashore at Goa, bearing his immortal poem through the waves; how he was betrayed and starved at Mozambique; how he depended upon the alms bestowed upon his negro servant Antonio in the

streets of Lisbon for his subsistence ; and how at last he found a pauper's grave where he rested in neglect until his country, inspired by a cultivated monarch, erected a stately and imposing monument to his memory. But we ought also to remember that he gave his native land the inspiration which great genius alone can give the mind and heart of a people. What Shakespeare is to the English tongue, and Dante to Italy, and Goethe to Germany, and Calderon to Spain, Camoens is to Portugal, revealing to the Portuguese mind all that is devoted, heroic, and noble in the history and character of the kingdom. The weakness of human nature consists not in the absence of generous sentiments, and poetic emotions, and noble aspirations, and warm appreciation, but in the incapacity of man to express the inmost workings of his soul. He who utters all this for his fellow-men, and gives shape to his thoughts and feelings, becomes for all men the creator and guide. Camoens taught the people of his time and country all they were capable of, and Portugal became his as he made it. Byron, in his brilliant defence of Pope—who even at this day rises higher and higher in proportion as he is assailed—says : “ He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom is the only true poet in its real sense, the maker, the creator ” ; and this Camoens did, and placed himself in that great group around which stands that multitude who have laid their offerings on the altar erected to their inspired brethren, and have done the best they could to keep step to the music of their great leaders and captains.

But Coimbra has other objects of interest besides the university. Go where you will in Portugal, you will find that somebody has been there before, and some-

body of so much importance that he and his deeds cannot be forgotten even in the midst of the life immediately around you. The morning papers of Lisbon have hardly yet ceased their articles on the death of the king and his imposing funeral, and the extraordinary speech of the Cardinal Patriarch as he swung the incense and sprinkled the holy water on the coffin of the monarch, calling for the prayers of the faithful on his Majesty who, in spite of the absolution of the Nuncio, was still in Purgatory. If one could only find a file of the *Coimbra Daily Journal* (if there was such a paper) of November 11, 1387, he might undoubtedly read the following, reported for that faithful chronicler of the little passing events of that day :

“ SAD TRAGEDY.—Our readers will be pained to hear that our beloved Princess Dona Maria Telles, the sister of Dona Leonor Telles, whose conduct has not been quite satisfactory to her husband, King Dom Fernando I., was murdered by her husband, Dom John, the son of the unfortunate Inez de Castro, and thus another unhappy tragedy has been added to the history of the royal family. The marriage of Dona Telles, a secret alliance, with Dom John had aroused the anger of her sister, the queen, and she cherished vengeance in her heart. It was easy for her to rouse the ambition of Dom John, by promising him the hand of her daughter and a path to the throne were he free, even to the point of murder in his own family. Dona Maria had been a good wife, and Dom John had been a happy husband. But then a seat upon the throne! The Prince Dom John, unmindful that the prince should be secondary to the husband and father, invited many

of our most honorable and Christian nobility to a banquet at which the princess was not present. As the evening wore away she retired to her royal and virtuous couch. As the banquet went on, Dom John became more and more excited, until he announced to his friends that he suspected his wife of infidelity and he proposed to remove her forthwith by death. The journey to Coimbra was short. To reach his palace was but the work of a moment, and the door of the princess' chamber yielded at once to the mad and furious attack of the Prince. The tender-hearted attendant friends of the infuriated husband wept and fainted while the Infante stabbed his helpless wife, reiterating stab upon stab until she fell weltering in her blood and calling on her Saviour for mercy. The scene is said to have been most heartrending, and adds another tragical chapter to the history of that distressed family of which the mother of Dom John, Inez de Castro, was a member.

"We are told that the Infante has fled the city and will remain abroad until his errors are forgotten—or perhaps to wear away his life in the forests of Galliza. We trust and believe the Lord will have mercy on his soul. We cannot too strongly express our regret that such a sad event has occurred in our community."

This article from the ancient *Coimbra Daily Journal* must have been read with great pain by the citizens of the city who loved their country, were proud of their government, and had great faith in and devotion to the ruling family. I have looked in vain for an account of the funeral of the unfortunate Princess. I have not cared to ascertain the exact fate of him who was called the unfortunate Prince.

Coimbra is famous not only for its tragedies but for its beauties and solemnities. Its Botanic Garden is famous the world over, and under somewhat adverse circumstances of climate really vies with the vales of Montserrat. The river Mondego flows through a most beautiful country, a bright and sparkling stream in summer-time, and a raging torrent in winter, destroying all before it. It is renowned for its destructive floods, and for centuries has swept away from time to time the habitations men have erected on its banks. Still the population runs its chances, and, perhaps, enjoys the dangerous adventure. Nature on a rampage has great fascination. The hills on which Coimbra sits are some of the most picturesque in Portugal, and the city, like all others which sit upon a hill, has great natural as well as artificial charms. It has a bridge also,—and a city with a background of mountains, a surface of hills and valleys, a river, and a bridge, has almost everything required to make it perfect. A bridge with an event, moreover, is a great treasure. Coimbra has such an one, famous not only for its antiquity but for its historic and significant procession, which started out in 1423, when the plague was raging in the city, under the leadership of Vincente Martins, who made a vow that if he and his five sons were saved from the contagion by the intercession of the five martyrs of Morocco, he would visit the Convent of Santa Cruz annually, where their relics reposed, going in solemn procession, naked from the waist upwards. The devotion became very popular; the number of penitents who joined the procession increased largely, until it reached nearly three hundred, old and young. Some in drawers only, some girt about with a napkin, marching through

the most populous streets across the bridge to the convent, where a sermon was preached to this ancient Salvation Army. In 1555, a bishop of Coimbra suppressed the procession and the plague returned with unusual violence. The ceremony was re-established, and was continued until the eighteenth century, when it was finally abolished by Bishop Dom Francisco de Lemos. I am not aware that anything of similar interest has taken its place ; but the bridge is there all ready for the rare display, and I doubt not more visitors would throng Coimbra on the 16th of January to view it, than could be tempted by any ceremony within the classic walls of the university.

It is usually considered that the attractions of Coimbra can be exhausted in a day. But if the Church of Santa Cruz, with its remarkable history, its queer art, and its impressive architecture ; and the old Cathedral, where the Master of Aviz was crowned king under the title of Dom John I. ; and the Quinta das Lagrimas, where Inez de Castro was murdered ; and the Monastery of Santa Clara, are all to be visited, rooms may be profitably taken at the tolerable hotel, Mondego, for many days. Coimbra is as well worth exploring as any town in the peninsula.

The return to Lisbon leads through Pombal, about thirty miles from Coimbra, and one of the representative towns of the kingdom. Pombal is a great name in Portuguese history, as great as that of Gambetta in France, or Castelar in Spain, or Gladstone in England in our day, or as Wolsey and Richelieu in former times—perhaps as Jefferson and Hamilton and Washington combined in one. He has been likened to Bismarck, whom Senator Hoar seems to think is the greatest

statesman of modern times, because he is in favor of a protective tariff. Pombal had a smaller territory to control and a very different form of civilization to deal with. He had a people accustomed to violent commotions, fed on sharp traditions, taught in a severe school. And he had a country in which insurrections and earthquakes divided the attention of mankind. The story of his life is most interesting, and may be given in full, according to the usually accepted journal style, so important was he to the country of his birth and service. His name was Sebastião José de Carvalho Mello, Marquis of Pombal. He was born in Lisbon in 1699, studied at Coimbra, and having entered the army, in which, however, he remained but a short time, was appointed to a post in the diplomatic service. He distinguished himself as Minister to London; thence he was sent to Vienna, where he most successfully acted as mediator between the Austrian Government and the Holy See. Returning to Portugal, on the death of Dom John V., he was called by the new king, Dom José, to a seat in the cabinet; and henceforth, during the rest of that monarch's life and reign, he devoted himself to the regeneration of his country by a series of the most useful and vigorous reforms. The great earthquake of November 1, 1755, placed him in the most trying circumstances that ever befell a minister; but his indomitable energy overcame all difficulties, and he commenced the restoration of the almost ruined capital on the magnificent plan, which, owing to his death, was unfortunately never entirely completed. The concise reply said to have been made on this occasion to the King, when Dom José mournfully inquired what was to be done, is certainly characteristic of the self-possession of the

man: "Bury the dead, and feed the living." For fourteen days and nights he lived, so to speak, in his carriage, going from one part of the smoking ruins to another, issuing edicts to preserve order and guard the inhabitants from the robbers whom the earthquake had set free. It was owing to his firmness that the seat of government was not then transferred to Rio de Janeiro. Among the most important measures of his ministry we may mention the expulsion of the Jesuits; the curbing of the much-abused power of the Inquisition, whose authority he reduced to that of an ordinary tribunal, subject to royal jurisdiction; the establishment of manufactories throughout the country; the regeneration of the colonies; the abolition of slavery, declaring that all slaves on touching Portuguese soil were free; the restoration of commerce; and, in a word, the vast reforms by which he was enabled to raise his country from a state of ruin and insignificance to opulence and an honorable position among the kingdoms of Europe. The just appreciation of these measures by statesmen of the present day has rendered the name of the great Marquis revered and honored not only by his fellow-countrymen but by Europe in general. In Portugal he is always spoken of as the wise statesman, the undaunted minister; and every intelligent Portuguese, when he speaks of the present comparative decline of his country, breathes a wish that such a man could again be found to undertake its government and revive its former prosperity.

On the death of Dom José, Pombal renewed a previous request to be exonerated from office, alleging his advanced age and infirm state of health. Dom José had refused it, but Dona Maria I. granted his petition

and allowed him to retire with all his appointments, besides conferring on him some additional honors. But the priests and Jesuits, whom he had certainly taken no pains to conciliate, would not allow him to enjoy them in peace, and the Queen ere long suffered herself to be influenced by them. The aged statesman was banished to the town of Pombal, and there persecuted by harassing examinations. Finally, after much suffering, he died at that place, at the advanced age of eighty-six. In the centre of what is now called Black Horse Square, on account of an equestrian statue of Dom José I., erected in 1775, in gratitude to the King and Pombal for their energy in rebuilding the city, there was placed the effigy of the powerful Minister. Not long after, this effigy was destroyed by the populace, who recalled the tyranny of Pombal while in office. In 1833, however, by order of Dom Pedro, the tribute to his memory was restored, and now adorns the monument.

Pombal would not have found opportunity for his peculiar qualities except in a land of earthquakes, and Jesuits, and conspirators, or suspects, or civil contests, or extravagance, or great wealth, or great poverty. In youth and early manhood he was one of the graceless disturbers of Lisbon. He had immense forces, and was ready at all times to use them for good or evil as circumstances presented a tempting opportunity. His will was law. He filled the exhausted coffers of his country by tithes, taxes, and trade, which would almost be denominated rapine in the laws of Christian commonwealths. He suspected the Duke of Aveiro and the Marquis of Tavora of conspiracy against the King, on grounds so slender that history is still in doubt whether he was authorized to consider whatever

movement there was anything more than a protest against his own imperious tyranny, and with an incredible refinement of cruelty tore them from their families, ordered them to public execution and most savage torture, burned their bodies with the scaffold on which they perished, and cast their ashes into the sea. He was inhuman and unscrupulous, and when he died his system of trade was abandoned, the sentences against his victims were annulled, their innocence proclaimed, and their imprisoned companions set free. His audacious career marks so imposing a period in Portuguese history that his name is still cherished as that of a demi-god, and it is enough to fix the date of historic events to say they occurred before Pombal's time. To his people he may be a hero, and his career heroic. But his example is a misfortune, his methods could not be perpetuated, his deeds of philanthropy were hardly an offset to his cruelty and imperiousness. He left nothing behind him which has passed into the glory of his country except the rebuilding of a stricken city and the freedom of the slaves. It is possible that Portugal, impoverished and ruined by the folly and extravagance of Dom John V., might but for Pombal have passed under the rule of Spain. And when he checked the power of the Church, and expelled the Jesuits, he removed the greatest obstacle to the exercise of his own imperial sway, which he exerted to save his country and control his feeble and vacillating monarch. He made himself the ruler, and he accomplished his object not by the exercise of a broad and far-seeing statesmanship, but by the adoption of temporary and not always scrupulous expedients. His life was ended in exile and disgrace, and his system died with him.

To get from the town of Pombal to Lisbon or Cintra, you must pass through Thomar and Santarem, not very important places it is true, but representative of the career of this country. Thomar has an enormous convent of course, and it is an interesting one and was quite unrivalled in Europe. The Templars settled in Thomar in the time of Dona Theresa, and there they lived and fought the Moors and received a third of all the lands received from them. The castle of Gualdim Paes, the Master of the Templars, still remains, owned by the Count of Thomar. There is the largest bell in Portugal hanging in the belfry of the chapter-house, with the longest Latin inscription known. And more than all there is a cotton factory under the management of an Englishman, with other inferior mills, on a lively little stream which flows through a beautiful valley.

And when Thomar is left Santarem is soon reached, the last stand of Dom Miguel in 1833, and where he learned that he was not wanted in Portugal. It is a pretty place, and is also attractive to the ecclesiologist and to the archæologist. But the most interesting fact connected with it, to my mind, is its name. Few towns derive their names from such an impressive source, I am happy to say. S. Irene had taken the veil at Nabamia, now Thomar, and was falsely accused by Remigio, a monk who had fallen violently in love with her, of incontinency. She was in consequence put to death, a common occurrence in her time, and her body was thrown into the Nabao, probably that pretty little industrial stream to which I have just alluded. Hence it floated down into the Zerere and by the Zerere into the Tagus, until it reached this spot, where her inno-

cence was proved by miraculous apparition and where she was buried with great honor in the church, and the town was named after her.

The liberation of Santarem from the Moors in 1147 is a great episode in Portuguese history. It was accomplished by Dom Affonso Henriques, by a stratagem in which he notified the Moors that an existing truce was suspended for three days, during which time he marched from Coimbra, made a vow that if successful he would endow the Cistercians with the whole tract of country from the Serra to the sea. In consequence of this vow, probably, he took the city with scaling ladders, dislodged the Moors, and founded Alcobaça. This deed has been considered a part of the poetry of war, and ranks with Ivry and Bunker Hill.

The way from the theology and war of Santarem to Lisbon or Cintra is easy. We made our trip to Cintra and the Hotel Lawrence. The days were still charming, the nights resplendent with the fullest moon I had ever witnessed. It was St. Martin's summer, the Indian summer of America made more summery by the warm air of Portugal. St. Martin's day, moreover, was being celebrated by the jovial sons of Cintra. A rural Bacchus was borne through the streets, enveloped with vines and crowned with clusters, the hero of the Vinhos, who could carry off more *Collares* in a day than any other frequenter of the wine shops. His noisy companions bore him in triumph to the plateau in front of Setiaes, where an out-door revel occupied the afternoon. Cheerful and happy and elated, the disciples of Bacchus returned toward evening, the king of the festival still retaining his reputation, and the effects of his example

manifest among his followers. As they passed by the hotel a small donkey was letting his heels fly indiscriminately into the crowd, who showed a noble indifference to his attacks. The sun went down, the moon rose, and the festival was over.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEROES AND GARDENS OF CINTRA.

November 28th.—The season in Cintra is over ; the air is growing too cool for comfort without fires ; the streets do not dry readily after a shower ; the heavy mists drive up from the sea and becloud the hill-tops ; and although the foliage still adorns most of the forests the trees have lost their luxuriance, and one is obliged to recognize the approach of a feeble winter, without frosts to glisten, and snowdrifts to beautify, and that fascinating music of the

“ . . . rushing of the blast,
Which through the snowy valley flies.”

The alternative of Cintra is Lisbon, and as Lisbon is all Portuguese, so is Cintra. To the most charming watering-place in the world strangers do not come ; in the most picturesque city in Europe, with a genial climate and beautiful scenery and capacious harbor and convenient location, travellers and merchants and pleasure-seekers do not congregate. The dwellers in this region go to Cintra in summer and to Lisbon in winter. And so to-morrow we go to Lisbon.

To leave Cintra with nothing more than an allusion to its hills and vales and forests and palaces and *quintas* and views, is not sufficient to one who has passed

many summer months there and has become familiar with all its charming characteristics, its nature and art. The grandeur of the Rock of Lisbon, standing out from the level shores of Portugal, a towering, ragged cliff, torn and embrowned by storms and driving surfs, split into fragments and burrowed by the beating ocean into caves, has been the sailors' landmark for many a thousand years, a dark and gloomy witness of the splendid achievements and sad disasters of the land to which it belongs. And this is the beginning of the rocky *serra*, stretching from the seaside far inland, known as Cintra. Nature has commenced her imposing work in moderate proportions at the seaside, and has increased in magnitude and grandeur as she has passed on, until she has reached the great conical peaks crowned with boulders, and the deep vales which sunlight hardly reaches, and in wild beauty the monument stands pointing to the vast forces which toiled at the creation. That this strange pile is an upheaval of the primary rocks through strata of limestone and sandstone there is no doubt—at least in the mind of the unscientific believer. The dip of the strata, the presence of solid granite boulders in loose sandstone, the half-solidified heaps of drift, the abrupt precipice, the ragged slopes,—all tell of those great convulsions which brought into existence the features of the earth's surface; and crowning the peaks, piled one above another, preserved in their places by their immovable weight, some lying sidelong and some perched on end, an accumulation of boulders, thousands of tons in weight, brought along and gently deposited in that arctic period of the earth's history when the seas and the zones were wrought into their present places. The work of the

glacial period is visible in all its grandeur. Ice and the earthquake have done here their perfect work.

Cintra has borne an important part in the history of Portugal, not so much on account of the active force it has displayed in the great and critical events of the kingdom, as on account of the retreat it has furnished those who have been engaged in great scenes enacted during centuries of labor and conflict. When Lisbon was made the headquarters of the Carthaginian legions in the wars against Rome and her supremacy in the Iberian Peninsula, Cintra was a favorite resort for the conquerers. And when the Roman eagles had again perched on the Lusitanian hills, the charms of Cintra were counted among the sweetest rewards of the victorious leaders. The Goths followed with their wild love of nature, their independent spirit, their love of liberty, and for two hundred years the Visigoth kings scaled the heights and rested in the valleys of Cintra until the followers of Mahomet subdued and ravaged the country they had taken by surprise and conquered by treachery, and had inaugurated three centuries of conflict between themselves and the Christian possessors of the soil, in which Charlemagne took a hand, and at the close of which the first Christian monarch of Portugal, Dom Affonso Henriques, was seated on the throne, and crushed a fierce and bloody Moorish rebellion. It was from the mountains of Cintra that this monarch discovered the great fleet of English, French, and Flemings who were on their way to the Holy Land to redeem the Holy Sepulchre, and whom he induced to join him in relieving Lisbon from Moorish rule. And it was to Cintra that he repaired to rejoice over that great victory in which 200,000 Moors fell in one day, on the spot

occupied by the church "Nossa Senhora dos Martyres" in Lisbon. In Cintra the Moorish kings had built their Alhambra, and when in 1385, more than two hundred years after this great siege, Lisbon was made the head of the Christian government, this Moorish palace became the favorite residence of the Portuguese monarchs; and here, in 1889, the American Minister was received by Dom Luis I., who had resorted hither in search of health but a few weeks before he died at Cascaes. From the time when Dom John I. dedicated this ancient building to the royal service of Christian Portugal, Cintra has been most intimately connected with the great events of the kingdom. From her heights where Affonso Henriques saw the approaching fleet of the Crusaders, Dom Manoel saw nearly five hundred years later the fleet of Vasco de Gama returning from his great voyage of discovery in the East Indies. Here Dom Sebastian held his council of noblemen who decided in 1578 in favor of the fatal expedition to Africa in which kings and nobles perished and the power of Portugal was broken. And as years rolled on and Affonso VI. perished in miserable confinement, and the heart of John de Castro had been sent home from India to be buried at Pena Verde, and great enterprises had been organized and great wars fought out, the time arrived when the courage of Wellington was displayed on the battle-field, and his wisdom was manifest in the convention at Cintra, which terminated in the withdrawal of the French troops from the Peninsula, where but for English valor and English sagacity they might have gained a foothold not easily broken.

I have already referred to the interesting history which gathers around the convents and castles and

palaces of Cintra—the Royal Palace, the Moorish Castle, the Marialva Palace the Setiaes of to-day, the Pena Verde of John de Castro, the Cork Convent of the hermit Honorius, the Pena Longa. But this is not all of Cintra. The gardens planted along the hill-sides and in the valleys are filled with beauty. Even the streets and paths which lead to them are bordered with geraniums and wild roses, and the beds and hedges are filled with plants and shrubs which blossom almost every month in the year. The garden of the Saldanha Villa, that of the Pena Palace, that above the Chamiço Villa, and the bosky dells of Pena Verde and the Posoes Quinta, and the warm little plateaus of the Regeleira and the Prince's villa, where the Brazilian pine grows tall and the palm spreads out in great luxuriance, and the sunny corners where the groves of orange and lemon blossom and bear fruit continually, are full of beauty both of nature and art. The streets which wind through them and mount the highest peaks, bounded on either hand by solid walls of rough stones and a cemented surface which only the Portuguese know how to build, are of themselves picturesque, and tempt one to many a long and exhausting stroll. There are vineyards everywhere, clinging to the rocky sides of the cliffs, and planted many feet deep in the sand, where their roots may reach the hidden springs. And from the mountain tops flow innumerable rivulets, stealing their way beneath the surface, and filling the stone cisterns which are built along the highways for the toiling animals, and alongside of the high garden walls for the irrigation of the trees and plants and crops, adorning the slopes, and cooling and refreshing the soil, while the driving mists cover the surface of the land with a living green.

It was a combination of beauty and natural luxuriance which gave Cintra its attractions in the early days, and made it the resort of the distinguished men who founded the greatness of Portugal, and which still draws men unto it. And the centre of these charms has long been found in Montserrate, an elevated spot from which the beauty of the landscape towards the sea is seen, and whose background is made up of the luxuriant hillsides which are crowned by the rugged and rocky peaks. From Montserrate can be seen the finest view of land and sea and forest and mountain in all the Iberian Peninsula. It once belonged to the De Castro family, and on its ridge stood the chapel of the Lady of Montserrate, until in 1750 or thereabouts the Brazilian merchant De Visme removed it and built a house on the spot, which when half finished Beckford leased and completed,—Beckford, whom Byron in most uneuphonious phrase calls "England's wealthiest son," and who wrote the wild and extravagant and voluptuous and cruel pages of *Vathek*. This strolling voluptuary, who derived a vast income for years from ancestral sugar plantations in St. Domingo, led a gay life in the fragile building which he constructed, for a few years, and then left it to fall into decay. His stable and stone cow-sheds still remain; and from a height which overlooks the uneven land, his cascade, which is a gentle waterfall in summer and a roaring torrent in winter, still tells of his taste and skill. All else is changed; and the palace and garden which now constitute the beauty of the place, and which have no counterpart, have added greatly to the modern fame of Cintra.

Even in decay Montserrate was attractive; and when in 1851 Sir Francis Cook purchased the estate on ac-

count of its horticultural capacity as well as on account of the beauty of the scenery, he recognized how much nature had done to give him a fit locality for his palace and his plants. When he took it, the slopes from the little plateau where the house stands were covered with orange groves and cornfields. The agricultural features were removed and tree-planting began. In a little more than thirty years the garden has been perfected. The climate and soil in that small territory vary almost as much as the latitudes, and furnish a genial home for the plants of the temperate belt and the tropics. The lawn, always well watered by irrigation and always green, slopes from the palace to the valley below, and while it is crowned with pines and chestnuts, nourishes the palm at its foot. The setting of the hillside picture is a sturdy cork-forest which reminds one of the weird woods in Doré's fantastic landscapes. Beneath the trees the laurustinus, broom, scrub oak, ivy, periwinkle, Solomon's seal, and bracken flourish luxuriantly. The trees themselves are remarkable. As you stand on the terrace and turn your eye to the left a *Thunia Lobbia* over eighty feet high commands your attention, and behind this stand a tall *Matrosideros robusta* and a wide-spreading *Eugenia latifolia* of great height. Far down the slope stands a group of giant araucarias, overtopped, tall as they are, by the most luxuriant specimens of the eucalyptus. Along the brook-side are callas, bamboos, the papyrus, and strelitzias in all their impressive beauty; and in their midst a huge *Capressus macrocarpa* spreads out like an ancient oak.

Along a path leading round a pretty waterfall is an immense variety of plants. There may be found great

araucarias, and the *Eryobotrya Japonica* spreading its branches thirty-three yards in circuit. Descending the steps to the walk leading to the falls and going along the other side of the ravine may be seen the foliage of high palms, the finest collection in the world. Beneath the wall on the left are the *Clianthus Puniceus*, the *Fuschia lilacina*, a rare and beautiful plant unknown to northern collections. The most prominent of the palms here are the *Sabal umbraculifera*, a tree six feet in circumference, and the immense *Trachycarpus Fortunii*, both fine specimens of these rare plants. On the right side is an *Araucaria excelsa* seventy feet high and eight feet in the circumference of the stem. At this point is a large reservoir for irrigation, covered with creepers and maiden-hair ferns, while back of them a group of camellias show their gorgeous flowers, paths with ferns above and around lead up to the chief falls, and the Nile's White Lily adorns the banks of the stream. Lower down the stream the ferns increase and a fern-girt archway, surmounted by yuccas and aloes spans the path. Returning to the walk whence we diverged to see the valley of the tree-ferns, we cross the bridge and pass through an avenue of dicksonias to the ruined Chapel of Our Lady, which was removed from the site of the palace and is embowered in trees, ivy and roses, which cover its roof, while within reposes an ancient Etruscan sarcophagus. The view of the palace from this point up the lawn is very fine. Roses clamber over the trees in great profusion, and along the walls are trees and shrubs remarkable for grace and beauty.

This division of the garden is called "Mexico." Here you pass down the steps under an archway of Maréchal

Niel roses, through groups of camellias, arcades of trees, with rhododendrons and agaves, banks of yuccas, Goa cypresses, and New Zealand dracænas. The brook discloses itself from time to time through a thick undergrowth of arbutus, heather, periwinkle, and fox-glove. An arbor of laurels shelters you for a moment. Down the stream grow palms, New Zealand flax, bamboos, and fabianas. Passing groves of oranges and lemons the brook glides on and empties into the Varzeu.

The south sloping lawn at the threshold of the Palacio is bounded by "Mexico," which is situated on a minor ridge, and sheltered on the west by a group of pine trees. Delicate palms, such as *Phoenix retinata*, *Psychosperma Alexandra*, *Cocos plumosa* and *Weddeliana*, the *Houra Belmorana*, the *Rhopaloshylis*, are planted here; and you go thence directly into a dense growth of *Yucca Parmentica* and *Agave Crimea*, *Nesembryanthemums* and *Gazanias* fill up all the spaces. Aloes and yuccas abound in "Mexico," as well as date palms, and many tender plants seldom grown in the open air except in the tropics. Here we find *Dracæna Dracos*, large cacti, *Dasylarion acrotrichium*, *Opuntias echinium*, *Eucharis grandiflora*, *Dracæna Sheppardii*, *Bonaparteia Juncea*, *Poinsettia pulcherrima*, and *Vresia glaucophyllas*. The hillside above is covered with cedars, *Eucalypti*, and cork-trees.

I have given this elaborate list of plants, which ends here, hardly expecting it to be read. But I think they ought to be recorded; and I am sure it will be as interesting to other horticulturists as it was to the English gardener who furnished it for public use.

The Palacio Montserrat is as attractive and inter-

esting as the garden. The original building was erected, as I have said, about 1750, fell into decay, and was leased and repaired by Beckford, who occupied it three or four years, and then abandoned it to fate and the weather. It was closed in 1775; and Byron walked the ruined halls in 1810. The present style of the building, as erected by Sir Francis Cook, who commenced the restoration in 1857, is Venetian, with a Moorish type introduced. It stands on a narrow plateau, and commands the finest view, near and remote, to be found in Cintra.

The palace is two hundred feet long, with a beautiful circular vestibule, finished in native marbles, at the front entrance; and with a handsome side entrance, opening out upon a charming view of the garden, and the heavily wooded hills beyond. A tastefully enclosed terrace surrounds the entire building. From the front vestibule a hall extends to a fine music room in the rear, and is divided midway by a tasteful court, in which a marble fountain is playing. The walls of the hall are finished in beautiful tracery, copied after the Alhambra, and worked with the most delicate taste and skill. The pillars of the hall are wrought from colored marbles of great beauty found on the estate and in other parts of Cintra. The numerous niches along the sides of the hall are occupied by a series of classic statues, and the lofty ceiling is finished in most graceful designs.

On the left, as the hall is entered, is the library, a room thirty feet long by twenty wide and nineteen feet high, finished in walnut, with a door in high *repoussé* work, representing Diana in the chase, taken from an Italian palace. The library contains four

thousand volumes of standard works on biography, history, poetry, and theology, in Portuguese, French, and Spanish. In the room are a model of the statue of Marcus Aurelius, in Rome ; a model, also, of the Column of Vespasian, in yellow Antico marble ; Cinque Cento bronzes, and Indian arms captured by the Viceroy of India at the taking of Delhi ; antique busts of the Roman emperors ; and swords from Delhi, taken after the capture by Lord Canning. An immense library-table occupies the centre of the room ; and the windows open on the great sloping lawn at the side of the palace.

Opposite the library, and of the same size, is the dining-room, whose walls are hung with pictures by the old masters ; and on each side of whose massive fire-place stands a life-size Venetian figure of a heavy Ethiopian slave, holding in his hands a basket for fruit. A handsome model of Pompey's Pillar, in bronze and black marble, ten feet high, stands against one wall ; while the opposite wall is adorned with a Russian group, in marble, representing the triumphs of Alexander the Great.

The north drawing-room, corresponding in size with the library and the dining-room, is filled with Portuguese carved cabinets ; cabinets inlaid with ivory from Goa ; a beautiful Bombay carved table of teak wood ; a collection of Chinese and Japanese vases ; bowls and caskets of copper, enamelled ; a fine Algerine onyx table, and large Nankin vases. By the side of one of the finest cabinets sits Genesche, in porcelain, the ruling god of India, ugly, squat, and great.

The south drawing-room contains many specimens of Chinese and Japanese works of art, among which

may be seen a highly wrought ebony circular table of great beauty and antiquity, teak-wood chairs and sofas, rare cabinets of Portuguese and Italian workmanship, and many vases of Oriental shape and color.

The end opposite the entrance is occupied by a music-room of fine acoustic proportions, and beautifully decorated. It is circular in shape; and around the walls are niches filled with statues, between which are marble pillars supporting a tastefully decorated ceiling tapering up to a dome of white and gold, and having at its base for each arch a head of the muses in marble. A grand piano from the Austrian Exposition, a marble group of "The Listeners," carved Indian furniture, dainty *jardinieres* of teak-wood from Goa, and rare vases complete the outfit of the room.

A side-hall, opening out of the circular fountain-court, contains the main staircase of the palace, and is ornamented with a Cinque Cento copy of the Nile from the statue in Rome, most beautiful Flemish tapestries, and a most imposing old Arabic Bilha for holding oil,—a vase of perfect proportions and coloring.

From this hall you pass into a small room filled with a miscellaneous collection of ecclesiastical relics, and lamps of ancient Portuguese manufacture; a fine old copy of St. Anthony in alabaster, once the property of Mr. Beckford, and purchased by Sir Francis in London; an alabaster relieve from an oratory; crucifixes in silver; chalices, and a very old enamelled processional cross. On the wall hangs a beautiful Italian wood-carving of Christ bearing the cross, with a large

ivory and pearl cross hanging over it. An inlaid cabinet from Goa, a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a Custodio of silver gilt, and heavy Venetian inlaid chairs make up the furniture and ornaments of this curious and tasteful room.

This is Montserrat, where Sir Francis and Lady Cook reside a very few months each year, which is one of the great attractions of Cintra, and from a visit to which the Emperor of Brazil has just returned to the Braganza filled with admiration.

Among the remarkable spots in Cintra is a cave or den dug out among boulders, cut out of rock, floored by the primary foundations of the earth, and roofed with artificial tiles. The entrance is a space between two enormous stones, so low that you must stoop on entering. The rooms are small and dismal, enclosed by walls into which the great swollen forms of buried boulders are set here and there, and whose ceilings are composed of a wild mixture of rude art and rugged nature. All is stone,—cold, dark, gloomy, dismal, disgusting. When you have crept through the stony entrance, which you approach across a small, rough grass-plot and reach by a few rude stone steps, you find yourself in a contracted hall, dimly lighted, from which you can pass through low doors into an apartment containing twenty cells for monks, each cell being only five feet square. A little church, with an altar adorned with blue tiles and a recess in which a devout figure kneels in prayer, offers you a gloomy consolation. A sacristy of similar construction contains a figure in plaster,—I suppose of Christ in his agony—and a mouldy wall. A gloomy refectory, along which is placed a rough stone slab for a table, with a

wooden seat each side, backed by the stone wall, and affording about eight inches of depth to the seat, the width to be governed by the size of the sitting and feasting monk, constitutes the dining-room. The adjoining kitchen is supplied with little stone braziers and charcoal furnaces, and is not supplied with closets and presses, so far as I could discover. In a small court-yard are a few more little furnaces ranged round a narrow stone pent-house, just about large enough for a single stew or perhaps a savory broil. All this is lined with cork-bark—rooms, cells, seats, and church,—to counteract the dampness of the earth and stone. The means of heating are not apparent, and the usual provisions for cleanliness are gone if they ever existed. This strange combination of the wildest and rudest nature and a crazy freak of art is situated on a bleak, rough tract, at the top of a *serra*, where one of the rugged places is spread out, and has become a hard, uneven, wind-swept plain, from which you can look down upon the peaceful valley fifteen hundred feet below.

This stony structure is called the Cork Convent, from its lining. It might be called the Rocky Monastery, from its exterior; and the Insane Asylum, from its history and purpose. It was projected by Dom John de Castro, as I have already said, and was erected by his son after his death in the sixteenth century, and after his victorious career as the great captain and founder of the power of Portugal in the East. He died amidst the scene of his conquests, pious and penniless, in the arms of St. Francis Xavier, who, as he closed the eyes of his illustrious friend, said: "The Viceroy of India is dying so poor that he

has not wherewith to buy a fowl." The great Viceroy declared on his deathbed, if bed he had, that he laid out his last shilling in relieving the wants of his soldiers ; and when his coffers were opened there was found in them the sum of one *vintem*—a little more than one penny. His courage and ability had founded a great empire, and had enabled a nation to erect churches and monasteries and universities, and to sweep the high seas with the great fleets of her commerce. He had founded the most enterprising kingdom of the century, and knew the power of man in securing great wealth and culture and empire. The great authors of Spain and Portugal were his contemporaries, probably his friends and admirers—Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Santa Theresa, Carcitasso, in Spain ; Camoens, Miranda, Ferreira, in Portugal ; Tasso and Machiavel and Ariosto in Italy. Out of the great wealth he poured into his country grew the gorgeous architecture of the church in his day. He had palaces, friends, power, a great history.

It would not be easy in our day to understand that spirit of humiliation, that recognition of the need of penance, that religious ecstasy which drove him from the society of the great into poverty and seclusion, and led him to provide for the erection of this gloomy cell. The occupants were twenty reformed Franciscan monks, who spent their time in the most abject degradation of the flesh in their search after the elevation of the spirit. A cold and gloomy cell by day and the most uncomfortable couch by night constituted the arrangement of their home. The isolation was depressing. Neither picture, nor library, nor family circle was theirs. Not far from the cavern which had been converted into an ecclesiasti-

cal institution, you are led by a short and narrow path and a flight of irregular stone steps into a hole partly roofed by an enormous stone, to all appearances the den of a wild beast, in which the hermit Honorius passed the last sixteen years of his long life. In this damp and filthy spot this "holy man" retired at night to his couch of leaves and his stone pillow, after his days of praise and worship, to which he was constantly devoted. To lie prone was impossible. He curled himself up in his narrow quarters like a hibernating bear. He lived to be ninety-six years old, and on a stone in front of his cave his brethren inscribed :—

Hic Honorius Vitam Finivit,
Et Ideo cum Deo in Coelo revivit—
Obiit Anno Domini, 1596.

And Byron wrote of him :

"Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

Perhaps this long tale of heroism and self-sacrifice and fanaticism, as we call it, does not interest us, as does the tale of the *Mayflower* and the starving and freezing winter at Plymouth. But we should never tire of contemplating such events in man's history, representing, as they do, the courage and determination by which great deeds are accomplished and great lessons taught. Honorius and his fellow-monks represent a spirit which finds expression in our day in remorse, penitence, and regret. Had John de Castro, with his proud spirit and his religious enthusiasm, taken the place of the great Puritan leader, he would have found

no need of dens and caves of the earth in which to purify his soul. His daily life would have furnished him an opportunity for self-sacrifice, which he could not find in the splendors of the empire he had enriched and the nobility he had clothed with power. What he would have done in our day and country God only knows—unless he had betaken himself to an almshouse or a reformatory institution.

I rambled about Cintra examining all its beautiful places. I drove to Cascaes and saw again the superb sea-view, a palace and a fortification combined, great turreted walls, beautiful terraces, a sea-washed cave so deep, dark, and dismal that it is called "The Mouth of Hell"—in Portuguese tongue, "Boca d'Inferno."

Cintra has long been the home or the summer resort of persons of rank, wealth, and distinction—the De Castros of former days, the Saldanhas of more modern times. The estates are still largely held by persons of this description, and I shall not forget the courtesy of Sir Francis and Lady Cook, at our repeated visits to Montserrat, and in their liberal supply of plants and flowers for our room at the Lawrence; or the welcome we found at the tennis-court of the Mascarhenas and at the house of the Rev. Mr. Pope, the English rector, and at the pretty cottage of Mr. Henry Nevill, the intelligent and attentive manager of Montserrat, all of whose residences cluster around the famous garden. To have enjoyed the cheerful and enlivening influence of Lady Petre and her judicious husband, the British minister; and the English hospitality of Sir George and Lady Bonham; and the warm reception of Monseigneur Vannutelli, the Pope's nuncio, at his

quinta, where he blessed you with his genial smile, and cheered you with his bright conversation, and showed you his crops and his cattle with pride, and warmed your heart with his choice port wine ; and the quick intelligence of Chevalier Cotta, the Secretary of the Italian Legation, and his brilliant wife and those fascinating little girls ; and courteous Rosty, the Austrian Secretary of Legation ; and the Brazilian *Attaché*, Senhor Coelho Gomes, with his graceful, entertaining, and accomplished wife, the beauty of Indiana ;—to have enjoyed a social group of national representatives like these, I say, is not easily secured and not easily forgotten. The presence of the royal family, moreover, gave great quality to the society of the place during all the summer months, when the King was strong enough to be present at the brilliant reception given at the palace, and the Queen had not lost courage over his Majesty's illness, and Dom Augusto drove up and down the hills with his fine four-mule team until he went away to die at the Necessidades, and the Prince Royal, Dom Carlos, and his beautiful Princess had their home in his charming villa, from which he stepped to the throne of his father. The horses were admirable and the mules as fine as mules can be, and the music of the palace band floated out on every evening-tide, and uniforms flashed in the streets, and for the first time in the history of Portugal the American Minister was received by the King in the Old Palace at Cintra, with all the pomp and circumstance of such occasions. It is a good deal of a place, and a good deal of a summer, and a good deal of a station, I suppose, which bring all this, and fine weather too, and all the charms of the scenery of that renowned *serra*.

But now a railroad runs from Lisbon to Cintra, and there is a bull-fight on Sunday afternoons, and the people flock out from the city for refreshment and recreation, and the place has changed from its former exclusiveness which was preserved by nearly twenty miles of a dreary road over a most uninteresting country, with rattling carriages and slow and stubborn horses and mules. And so Cintra now sees the other side of life. The creaking wine-carts are still drawn into town from Collares by stately oxen. Donkeys still struggle over the roads, hidden by huge panniers of fruit and vegetables and sheepskins, or weighted down by great piles of green pine wood, and the noise of the roaring driver with his eternal whip is heard in the street. The town has a busy and somewhat populous air. A great many talkative persons stand round in the market-place. A great many baskets of oranges and lemons, and turnips and apples, and a great many bundles of chickens and ducks struggling to be free, cover the side-walk in front of the market-house; and a great many rural women conduct the trade, on which a jailful of criminals gaze from their grated windows on the opposite side of the street, starving in sight of such plenty, and begging alms in vain from the prosperous traders. The boys play bull-fight in the square. The shops, not very heavily stocked, are open with their narrow fronts and their shallow rooms. The donkey-drivers bellow at the little beasts, swear they are *molle*, lazy; and give them a heavy dose of *chibata*, the switch. "*Não falla Portuguez?*" says the carriage driver, who takes advantage of your ignorance to charge you what he pleases for his time-worn team. I heard a noisy altercation in the street between two dingy sons of Portugal

when one shouted to the other, "*Ponha uma garrafa d'agua quente aos pés*," which, being interpreted, means, "Put a bottle of hot water to your feet"; and undoubtedly takes the place of that rough American advice, "Go home and put your head in soak," as the last annihilating reflection in a fight. Every man, be he beggar or prince, shakes hands with every other man in Portugal; every woman kisses every other woman on each cheek when they meet and part. On every holiday (and almost every day seems to be a holiday, more or less), the streets of Cintra are thronged by young men, not very well dressed, and old men, some of whom are very badly dressed. Drunkenness is very rare, and street fights so seldom occur that in a sojourn of five months I never saw one. Cintra on a holiday is a little like a New England town with a circus.

As Lisbon increases in wealth Cintra should become a summer resort for many of its prosperous citizens. Were it in the neighborhood of Paris, or London, or New York, or Boston, it would soon be built up with cha-teaus and villas, and more stately country residences, and would rank among the fashionable watering-places of the world. Its historic record gives it a peculiar charm for the student, the beauty of its scenery charms the lover of nature; and the various capacity of its soil, warmed by a tropical sun and cooled by ocean breezes, makes it the genial home of the cultivator of fruits and flowers. I am confident the time will come when Lisbon and Cintra will be included in a European trip for health and pleasure by all who leave America hoping to find what they might find in Florida and California.

Sunday at Cintra is devoted to bull-fights—mild and gentle contests, when compared with the cruel and bloody encounters which are so popular in Spain. A Portuguese bull-fight resembles a Spanish bull-fight about as much as Gov. Banks' famous Concord muster resembled the battle of Gettysburg. The amphitheatre in which the exhibition is held is a rude structure standing in the outskirts of the town—the first object which greets you as you approach Cintra on the railroad from Lisbon, and capable of holding five thousand persons. The land around it is rough and uncultivated, and the gates and fences which enclose the space are dilapidated and decayed. The bulls which are to furnish the entertainment are a small, lively breed of black cattle, supplied by the surrounding country, and distinguished more for their activity and liveliness than for their majesty and savagery. There are *pica-dores*, and *chulos*, and *banderilleros*, and *matadores* in abundance, all armed and equipped for their work. Small darts and spears abound, and the costume of the actors is as picturesque and varied as Portuguese coloring can make it. The amphitheatre is surrounded by a circular fence of planks about six feet high, to protect the audience against the frantic leaps of the terrified bulls, whose disposition to escape is not roused by any severe and bloody fight in which they are expected to engage, and whose activity is not weakened by any exhausting wounds they receive in the arena. They often overleap this barrier, to the confusion of the audience outside. Passages are opened into the arena for the entrance of the actors and their horses, and for the admission of the bulls, which are driven in singly from an outside enclosure, where they are confined until

they are engaged in the conflict. The bulls are twelve in number and are expected to make twelve fights. A quiet audience assembles in an orderly manner—amusing themselves after the fashion of a comic theatre. Opposite the main entrance is the royal box, an attractive and showy structure, constituting all the architectural beauty of the building. From the arena the seats rise in amphitheatre form, after the style of those imposing structures made famous by the butcheries of man and beast “to make a Roman holiday.” It is a very quiet and orderly assembly, gathered for quite an innocent amusement. I looked for the flashing eyes, and the eager look, and the growing enthusiasm, and the blood-thirsty intensity which an audience assembled for a bloody bull-fight is wont to exhibit. The fun consists in throwing coins or comfits, if the Portuguese enjoy this blessing, to attendants in the arena, or to some hero of a hundred bull-battles, who has withdrawn his honored and distinguished person from the contest. Waiting for a Portuguese bull-fight to begin is a tedious business.

At last a signal is given, and a procession of *pica-dores* and *matadores* and *banderilleros* enter, some mounted and some on foot, and proceed to pay their respects to the occupants of the royal box. A small door on the right is noisily opened, a bar is removed, and three or four men are seen urging and hurrying a lively bull into the surprising scenes of the arena. The bull enters with a hop, skip, and jump, evidently glad to escape the confinement of his narrow quarters and the clubs of his persecutors. The scene in the arena evidently astonishes him, and he pauses in the middle to survey the multitude about him. His repose is

soon over, however, for before his vision floats many a red banner, darts and spears are thrust into his neck and shoulders, he is beset on every side by tormentors on horseback and on foot, and he affords great entertainment to the spectators by rushing wildly about, attacking every antagonistic object he meets. The affair is innocent enough—tormenting, without doubt—but not excessively cruel. No crippled horse is gored and disembowelled and killed. No *picador* astonishes a breathless audience. The sand of the arena is unstained with the blood of horse or bull or *chulo*. The bewildered bull pauses for a moment, the assailants withdraw for a space, and half a dozen mild and sedate oxen are driven into the arena, with whom the bull seeks companionship, and retires, to be followed by a new act with a new bull, until the twelve are exhausted. The audience retires quietly, having observed the character of the bull under difficulties; the grave and stubborn bull, the wild and lively bull, the bold and fearless, the timid and cowardly,—all in safe antagonism. We were most grateful that no one was hurt; and if bull-fights are to form a part of the national entertainments commend us to the Portuguese variety.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORTH OF PORTUGAL.—THE AJDUA.—MR. EMERSON.

November 29th.—It is an old adage that "one must have a good constitution to travel in Spain." The same was true of Portugal, which was a part of the Iberian Peninsula, and whose hills, and valleys, and plains, and crags were and are only divided from Spain by an imaginary line. In many respects this hardship of travel is gone, and with it many of those interesting events and experiences which attend slow movement on horseback and in diligence, whose place is now largely taken by railway.

Portugal, with rough roads and bridle-paths and local characteristics and convents and monasteries and ecclesiastic discipline and imperial subjugation, was a very different thing from Portugal with railroads and depopulated monasteries and convents converted into public libraries and a constitution and elections and the repose which follows a long period of commotion. When the convents were closed and the Church lands sold, Portugal lost one of its most attractive features to the traveller, one of the most interesting points in its history, one of the rarest of its social and civil arrangements.

It would be difficult to estimate the vast amount of invested wealth which has lain idle and useless since

the great ecclesiastical establishments were closed, and the ecclesiastics scattered. Mafra alone cost 19,000,000 crowns, and Mafra was but one of a great group of similar structures scattered over the kingdom. Mafra seems to be useless now except as a monument of a former age and another form of civilization. Endowed with large possessions and great incomes, the luxury of some of these institutions was fabulous, the charity unbounded. The hospitality was measured by the difficulty of access, as in the early days of Virginia, when it required a week to reach a neighbor for a morning call, and ten days of rest and food to get sufficiently refreshed to return home. A hundred years ago it took nine days for a traveller to get from Lisbon to Oporto ; and if a call was made on all the hospitable cloisters and refectories on the way, it might have taken nine months. Now it takes twelve hours by rail, and a few more hours will afford time to call at Alcobaça, and Batalha, and Coimbra, and Vizeu on the way, if those deserted halls and empty larders and wineless cellars should present any temptation to the curious and hungry and thirsty traveller ; and you get only a panorama of a country diversified with hill and valley, and cornfield and vineyard, and dingy hamlet and uninteresting dwelling, and what appears to be a uniform population scattered over the *quintas*, instead of the people of former days racy with the characteristics and traditions of the various localities.

In the former days how different ! Were the American Minister, invited by the Prince Regent of Portugal, during the present administration of President Harrison, to visit the monasteries at Batalha and Alcobaça, he would join the royal company at the station in Lisbon, journey

eighty or ninety miles in a luxurious railway carriage, and finish his journey in a comfortable coach, all within a few hours ; and as a reward for his easy trip, he would find absorbing traditions, the grandest and most inspiring architecture, sublime provisions for the loftiest worship, now silent and comparatively deserted. The American Minister of a century ago, if invited, would have found a very different entertainment proposed for him. The royal procession would have been imposing, composed of the Prince, two or three high ecclesiastics, with acolytes, secretaries, servants, grooms, and mule-drivers, with their favorite beasts of burthen. Chaises, carriages, and baggage carts, drawn by sturdy mules, and stylish and spirited horses, made up the modes of conveyance. Through pretty villages, and among majestic palaces, and captivating gardens, the train would have moved on, and as the sun went down, the travellers would have covered fifteen or twenty miles, and have found a place for luxurious repose in the domain of well-endowed monks. A morning stroll through gardens and wheat-fields, and along the bank of " a murmuring stream " would commence the second day, and after an ample and delicate repast, the train would proceed. The journey would be along the banks of the Tagus for a long distance, which would be explored in order to find quarters for the night in a rich and ample domain, an ancient mansion, where the finest linen, the richest Venetian glass, and the most luxuriant gardens cheered and delighted the traveller. Ere long, however, the road would become almost impassable to the heavy carriages of so distinguished a party. From the sloughs of the highway the strength of Portuguese shoulders alone would be sufficient to extricate them,

and after long floundering and great clamor and as much oburgation as the Church would allow, the procession would perhaps reach the regal monastery of Alcobaça. The arrival of the *cortège* in those days would be announced by a tremendous ringing of deep-toned, heavy, sonorous bells; and monks, fathers, friars, and subordinates, four hundred in number, would be drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform of the monastery to extend a welcome to the visitors. The adoration of the real presence would arrest the attention of the new-comers, and the tombs of Pedro the Just, and Inez de Castro, his beloved, would receive their first devotions. Notwithstanding the beauty of the building, the splendor of its decorations, and the sacred object to which it was devoted, the hospitality of the prelates, I doubt not, would be energetically and promptly manifested.

The kitchen of Alcobaça was most attractive in its day,—its traditions are most appetizing. It was a broad and lofty hall, finished and decorated with great architectural skill and artistic taste, through which flowed a clear and crystal rivulet stocked with the finest river fish. Game, venison, meats, vegetables, and fruits were always heaped up there in great variety. Great ovens furnished most delicious bread in abundance and every variety of pastry and tarts sweetened with the rarest sugar and made flaky by the highest culinary skill. A banquet from this kitchen and these stores can be imagined. Before it Mr. Vanderbilt's famous kitchen and rebellious cook sink into insignificance. It consisted, as we are told, "of not only the most excellent usual fare, but rareties and delicacies of past seasons and distant countries, exquisite sau-

sages, potted lampreys, strange menus from Brazil and other still stranger from China, edible bird's nests, and shark's fins dressed after the latest mode of Macao by a Chinese lay brother." A sumptuous adjoining apartment was provided with choice confectionery, and was filled with "the fragrant vapor of Calambre and the finest quality of wood of aloes."

In ample chambers the travellers might find repose for the night, their eyes delighted with ewers and basins of solid silver, towels bordered with point-lace, and carved furniture, while the feet were comforted with Persian carpets of the finest texture. After the hard travel and the sumptuous fare sleep was sound and refreshing. How to my mind, as I contemplate this picture, undoubtedly true to life, comes the strain of the old song we used to sing in college, with the sweet tenor of Wm. Henry Prince, the solemn and quaint; and of George Derby, the honorable, high-toned, and loyal; and W. W. Story, the graceful artist, whose manly bass voice furnished a foundation for the rich melody of the youthful choir:

"I am a friar of orders gray,
And down in the valley I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw or hip.
Good store of venison doth fill my scrip.
My long beadroll I merrily chant,
No money I have, no money I want;
My appetite I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warder's pie."

Among the orange groves, pondering on damp walls the inscriptions to the knights who fell at Aljubarrota, one might have spent many hours in interesting study

and then have turned to the treasures of crystal candlesticks, sapphire-studded crosses, golden reliquaries, and models of cathedrals with admiration. The departure from this luxurious spot, abounding in wealth and elegance, meant the summons to long lines of carriages, riding horses, sumpter mules, and baggage carts with jingling bells and noisy drivers. No well-appointed railway train would bear the visitors away, but up the steep ascents the travellers with their lumbering carriages would toil to the great wide plain on which was fought as long ago as 1385 the fierce battle which drove the Castilians from Portugal and gave the throne to Dom John, the illegitimate son of Dom Fernando, known as the king "of good memory." And now the monastery remains solitary and deserted, an instance of what may be found throughout Portugal. When Dom Miguel was routed, and his claims to the throne destroyed, the liberal supporters of the legitimate line annoyed at the support the monasteries had given him, determined on their overthrow. In 1834, under the reign of Dom Pedro IV., the extinction of the monastic order took place by act of the Cortes; the monasteries with but few exceptions were closed, the lands were sold, and the silver and laces of the ecclesiastics were disposed of at auction. It is said the sacrifice of property was great. One powerful element of society was destroyed, in whose hands were many important industries and the great fountains of public charity.

To the traveller and the student the change was great, as can readily be seen. Alcobaca, in the prime of its activity and wealth and power, was an object of deep interest to all explorers of Portugal; Alcobaca de-

spoiled is but a melancholy remnant of the past, telling its tale in silence and gloom. I am not discussing here the attitude assumed by the monastics in any national crisis nor the condition of the monasteries at the time of their extinction. I am only considering the effect of the destruction of any great order upon the state and society upon which it has a foothold. The place left vacant may be filled with materials none the less interesting, but until filled there will remain an aching void. Go to-day to a monastery in the full vigor of its activity and wealth in the possession of the Prince Regent, and to-morrow by rail to an abandoned convent, and you will understand the difference, so far at least as the poetry and sentiment of the land are concerned. Deserted dwellings and abandoned estates, moreover, do not add to the active vigor or to the living appearance of any people, be the ruins mills or monasteries. Abandoned wind-mills on hills where once great wheat crops grew, do not tell a tale of agricultural prosperity. The tale told by abandoned monasteries, though different, is just as significant. That is all.

Portugal is fast becoming accustomed to the new order of things. As monasteries have retired, railroads, with all their industrial influence, have increased and multiplied, not rapidly, but steadily ; and they are distinguished more for safety than speed. They are well managed, however ; the stations are well constructed and well cared for ; the employés are prompt and civil, and the fares are reasonable. Lisbon is now connected by rail with every great city in Europe, and local accommodation has largely increased during the last few years. Meanwhile the traveller in Portugal finds his opportunity for local observation and contact with

the people largely changed. A journey by royal procession to Alcobaça is now quite impossible, and the old horseback journey, with guides, is nearly abandoned. The temptation to stop in the small towns, in which the popular characteristics are displayed, no longer exists; and way-side interviews are quite out of the question. Travelling now means going from place to place; formerly, it meant deliberate study of landscape and people, of village and city alike, of field and garden, and forest and farm. The introduction to all this consisted in the purchase of a horse for the journey; and in this single operation more is learned of human nature than can be in days of quiet and mere social interviews with the people.

If any one desires to know all about a Portuguese village, let him open negotiations there by a horse-trade. Perhaps this is true everywhere; but it is especially true in a country where the language is not well understood, and where the management of horses is somewhat peculiar. Having made a successful purchase, and secured proper equipments, in the way of a saddle, pistols, saddle-bags and cloak, the traveller has the way open before him, along river banks, over rocky steeps, and through all the highways and byways by which country intercourse is kept up. In this way Byron went through Spain and Portugal just eighty years ago; and wherever Byron went, he went for investigation. He had saddle-horses and servants; and he undertook to ride post nearly 400 miles, as far as Gibraltar; and thence he went by sea to Melita and Byzantium. It is very evident that by the way he became very intimate with all that was to be seen and heard. He came to Cintra, and pronounced it "the most beautiful vil-

lage, perhaps, in the world." When in Lisbon, he wrote: "I am very happy here, because I love oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own; and I goes into society (with my pocket pistols); and I swims the Tagus all across at once; and I rides on an ass, or a mule, and swears Portuguese. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring. When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say *Carracho*! the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme'; and when dissatisfied with my neighbor, I pronounce him *Ambra di murdo*. With these two phrases, and a third, *Avra bouro*, which signifieth 'get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we live, that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, anything is better than England; and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage, as far as it has gone."

Does anybody suppose that Byron would have learned all this wisdom, and more which he did learn, if he could have taken a train at Alcantara, and started out from this station on an excursion? In fact, the only way for a traveller to secure the respect of the people he came in contact with in former days was by pursuing his journey in the saddle, if he could find one. If the people of a village are inclined to be obliging, a horseman, who has ridden up to an inn door for "entertainment for man and beast," will soon find it out; and if, on the other hand, they are inclined the other way, he will soon find that out. If he is fortunate, all the curiosities of the place will at once be opened for him; all the inconveniences of a country inn

are at once revealed to him ; all the traditions of the locality are poured into his ear. The economy of the farm is taught him practically. In Portugal, the working of a single-handed plough ; the reaping of grain by the hand of woman ; the storing of gorse, for bedding (something like the wood-wax of Essex County) ; the management of oxen ; the use of the ox cart, whose axle-tree revolves with the solid wheel ; the domestic management of the family,—all can be seen from the saddle.

In a country of antiquities, the sauntering traveller finds his way into every obscure trace of a former people,—in fact, can hardly escape them. His eyes are in every place ; his ears are open to their cry, if he will only keep his mind alert. Would you learn the literature of a people, lounge through the towns ; note the presence or absence of the newspaper ; examine the stray worn books, if there are any ; and draw your own inference. If you go into the north of Portugal as an explorer, you are at once introduced to some of the most brilliant scenes of Portuguese history,—not in the great cities, like Oporto, and Coimbra, but in the mountain fastnesses, and on the battle-field.

In the great extent of country lying along the Douro lived that bold and hardy race who fought through many generations for the independence of Portugal and Spain when the Arabs were planting the Moslem faith and banner throughout the land, long before William the Conqueror had set foot on English soil. Here Affonso Henriques fought his great battles and secured his power. And in this hill-country the people learned their rights, valued their possessions, and knew how to defend them. To ascend the commanding hills and

look down upon the theatre of this heroic action is the privilege he enjoys whose endurance has been increased by hard journeys and who has not been enervated in mind or body by railway travel. It is here, too, that the wine largely imported into Salem by our mercantile ancestors was made,—not Canary, which figures so largely in old invoices, but Port—the wine of the English statesman, the wine on which the two-bottle men of Parliament prided themselves, the wine with which our old Saturday Club washed down their salt-fish and apple-pie. The upper Douro region should be dear to every man with Salem blood in his veins—a region to be reached only on horseback or on foot.

Portugal, like every old country, is full of amusing incidents and accidents. It is not common for a traveller to be lost in a wood in these days, especially where man has trod for more than two thousand years. And yet one of the best Portuguese travellers, as he tells us, found himself in Cimmerian darkness at night in the middle of a forest in the Algarves, deserted by his runaway horse, and his guide, who started in pursuit of the animal through a dense undergrowth, and with no knowledge whatever of the course to follow. The guide believed in ghosts. The Seven Whistlers were heard, and his terror became intense. "If a man only looks at them and sees them, heaven only knows what will not happen to him," cried the superstitious boor. No light was to be seen in the wood—not a path. Horse and guide had vanished, and after a slender repast on bread and wine the "benighted swain" sat upon the ground, leaned his back against a tree, and fell asleep. The shrieks of a revolving axle-tree, a

sound well known to every traveller on the country roads in Portugal, awoke him in early morning, and he took his way to a neighboring village as directed by a carter, where he found his terrified guide sleeping soundly lying in a manger of the village inn. When asked why he did not respond to his master's call, which he acknowledged he heard in the wood, he replied, "I really heard the voice, but I thought it must be an *alma do outro mundo*"—a soul from the land of ghosts. When this considerate master administered a dose of brandy and quinine to this same inconsiderate guide, when he had been accidentally ducked in a cold and rapid river, the sufferer exclaimed, "I will never touch those *pozes do inferno*—those devils' paws—which you put in your brandy." The boys in the street address each other in play as "your lordship," and an intelligent Englishman informed a stranger who was trying in vain to make himself understood, that "these natives understand English well enough if they choose; it is only their confounded obstinacy, sir; if you talk loud enough they will always understand." If you would know Portugal travel on foot or on horseback.

On Saturday last I was summoned to a reception at the Ajuda Palace, given by the King and Queen in honor of the birth of a prince named Dom Manoel, and by the Queen Dowager in condolence on the death of Dom Luis. Of course the invitation came at the last moment. I received it at nine o'clock in the morning, just as I had risen, to have fifty minutes in which to dress, eat my breakfast, and catch a train from Cintra to Lisbon. The reception was at one o'clock. When I arrived at the Ajuda I found the great courtyard filled with carriages, in the long pro-

cession of which I was placed on my way to the great entrance to the palace. It is easy to imagine my impatience, and it is easy also to imagine the alacrity with which I leaped from my *coupé*, called the faithful Ramos to follow, and proceeded on foot between long files of soldiers on one side and carriages on the other to the royal abode. I surrendered my overcoat to Ramos and was directed up a long flight of marble steps, well carpeted for the occasion, and I mounted up and up into a lofty story where I was directed to a handsome room in which I found the Brazilian Minister solemn over the United States of Brazil, his *attaché*, S. Gomes, the cheerful Mr. Petre, the British Minister, and one or two secretaries. The room was gradually filled with decorated gentlemen, among whom was one inexperienced lady, who had considered herself invited, and was bound to see the show if she was alone in her glory. After a little change of diplomatic civilities we were summoned to the throne-room, and we passed into that stately apartment through a room filled with a glittering array of cabinet ministers and officers of the court. We all passed solemnly on, led by my friend the Nuncio, and stationed ourselves in a line opposite the throne, which consisted of a canopy, three golden chairs, and a dais. The crowd of courtiers followed us into the room and filled a large space near the entrance. At a signal the young King and his mother appeared: the King in undress uniform, a short sack with slight decoration, dark blue pantaloons, a dress sword, a helmet with a long plume in his hand; the Queen Dowager in the deepest mourning, attended by about twenty ladies-in-waiting all in like attire. The King and his mother proceeded at once to the Nuncio at the

head of the diplomatic line, and addressed him and each foreign minister in turn, passing down the line, the King leading and his mother following. We all made a little confidential speech to the King, who looked happy, and to the mourning Queen Dowager, who had suddenly passed through sorrow from middle life to old age. I congratulated, in proper phrase, as you may suppose, the father, and expressed my condolence to the widow. When we had done this we all filed out, making a low bow to their Majesties as we passed in front of them. The ceremony for us was over, and I drove to the Braganza for rest and refreshments.

The Ajuda is one of the six palaces in and around Lisbon, and was intended to be the finest of all. It is still unfinished. It was built by Dom John VI., who first of all Portuguese monarchs took up his abode in Brazil in 1816, and who began to build this enormous palatial structure on money received from that empire, intending it to be the most splendid palace in Europe. It is situated in the suburbs of Lisbon on a sterile height, and is approached through streets full of squalor and poverty, which in Portugal are as great as the squalor and poverty of any other spot on earth. It stands on this commanding height, to be seen by the voyager as he enters the Tagus. It is built of white marble, and preserves its whiteness quite remarkably for this latitude. It is only one third of the size designed for it by the extravagant king, and appears like a ruin—or rather an imitation of a ruin, after the order of the antique furniture manufactured in Boston. Prince Lichnowski in 1852 said of it: "The wretched style of the last century, the ugly statues, the cold marble—all this cannot please merely because eighty

millions of *crúzados* were spent on the work, and because it would be a great work if it were to be completed,"—not very good English, but fair, considering the original writer was a Pole and the translator a Portuguese. It is hardly worth while to describe it, for it is like all palaces on the Continent, big and cold and hard and uncomfortable and luxurious and pretentious and as impressive as royalty. It has state apartments and royal private rooms, and a picture-gallery and a numismatic cabinet and a library. It is most elaborately constructed, and the woodwork is finished in a manner most satisfactory to a citizen of the United States of America, that country which excels in wooden palaces and in the best architects in wood. The royal apartments were finished about the time of the marriage of Dom Luis to Maria Pia, the now widowed Queen, in 1861. They have in the centre a marble hall, which separates the apartments of the two sovereigns; rooms beautifully furnished and decorated, adorned with various marbles, green and blue silk hangings, floors inlaid with woods of various hues, and a few pictures of local interest. There is a silver model of the last tomb erected to the memory of Dante, presented by the people of Ravenna, where the great poet died. A small Madonna, by Perugino, does somewhat to redeem what art there is; for a large gallery is filled with pictures of the Flemish, the Lombard, the Dutch, the Florentine schools, so designated, I suppose, in order to save the personal responsibility of the artists who painted them, many of whom I probably never heard of. When the artists are named I find myself in equally profound ignorance by my own fault or theirs. The interest of the virtuoso, however, is kept up by many rare articles

of vertu, such as silver tankards, baptismal fonts, exquisite cabinets, curious furniture, and rare old por-tières. In the room I first entered are pictures of Dom Pedro V., the young brother of Dom Luis, who died in 1861, and of his young Queen, Stephanie, who died about the same time,—the King a fresh, handsome, slender youth, and his Queen a tall and beautiful girl, quite in contrast with many in her line. In the throne-room opposite the throne are the pictures of Dom Fernando, a tall, slender, athletic gentleman, and of Maria Gloria, his Queen, who died early—a sturdy, solid specimen of the Braganza blood.

When the Prince of Wales visited the King here not many years ago and lodged in the Ajuda, the streets which led to the palace were lined with heavy fir-trees set in the ground along the way in form of a fine avenue, which it was supposed to be.

To-morrow ends our summer in Cintra, and I shall leave it with great regret. I have already come into Lisbon to prepare for the coming of my family. It is now evening and it is most beautiful. From the tall windows of my rooms at the Braganza I can look out on the broad river, which swells out into a bay and makes the harbor of Lisbon. High above rides the moon, with a silver light intensified by this clear and sparkling air, which seems to clarify everything it surrounds, and attended by a glowing evening star, which is gradually withdrawing from its great rival and sinking into the west. The harbor is brilliant with lights from the many vessels floating there. And far away stretch the shores, lying all along the horizon like great reposing monsters watching the beauty of heaven and earth. The scene is most charming, and is increased in beauty by that

unaccountable force which in this reigon makes the sky bluer and the sea more sparkling and the land more mysterious and the stars brighter and the moon more luminous than can be found elsewhere, I believe, on earth.

I have been reading once more the life of Mr. Emerson by his son. All day I have lived in the book. The more I study him, the more I admire and wonder, and am puzzled. I knew him well and saw him under interesting circumstances. I knew him first in the Town and County Club, that strange collection of transcendentalists and unbelievers and theorists which gathered in Boston so many years ago. He always congratulated me on a little speech and repartee I made in a debate there. I heard him deliver his famous Divinity Hall address to the divinity students in 1838, and I can hear now his opening words: "In this refulgent season it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life"; and I remember how fascinated I was by his sweet humanity and bewildered by his unorthodox theology. I recall the clear cold winter evening in Andover when I read "Nature" to a gentle old schoolmaster in the third story of the tall house next to my father's, with a glowing fire and bright candles, waiting for this dear old pedagogue to find out what my book was and who was the author, and admiring the fervor with which he at last exclaimed: "Why, that must be 'Nature,' the book Mr. Emerson wrote." I remember, too, how we rejoiced in its fine philosophy and sweet sentences. I can see the gentle and uncompromising philosopher and poet sitting at John Chapman's table in London with his fine face and his charming words. I have not forgotten our trip to Chatsworth and Stratford-on-Avon and

Blenheim, together, on a warm English summer day, nor our voyage home, when he devoted himself to a well-known Lowell spinner for facts. And I still look back on a lecture I gave in Concord, on Europe in the Nineteenth Century, in which I described the uprisings in France and England, and ventured to predict that republics were a great way off in Europe—a prediction not far out of the way that year; and as I look back I can hear Mr. Emerson, as we sat in his study after the lecture, admiring my pictures but doubting my conclusions. And so I have seen a good deal of Mr. Emerson, and I always felt that he knew very little how much I sympathized with him and how much influence he had over me. His æsthetic love of nature, which made him rejoice in a bare hillside with stumps and briars and cinders, and in a growing crop and a shady nook, was in me a practical reality, which moved me as it did him, but with the addition of a farmer's consideration of the value of the scenes he loved. Nature to him meant God; to me it meant also the rule God gave man over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. I understood his side; but he did not quite care for mine. He feared the violence of the early reformers, while he accepted their faith. I remember hearing him and Wendell Phillips and James Freeman Clarke one evening, in Mechanic Hall, Salem, speak on the John Brown struggle in Virginia. Phillips was heroic; Clarke thought Brown was equal to Christ; Emerson thought his faith great and his motives good.

Of the beauty of his life there can be but one opinion. That he paused to consider the effect of his teachings there may be some doubt. When Mr. Emerson declared his unbelief in the usually accepted significance

of the Lord's Supper, he wounded severely a Christian community, and led a host of freethinkers into a confused mass of doubt and unbelief, while he himself advanced into a divine and inspired world of his own, which he was able to create and comprehend. And when he had left the ordinances, and erected a Christianity of his own, he really found his first inspiration in the example and teachings of Christ. All of his utterances were drawn from Christ's thoughts and words. Nothing that he ever said or wrote was in any way antagonistic to the spirit of Christ. And I am by no means sure that he would ever have reached the height of his transcendental faith, or have recognized the inner light of his own soul, if his childhood and youth had not been guided and formed by the influence of a Christian mother, in the family of a pious Christian minister. How sweetly he dreamed and thought, and how finely his nature recognized all that was honest and brave and beautiful about him. Honesty as blunt as a ledge of rocks he admired ; and the possessor was clothed by him with a robe of beauty. His admiration of the rural society in which he lived, was his admiration of an ideal community whose nearness to nature in the fields and woodlands won his nature-loving heart.

Standing alone as he did, he became the most acute observer of the workings of the human mind. He put into words what most men hardly dream, much less shape into thought. His ideal was high ; his faith in man was great. And so this man thought great thoughts, and laid down a lofty path of duty. It is not surprising that the community in Concord worshipped him. He was to them the purest man on earth ; and

he made them believe they were as pure and good as he was. And so it was throughout the country. People learned that here was a man modelled after the order of Christ. When they saw him, his face shone as if he were an angel. When he spoke, he had the calm and positive tone of an oracle ; and, while they understood not all he said, they believed in him, and prayed to be like him.

Now, how great an influence he has exerted on mankind ! He undoubtedly did his share of liberalizing the Christian community,—a work which has been going on with surprising force in these later years. But, while Channing and Ware and all their followers have left fixed beacons and guides and definite beliefs, to which all men are drawn, Emerson stands as an outside force, preparing, perhaps, the minds of men to accept the purest faith. He will be remembered as an acute thinker ; a great poet, of sudden and short-lived inspiration ; a purifier of the minds and hearts of men ; but hardly as a founder, or a leader, or a creator of a devoted and resolute sect, whose influence is so great that their existence becomes important to society, or the State, or the Church.

I think Mr. Emerson's tale of his father's labors as a lecturer, is pathetic. A delicate, thoughtful, educated, refined philosopher, from necessity, as he thinks, exposes himself to the discomfort and danger of hard and long winter travel ; to the "bed and board" of human habitations hardly worthy of the name ; to conversation and intimate relations with the ignorant, the curious, and the mercenary ; and suffers those longings which every father feels when absent from his own fireside, and wears himself out in a service which belongs to

those who make it their business to entertain the public. The devotion was sublime. The work itself does not present a cheering picture. It grieves one that so sweet a soul should have been exposed to the trials of such a life. The audiences who listened to Mr. Emerson—what of them are alive—can never know the toil their teacher endured ; nor can they ever be grateful enough for the opportunity they enjoyed to listen to his teachings.

I have looked in vain for such a man as Emerson in all the annals of Portugal. Heroic poets, warriors of fleeting fame, devotees to the Church, conquerors and explorers they have here in abundance, for a thousand years ; but no man has taught the truths of "divine philosophy" in the Portuguese tongue, and no man has achieved that fame which, because of its spiritual meaning, is immortal.

CHAPTER IX.

LISBON.—THE SQUADRON.—THE ACCLAMATION.—
THE PALACES.—THE DINNER.—THE KING.

December 19th.—The brilliant days still continue. While the thermometer is twelve degrees below zero in New England, and snow-drifts fill the valleys of Arizona, and Constantinople is buried in a heavy winter storm, the days here are refulgent—not too warm, but fresh, brisk, cool, and invigorating. The great event is the arrival of Dom Pedro and his royal family, and we have resigned our ample suite of apartments at the Braganza for the exiled court, and are contenting ourselves with humbler quarters. Last evening we paid our respects to the Emperor. We found him in his drawing-room with the Empress, Count d'Eu and the Countess—the former a grandson of Louis Philippe, and the latter the daughter of Dom Pedro. The Emperor looks very old, aged. The brightness of his face is gone, his eye is dim, his hair and beard are snowy white. He inquired after Alexander Agassiz and Quincy Shaw, and recalled his interviews in 1876 with Emerson, Longfellow, and Bryant, and talked much of Agassiz, with whom he became very intimate during the expedition to the Amazon. He gathered his thoughts with difficulty and did not speak English as well as I expected. The Count d'Eu was very

demonstrative about Brazil. His account of the flight of the family and the condition of the new republic was graphic. The former was hurried away with very little ceremony, and the latter was hurried in with little order. His description of Brazil is not encouraging. There are twenty provinces now called states by the new government ; some of them are distant from Rio more than thirty days by steamer, along the coast and up the rivers. In many of these states there are no persons capable of organizing a government, and none to represent them in a federal congress. The negroes are indolent and ignorant, living on the natural products of the soil. He was quite emphatic in his statements. Perhaps Fonseca would tell a different story.

The Empress is very feeble. The Countess d'Eu is a most agreeable person, with a strong, amiable face and a cordial manner. I can easily imagine her emancipating the slaves, but I cannot conceive of her disposition to usurp a government. The two young sons bore themselves well, and I was quite impressed with the confidence with which they received the kisses of the elderly persons, who raised their princely hands to subject lips and bent their knees when the little ones left the room.

The young Portuguese prince, Dom Manoel, was christened yesterday, at Belem Palace, now occupied by the King and royal family. The witnesses were the diplomatic corps, the members of the court, and the ministry. The Queen Dowager looking very lonely and pale, the King looking gratified and satisfied, the ex-Emperor of Brazil looking old and worn out, the Count de Paris looking cool and unemotional,

and the young and deliberate Dom Affonso, were the members of the royal family present. Count Sabugosa, clothed in a long ecclesiastical cloak spangled with silver, bore the little prince from one point to another in the room at the various steps in the ceremony, which lasted about an hour. The Patriarch performed the service, and the benignant Nuncio was present. The name of the prince is Manoel—that is, Manoel is the one out of the twenty by which he is to be called. Dom Carlos was very cordial toward the old deposed Emperor, and crossed the room with a very warm smile to take the feeble and venerable personage from the diplomatic to the royal circle. The Queen was not present.

I received to-day the following note from Whittier :

“MY DEAR FRIEND :

“It was a very beautiful and fitting thing for the Minister of the United States at Lisbon to offer his apartments to Dom Pedro—the noble ex-Emperor who carries with him into retirement the love and respect of the world. Will thee give him my sincerest love and tell him that were our dear Longfellow living he would join me in affectionate remembrances.

“I am faithfully thy friend,

“JOHN G. WHITTIER.”

The Emperor has gone to Coimbra and Oporto, having been notified that the revolutionists in Brazil had declared that he could not return to his empire, and that his stipend on the civil list of \$400,000 is withheld. I am half inclined to think that if he had devoted himself to a standing army instead of a library he might have ruled his empire. But then Whittier and Longfellow would not have been with him.

The United States Squadron of Evolution, having left the festivities and attentions of New York and Boston behind, sailed on the morning of Dec. 23d into the Tagus,—with the exception of the *Yorktown*, which was left in mid-ocean, on account of an accident, to seek refuge in Fayal. The white fleet shone among its dingy associates in the harbor, and the Stars and Stripes floated with a triumphant air on the breeze. The usual courtesies were exchanged between Admiral Walker and myself, and the officers of the ships were welcomed on shore to an American dinner, and to an American reception by Mrs. Loring, who gathered into our rooms at the Braganza a brilliant assembly for a "five o'clock tea." The guests at the dinner given to the Admiral and his officers were Captain O'Kane, of the *Boston*; Captain Howell, of the *Atlanta*; Commodore Chadwick, of the *Yorktown*; Captain Reed, Commander Rush, and Captain Robeson, of the *Chicago*; Flag-Lieutenant Staunton, of the Admiral's staff; the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Marine, the Nuncio, the British, French, Russian, Belgian, Swedish, and Spanish Ministers, and the Brazilian *Chargé*. All nations agree in a *menu*, and in good wines, and in a well decorated table; and in this taste Sassetti, the landlord of the Braganza, with his profusion of flowers and his antique gold dinner service and his great dining-room, maintained the reputation of his nationality. Mrs. Loring was seated with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Senhor Barros Gomes, on her right hand, and the Nuncio on her left; while I was supported by Admiral Walker and the British Minister. The scene at the table was very brilliant, with the uniforms of the naval officers and the decorations of the foreign ministers.

For myself, I performed the part of toastmaster as well as host. Stating that I had no desire to make an after-dinner speech, or to place any gentleman under the necessity of responding to my call, unless his patriotic emotions or his natural enthusiasm should compel him to speak, I did think the occasion called for certain recognitions which I would present in the form of sentiments. And so I gave :

"First, the health of His Majesty Dom Carlos I., in whose dominions we have met.

"Second, the health of the President of the United States, under whose flag we have assembled.

"Third, the Admiral of the United States Squadron of Evolution, engaged in a work of instruction ; a good teacher in times of peace, and a brave commander in time of war."

Senhor Barros Gomes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, rose immediately and made a very neat and friendly speech to the toast of "The President" ; and I announced that the intellectual part of the feast was over.

December 28th.—The ceremonies of coronation and acclamation of the King have taken place to-day. The fact that these royal ceremonies have been described often by those who have witnessed them in almost every European country does not deter me from sketching the methods by which an heir to this ancient throne is elevated to his place of power. There may be, there undoubtedly are, more imposing displays than those which attend the seating of a king on the throne of Portugal ; and we cannot help recalling the impressive gathering of wealth and power and genius for rule which collected around the young Queen of England

more than fifty years ago, when the statesmen and captains who had made her kingdom great and powerful crowned her and blessed her with the loyalty of sons and the affection of parents. But this was Portugal, the tragical little kingdom, with an ancient record of wealth and power which all the modern commerce of Ormuz and the Ind cannot equal, with a history of maritime adventure which outshines the conquests of Hastings and Clive, with annals of wars whose horrors and whose bravery and chivalry are not overmatched by Marston Moor and Naseby,—Portugal, which preserves still the remnants of its ancient grandeur, and its obligations to the Church and State which the greatest of its Johns and Affonsos would recognize were they to return to the land of which they were so proud.

The day of the coronation has been charming. From the warships which were riding in the harbor of Lisbon, and from all the forts, salvos of cannon announced the rising of the sun which illumined the imposing scene. The waters of the river sparkled with the brilliancy of a bright winter day ; the far-off mountains of the Arrabida were more imposing and solemn than usual ; the gray walls of Lisbon, so sombre and cold, seemed to assume a little light and life for the occasion. The flag of the United States streamed from the masts of the beautiful squadron of the Republic, and the ensigns of England, and Germany, and Spain, and Portugal floating together showed that for the hour at least there was national harmony and peace.

At eleven o'clock we left the Hotel Braganza to witness the proceedings, and the youthful eyes of Hildreth, the boy of the family, for whom the pageant

had great fascination, allowed no detail to escape us, while his pen has been busy with the recital. We turned from the charming scene before our windows where in the morning hours we had admired the river and the ships and the mountains beyond, and drove through the Rua Jaquiera, the Rua Aterro de Boa Vista, and a new street entitled Dom Carlos I. to the Cortes. The streets were lined with soldiers, and the narrow sidewalks were crowded with people. The great halls of the Palace of the Cortes, to which we went, were thronged with military bodies, who represented the provinces of the kingdom, and brought with them assurances of loyalty and devotion, and the silken regimental banners of Portugal, on which were embroidered in gold and silver the arms of the kingdom. Entering the palace, we were ushered through long corridors hung with Turkish rugs and Moorish tapestries, and guarded by a host of attendants, ushers, and marshals, leading to the Loge du Corps Diplomatique, where we found many of the ministers, secretaries, and *attachés* of the different legations, accompanied by the wife of the American Minister; Madame Billot, wife of the French Minister; Madame Waecker Gotter, wife of the German Minister; Mdle. de Grelle, daughter of the Belgian Minister; Madame Cotta, wife of the Italian Secretary of Legation; and the fair Madame Gomes, representing the recent Empire of Brazil. Accompanying the American Minister were Admiral Walker, with Flag-Lieutenant Staunton, and Captains Robeson, O'Kane, Chadwick, and Commander McCalla of the *Enterprise*, whose uniforms seemed to attract as much attention as the brilliant array of the King and his court. The galleries opposite the Loge,

and the floor of the great hall, were filled with official and unofficial people, whose generally sombre apparel was diversified by the display among the peasantry of pretty colored silk handkerchiefs and hats neatly and coquettishly adorned.

The Cortes below presented a most lively spectacle. All the members were in full dress and many in brilliant uniform. They formed a semicircle, in the middle of which the private entrance and the aisle to the throne were situated. Directly in front of the members, and below us on the same side, was the royal throne, which was enclosed with gorgeous red velvet curtains embroidered in silver and gold, and with long silk and lace borders. At the top of the throne the arms of Portugal and the royal escutcheon of the Cortes were placed, all in gold set off with a brilliant jewelled background. After a somewhat tedious delay the air was filled with martial music, and the heralds proclaimed the approach of the King and Queen, with the procession, led by the Master of Ceremonies, followed by the Major Domo, the Duke of Loulè, who is the Grand Chamberlain, bearing a large golden key ; the Cardinal of Lisbon, the Grand Almoner, the Master of the Household, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, a special body-guard of Senators and Deputies, and the President of the Council. After the attendants had arranged themselves in a double line to the throne the King and Queen were announced. Soon the young sovereigns entered, the King a little in advance of the Queen, and all the people, together with the Senators, Deputies, and Corps Diplomatique arose and bowed low to them as they advanced. It was indeed an imposing sight as the royal couple passed down the long line of glittering

courtiers. The King looked happy, dignified, and fully capable of performing the sacred duties about to be laid upon his shoulders. He was attired in a handsome uniform of dark velvet and blue cloth, and on his right breast he wore the three orders of Portugal, decorations sparkling with diamonds and precious stones. Over his shoulders an ermine cloak was thrown, and at his side a splendid sword was hung, whose hilt was richly adorned with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, brought in former days from the rich mines of Brazil.

The Queen Amélie accompanied him on his right, and called forth cheer after cheer as she fascinated every one by her grace and youthful beauty. The Queen is very stately, and bore herself with a dignity appropriate to the occasion. She was very gracious; and both the King and the Queen bowed most courteously to the Corps Diplomatique and the Senators and the people. She was attired in a beautiful court dress of white satin, covered with the richest embroidery in gold. Her coronation necklace, which forms a part of the hereditary crown jewels and is celebrated for the great size and brilliancy of its rubies, attracted great admiration. On each shoulder the rich lace and gold and silver trimmings were fastened by a diamond and sapphire, each of great size and beauty. On her head she wore a magnificent tiara of flashing diamonds, and in her hand she bore an exquisite fan adorned with emeralds and pearls. Her train, six yards in length, of turquoise velvet embroidered with gold, was borne by a lady-in-waiting. Behind her walked twenty ladies, who were declared to be the flower of Portuguese beauty.

Following these came Prince Dom Affonso, in military uniform with many decorations, the brother of the King, Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese armies, and Duke of Oporto. The Prince was accompanied by the Archduke of Austria.

The King and Queen were with much ceremony marshalled to the throne, the golden curtains of which were thrown back, disclosing a magnificent dais and two royal chairs surmounted with crowns for their Majesties.

The sovereigns ascended the steps of the dais and took their seats, the bearer of the Queen's train going to the left with the Ladies-in-Waiting; and Dom Affonso ascended the step next to the King, and, bearing the great royal sceptre, stood there as the Royal Sergeant-at-Arms. Then the Chamberlain-in-Waiting presented, on his bended knee, the royal sceptre to the King. After this the Master of the Household, Master of Horse, Commander of the Body-guard, Master of Ceremonies, and Grand Mistress of the Queen's Household took their places on the highest step at the right of the dais; and the Grand Almoner, Gentlemen of the Household, and aides-de-camp of the King and the Royal Standard-bearer, with unfolded banner, were placed. Before the throne stood the Ministry—Senhor de Castro, President of the Council, and Senhor Barros Gomes, Minister for Foreign Affairs; and behind them the Councillors of State. On either side stood the Senators and Deputies. The pageant was most brilliant.

As soon as their Majesties were seated, the Corps Diplomatique, Ministry, and Senators, Deputies and the people followed their example. The President of the Senate, with two high officials on either side, advanced, and presented to King Dom Carlos the

"Santos Evangelos" with a cross laid upon it, and the King changing his sceptre to his left hand, placed his right on the book and holy cross, and repeated Article 76 of the Constitution, and in a loud and steady tone :

"I swear to uphold the Catholic Apostolic Roman Religion, the integrity of the kingdom, to observe and cause to be observed the political Constitution of the Portuguese nation and other laws of the kingdom, and to promote the general welfare of the nation to the best of my ability."

This oath having been taken, the King made a short speech to the Cortes, in which he made many sensible and forcible remarks, and the President of the Senate replied in the same manner, and turning to the Deputies, made acclamation in these words :

"To the very high and powerful and most faithful King of Portugal, Dom Carlos I."; to which the members of the Cortes gave their assent and declared strict homage to their sovereign.

As soon as the echoes of the acclamation had ceased, the Standard-bearer, bearing his banner and bowing profoundly, stepped upon the tribune erected before the centre windows of the Palace of the Cortes, accompanied by the King-at-Arms, the Bearers of the Mace and Shields, and Heralds, the first of whom cried out in a loud voice to the vast crowd of people assembled below :

"Attention ! Attention ! Attention !
Royal ! Royal ! Royal !
Very powerful and most Faithful
King of Portugal, Dom Carlos I."

And thus ended the acclamation.

When the King-at-Arms had given the acclamation to the people, the cry of "Dom Carlos is crowned" was borne from rank to rank, and all the soldiers joined in a long and mighty cheer for the young sovereign. Soon after this the King gave the signal to the Deputies who stood around the throne for their departure for the Church of San Domingos.

Having made most courteous salutations to the Corps Diplomatique in return for those they received from the assembly in the Loge, their Majesties retired from the chamber, entered the great golden coach of state, and drove to the church to join in the Te Deum. Of course the occupants of the Loge followed, and many of them "got there first."

From the tribune provided for foreign ministers in the churches when royal ceremonies are performed an admirable view of the interior of these sacred structures is obtained. The Church of San Domingos is one of the finest in Lisbon. The walls are beautifully sculptured; the dome and roof are adorned with gorgeous tapestries and silken hangings, interspersed with fine old Portuguese banners. The floral decorations were superb on this occasion. The pews and seats in the nave of the church were also decorated, and the floor was covered with a rich red velvet carpet embroidered with gold. The tribunes erected on each side of the altar for the state officials and the diplomats were also decorated with rich gold hangings. The church is a most exquisite and effective piece of architecture, adorned with many religious designs in marble—the sides of the altar being beautifully carved and upheld by small pillars wrought in silver and gold. In the middle of the altar, covered with fine, white, transparent curtains

were three beautiful statues in religious and holy attitudes, representing Christ with the Virgin and the Holy Ghost on either hand. They were adorned with the most gorgeous vestments. Above them, on the top of the altar, are life-size and miniature statues of the apostles and many saints, over all of which was shed the soft light of numerous large tapers and candles.

Shortly after our arrival at the church the royal *cortège* was announced. Looking down along the nave, one could see the soldiers and the Royal Guard stationed at the entrance present arms and dip the royal banners as the long procession of ancient coaches, which have appeared on all royal public occasions I have witnessed drew up—the great gilt carriages of state, with the crown of Portugal perched high on their roofs, and their wide glass sides decorated with gilt designs, their huge frames ponderous with heavy carvings, and drawn by eight milk-white steeds richly caparisoned with heavily mounted harnesses and velvet blankets and housings edged with silver and gold and the crown handsomely worked on each. The horses were ridden by youthful postilions dressed in the King's livery, while the powerless and imposing coachman sat in all his stateliness on the box grasping the immense bundle of reins. The royal coach containing the King and Queen, presenting a vastly magnified scene in "Cinderella," attended by a special guard of honor, two equerries, and triple files of Gentlemen of the Royal Household, was drawn up before the entrance, and the Royal pair alighted, assisted by a special envoy of the ecclesiastics having the Cardinal and Chapter at their head, and bearing a most sumptuous palanquin

made of rich silk finely worked and embossed with gold. This was supported by four bishops, and beneath it the King and Queen advanced down the long nave followed by a great procession of all the ecclesiastics of Lisbon, as far as the altar, receiving the salutations of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators, and Deputies, and a crowd of high officials in the body of the cathedral. Having received the Papal blessing at the altar they were escorted to the throne, where they remained while the *Te Deum* was given during long hours by a band and choir of great power situated in a gallery over the entrance.

After the Archbishop of Lisbon had offered up the last prayer for the welfare of their Most Faithful Majesties and the *Te Deum* had been sung, the King and Queen departed in the same order as they had entered, taking their seats in the royal carriage, and were followed by their attendants. The Papal Nuncio, in his violet cap and robes, with his wealth of splendid jewels, having received the homage of the priests, joined the departing procession.

The next step in these performances was the reception of the city keys at the Municipal Hall. The decorations here were beautiful, the great portico being profusely adorned with palms, ferns, and tropical plants, and the interior of the building being covered with masses of flowers, with which Portugal is supplied throughout the year. Opposite the entrance stood a throne decorated with military and royal designs in roses, on which their Majesties sat during the final ceremonies of the coronation. The President of the Municipality advanced to the foot of the throne, and on bended knee offered the keys to the "faithful and

august monarchs." The King received the ponderous bunch, and, lifting it from the golden salver on which it lay, signified his assent to the guardianship and then returned it to the President, who followed in a speech explaining the ancient custom and its significance of the obedience and royal faithfulness of the Municipality of Lisbon. To this King Carlos replied that he relied on the confidence, fidelity, and loyalty of the "City Fathers" to guard and protect his capital. At the close of this interchange of speeches, the Lord Mayor, saluting the King, passed to the balcony and pronounced the second civic acclamation of the King in the following words :

"This Very High, Very Mighty, and Most Faithful King of Portugal Dom Carlos I."

The cheers of the people and *salvos* of cannon confirmed this acclamation, and the King and Queen departed to their palace at Belem.

The reign of Dom Carlos had begun, and according to the course of nature it promises to last for many years. He is but twenty-six years old, in high health, happy in his domestic relations, and not burdened by the cares of a great empire. I have given this elaborate account of the ceremonies of coronation, with the assistance of "The Boy's" keen observation, because the scene is unusual in these modern days, and retains much of the pomp and glitter of the past, when great display was a vital feature of royalty in the absence of deeper significance. It was easy to imagine Dom Manoel filled with pride and loaded with wealth by the discoveries and conquests in India, passing from palace to church and the great hall, dazzling an awe-stricken people, and assuming the reins of power. Whatever

may have been the spirit of the occasion, so changed from the ancient grandeur, the external emblems still remained, and in the presence of the deputies of the people, the customs and insignia of absolute imperialism were paraded and admired. In hardly any other country in Europe could this be seen ; and it is impressive, interesting, and admirable to witness a people with an ancient lineage and an imposing record preserving the customs which were established in their days of power and prosperity. If you would see the glory of the past and the promise of the present, go to a coronation in Lisbon with its gilded chariots and its popular assembly.

The royal family of Portugal has many palaces to which, like the Persian kings, it can resort at the different seasons of the year. They are all charming residences, and many of them display great architectural and decorative beauty. Belem, to which Dom Carlos and his queen resorted after the coronation, and which has long been their favorite abode, is situated high above the river bank, not far from the tower which is so conspicuous an object as you sail up the Tagus. The building was purchased by Dom John V. in 1726, and is built after the manner of a gentleman's residence. A few busts of Roman emperors adorn the walls, and a fine bust of King John V. The gardens, orange groves, and terraces are very fine, and are adorned with a group of Hercules beheading the hydra of Lerne, a statue representing the death of Cleopatra, and one of Charity. The comfort and convenience, as well as the beauty, of Belem are especially attractive.

The Palace of Das Necessidades stands also in the western extremity of Lisbon, commanding a magnificent view of the Tagus, and consists of the palace

proper, the church, and the upper palace, formerly a convent. It was built by Dom John V. on a spot once occupied by a poor mechanic who fled from Ericeira to escape the plague, and, taking up his quarters at Alcântara, erected a small shrine for an image of our Lady of Health, which he brought with him. He dedicated his chapel to our Lady under the title of "Reliever of our Necessities." For this image Dom John had special veneration, and attributed to the prayers addressed to her his recovery from a dangerous illness in 1742. Filled with gratitude, he erected the buildings now known as Das Necessidades, and which have always been a favorite resort for the royal family. Dom Fernando made this his home, and it was here that Dom Augusto died last summer. The statue of San Carlo Borromeo constitutes about all the art to be found on the spot; but the gardens are especially attractive. The buildings and grounds make a great and imposing estate.

The Palace of the Ajuda, which I have already described, is now occupied by the Dowager-Queen Maria Pia; it is the most attractive and perfect palace of all those dedicated to Portuguese royalty.

The Palace of Bemposta, built in 1700 by Catharine of Braganza, daughter of John IV. of Portugal, and widow of Charles II. of England, has but little architectural merit. It has a few good pictures. It has been used for a long time as a military school; and on the grounds Dom Pedro V. erected a hospital in memory of his queen, Dona Estaphania.

The Palace of Caxias is occupied by the royal family only in the bathing season. The royal palace at Cintra, to which I have referred so often, is used as a summer

residence for a few weeks. And in the old palatial fortification at Cascaes, at once fort and palace, Dom Luis died in September last—in that autumn home to which he resorted annually for the sea-breezes and the view of the ocean, which his youthful experience as a sailor had taught him to love. The old Palace of the Telles at Coimbra, now deserted, is visited for its tragic history ; and Mafra is only used as a hotel while the King shoots in the royal preserves.

In all the great cities and important towns of Portugal are the imposing, and in many cases abandoned, residences of the once proud and noble families who upheld the power of the kingdom in the days of its prosperity. They tell a tale of affluence and regal splendor which was not surpassed in the days of their prosperity by any country in Europe. They shared with the monasteries the luxury of Portugal, and witnessed the social refinement which wealth and cultivated association always bring. A climate which gave twelve months of refulgence surrounded these homes with all the beauties of nature, and the groves and gardens planted by man. Their literature was the romantic and tender verse of Miranda and Ribeyro, and the vigorous and inspiring epic of Camoens. To the nobility of Portugal its country owes much of its power in former days, and much of that ambition which gave birth to those long and bloody conflicts which destroyed industry, prevented intellectual culture, and exhausted the tone and force of the people.

The King, for whose purposes these palaces have been erected, and for whose friends the dwellings were provided, has great power in Portugal. The Constitution of the kingdom, after declaring that Portugal is a

free and independent state, declares also that the person of the King is inviolable and sacred ; and he is not responsible to any one. He can adjourn the Cortes and dissolve the Chamber of Deputies in cases in which the salvation of the state may require it—convoking immediately a substitute at his will. He can appoint and dismiss at his pleasure the ministers of state ; and can suspend magistrates on account of complaints made against them. He can give or deny his approval of the decrees of the Cortes, Apostolic letters, and other ecclesiastical institutions provided by the Cortes. "The King consents," is the approval of the decrees of the Cortes, and the bills when signed are forwarded to the municipalities. Against the veto of the King there is no appeal. The Cortes fixes annually on information from the government, the King, and his ministers, the size of the army and navy. It authorizes the government to contract loans ; and establishes the means of paying the public debt.

The King, Dom Carlos I., has all the qualities to make an excellent ruler. He has a strong constitution and sound health, and the composure which goes with them. He is fond of and well informed in all the needs and processes of Portuguese agriculture ; and has large interests in that industry. He is fond of rural sports, and is one of the best shots in Europe. He is not inclined to contention, but, judging from his moral and physical organization, he possesses great determination and force in an emergency—a quality inherited from his mother, Maria Pia, the pride of the Portuguese. He is proud of his country, and cherishes her honor with a warm appreciation of her past and strong faith in her future.

To the usual festivities of this season have this year been added the ceremonies of the coronation with its formalities and banquets. I had introduced Admiral Walker and the officers of the squadron to the King, and he was kind enough to invite them to the coronation dinner. It was a season of great rejoicing—Christmas, New Year, an opening reign, and all the rejoicing that goes with such occasions. The weather was such as we find at this season in Florida ; the sky was bright and the air as soft as in our southern latitudes ; and as I sit at my window at the Braganza, with the rosy western sky in which the sun is just setting casting a shade of beauty over the broad bay lying between me and the far-off hills across the water, it seems as if the earth was busy reconciling those of us who remain to the loss of those who are gone.

After our own dinner to the officers of the squadron, and the Te Deum at the church, there was the royal banquet at the Ajuda on Sunday evening, at which the King and the ministers and court officials, the officers of the army and navy, the Diplomatic Corps, the Archduke of Austria, and the dignitaries of the Church were present—numbering a little more than two hundred. The dining-hall at the Ajuda is large and fine. The frescos of the ceiling are superb, and the tinting of the walls is a soft ashes-of-roses color, with gilt surroundings, which give great effect to the light shed by thousands of candles from superb cut-glass chandeliers. Two long tables, running the length of the hall, which is more than a hundred feet, accommodated the guests, at one of which, in the centre of the long side, sat the King, and at the other of which sat the Queen. The tables were decorated with flowers, and were

adorned with heavy golden candelabra in the regions of the King and Queen, and with long lines of silver candlesticks stretching away to the ends. The table-service was extremely pretty, of Minturn and Dresden and silver plate. I am obliged to confess to the solemnity of the dinner, and to compliment the wines, which were excellent.

The guests were of course attractive. Madame de Serpa, the wife of the ex-Premier, sat on my left—a most cheerful and bright companion. Mrs. Loring was taken in to dinner by the Premier Senhor Luciano de Castro. She sat at the King's table, directly opposite to him, with the Grand Chamberlain, Count Ficalho, on her left.

After a two hours' session at the tables, we adjourned to the throne-room, where their Majesties gave a reception, which continued until one o'clock. The ladies as usual occupied one side of the room, and the gentlemen the other. The King passed from one gentleman to another, and chatted either as a leader or as a follower, as he and his interlocutor found most convenient. The Queen pursued the same course towards the ladies, until they had all had their little interview, and then she wandered away into the middle of the room to receive the gentlemen, whom she called out from the group, or who ventured to approach her unbidden. I presented Admiral Walker to her, and they had a long and of course interesting talk. Later on she received her guests sitting. She was magnificently dressed, her jewels being brilliant, a necklace, tiara, and brooch of great emeralds and diamonds. Her dress was emerald velvet. She was really quite splendid with her superb attire and jewels and erect form and dark hair

and black eyes. Her manner is most simple and unaffected.

We all stood far into the night, and returned home in a light rain, quite exhausted. The Admiral and his companions found the landing-gates locked and spent an extra hour or two in getting to their ships.

January 1st.—To-day we have had a New Year's reception at the same palace. The Diplomatic Corps was received first, as usual, the ladies forming a line on one side of the room and the gentlemen on the other at an angle. The King and Queen walked along the lines and welcomed each person in a kindly speech. The King deplored the death of the Empress of Brazil, and spoke of the revolution there as sad work. He was much interested in the account I gave him of Mr. Whittier's letter. The regulation dress on such occasions is for gentlemen the uniform of his legation, and for ladies a train three yards in length, with extremely scanty supply of dress on the shoulders. Blue and white intermingled are forbidden, as that is the court dress of ladies-in-waiting. While all this was going on, the side of the room opposite the ladies was filled with a highly decorated and uniformed group of ministers, generals, peers, and gentlemen-in-waiting, who stood their ground until the Diplomatic Corps had been received, and then opened to let them pass out.

When I left the King's quarters of the palace, I went to the apartment of the Queen Dowager, and recorded my name and Mrs. Loring's, and thence to Das Necessidades to record my own in the book of the Archduke of Austria, who is domiciled there, and thence to call on the German Minister ; and finally to the quiet of my own room in the Braganza.

CHAPTER X.

BRAZIL.—DOM PEDRO.—FINANCIAL POLICY.—OPINION OF AGASSIZ.—CONTROVERSY WITH ENGLAND.

January 10, 1890.—In the Emerson Birthday Book which lies on our centre-table are recorded the names of Goldwin Smith, James G. Blaine, J. R. Lowell, W. W. Story, E. E. Hale, and many more signatures of distinguished and important men ; and among them, in a feeble hand, the name appears of Dom Pedro d'Alcântara, 1885. The old man is the ex-Emperor of Brazil, who had abdicated on the 10th of December, 1889, and had returned to the land of his fathers to close one act in the extraordinary drama of the Braganza family. To his grandfather Brazil was a refuge of safety during the Napoleonic wars of 1807 ; and his father held possession of the throne as regent during the time when the independence of Brazil was acknowledged, and a new empire was enrolled among the imperial dynasties of the world. It is true the political heavens were stormy when Dom John the grandfather ceased to reign ; and Dom Pedro ascended the throne. The presence of the refugee King of Portugal was exceedingly irritating to the people, and their restlessness continued until 1840, when the Emperor Dom Pedro II. commenced his reign. The task he

had assumed was by no means an easy one. The people had had a taste of freedom, and what seemed to them self-government. They had secured a constitution, had defied the decree of the Cortes at Lisbon, had induced Dom Pedro to assume the reins of government, and had defeated an attempt of the Portuguese troops to reduce them to obedience as a colony. The insurgents took control, held the power of the Council, and proclaimed the Prince as perpetual defender of Brazil. It was he who in 1822 proclaimed the independence of Brazil, and secured for himself the position of constitutional Emperor. His career, however, was short and not fortunate. He was a Braganza and a Portuguese, and believed in the power of Portugal, and loved her ways and traditions; and when he was proclaimed King of Portugal, he returned to his native country and the associations of his youth, not, however, to peace and prosperity. He had succeeded in disaffecting the Brazilians, even after he had abdicated the throne of Portugal in favor of his daughter Dona Maria, and he was plunged into the civil convulsions of 1828 in Portugal, when Dom Miguel usurped the Portuguese crown, and a radical Chamber of Deputies in Brazil, by their innovations, made even stormy Portugal seem like a haven of rest. After failing to form a new ministry and to restore order in his empire, he abdicated the throne in disgust, leaving it to the heir apparent, then five years old, Dom Pedro II., who, sixty years after, followed his ancestors to their old home and to the charity and kindness of imperialism in Europe.

When Dom Pedro I. left Brazil and plunged into the Miguelite contests in Portugal, the empire which he

had passed into the hands of his infant son was in great confusion. A regency of three members, a single regent, chosen by legislative assemblies, an approach to the form of government of the United States, a regent charged with conniving at rebellion in the provinces, a regent who attempted to play the part of monarch and conflicting councils,—all drove Brazil to resorting to the novel expedient of declaring the majority of a boy of fourteen, and proclaiming him ruler of the empire.

The path which led to the throne was not promising. This youth, who had been educated with great care, and who had by nature a fine mental capacity and a high moral instinct, found himself surrounded by most difficult questions of civil polity and by many domestic dissensions. The abolition of the slave trade and the commencement of emancipation claimed his early attention. He inaugurated extravagant schemes of internal improvement, which have added greatly to the strength and importance of Brazil. He carried on expensive wars with neighboring states. His army was maintained at an enormous expense. His resources were increased, however, in proportion, and Brazil was counted among the vigorous and prosperous empires of the world.

But it was as a patron of letters and a student of science that Dom Pedro became most distinguished and was esteemed by scholars throughout the world. When he appeared in Lisbon, an exile from his empire, an enfeebled and disheartened old man, I remembered him not as the great ruler but as the friend of Agassiz and the scholars of the United States. I recalled the time when the great scientist took with him to Brazil a small flock of Merino sheep, which I sent to the Emperor,

and which I was flattered to believe would increase the wool products of the empire. I had in my mind the active and enthusiastic observer who, at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, took the early morning hours for visiting the great hall, and discovered by simply passing his eye down an immense column of figures that the secretary of a school board had made a mistake in his addition of the educational statistics of his state—an error which the Emperor had discovered at a glance, and in which more careful computation proved that he was correct.

While in Lisbon, Dom Pedro was active in his explorations of the city. His venerable face might be seen in the museums and libraries, and he enjoyed greatly his walks through the zoölogical garden.

He waited uneasily for the Empress to recover from an attack of influenza, and hurried away with her to Coimbra—a dangerous, and, as it proved, fatal, journey to her in mid-winter. I saw him on his return to Lisbon, in the procession at the funeral of the Empress in the Ingleza St. Vincente da Fora, and sitting in a distressed and distracted way in the royal box over the altar as the service was performed over her remains. And the last I saw of him he was feebly following her into the Pantheon prepared for all the Braganzas here on earth. A few days after he left the Palace of Das Necessidades, which had been given him as a home during this sad occasion, and proceeded to the mild airs and cheerful ways of Cannes.

I doubt if history has recorded a sadder and more interesting and instructive career than that of the ex-Emperor of Brazil. He began life as a ruler, when he should have been learning to obey. He inherited a

stormy empire, a restless people who were advancing from the glitter and display and authority of a monarchy to the freedom and elasticity of a republic. His people, when he commenced his rule, were hardly fit for one government or another. Their experience with imperial rulers had not been fortunate, nor were the passing events in that country whence they and their rulers sprang encouraging. Brazil was not organized into an empire, nor was she fit to be a republic. It fell to the task of Dom Pedro to prepare her for both,—with what success the result now shows. War during all these years hardened her for imperial methods—while education was cultivating her people for a republican one. In leaving one she has hardly stepped into the ways of the other. But mankind learns easily how to be free in these days, and how to establish republics, but not how to return to monarchy when the bonds are once broken.

It is not worth while to discuss the chances, or the trials which threaten Brazil, or the wisdom of Fonseca, or the strength of the local governments which make up the union of Brazilian states. We can only hope that justice will prevail and wisdom will rule and personal ambition will be either checked or guided aright, and the lesson of confederation will be so thoroughly learned that disunion will not follow. It is well enough to leave Brazil to her fate and her capacity to settle her own problem politically and industrially. Her legislatures, her municipal governments, her education, her religion, her farms, her mills, her commerce, her finances, all her economies now interest the civilized world. For her guidance and instruction she has the example of a powerful and successful republic on her

own hemisphere, which has established its government on firm and well-understood foundations, and its prosperity on the elastic industry and broad sagacity of a free people.

That the time had arrived for a change in the Brazilian government there can be no doubt. The Emperor was beloved as a ruler and respected as a cultivated scholar, who had brought his empire into close relations with the literary and scientific associations of the world. His devotion to industrial improvement was recognized, and his humanity and philanthropy were known and admired. He failed, however, to lead his people out of the political complications and misfortunes which commenced in the early colonial days. Exclusive in its relations with other countries, with a population divided into slaves and subjects about equally, oppressed with ignorance, deprived of education, the abiding-place of a Portuguese king in whom the people had no interest, Brazil could neither hold an imperial attitude nor could she join the neighboring South American states in their progress toward republicanism. The royal family, who arrived there in 1807, were entirely unable to control affairs, and in 1822 the regent, proposing to abandon his post, was informed that a republican party existed already in all the provinces of Brazil. From the time when Dom Pedro I. accepted the crown, and the independence of Brazil was declared, to 1831, when he abdicated, the murmurings of Republicans were heard and the morning light seemed to be breaking. Day, however, broke slowly, and the advent of Dom Pedro II., who on December 17th left the empire to be reorganized, lulled the people into acquiescence with imperial

power, and into the hope and expectation that the evils which weighed upon them would be entirely removed without any effort of their own. Reform and the empire seemed, however, to be incompatible. Dom Pedro II. desired the emancipation of the slaves throughout his dominions, but when emancipation came the corner-stone of the empire was destroyed. Dissatisfied planters had no further use for that form of government. Existing social evils were not so easily removed. The absence of any civil marriage law rendered the ceremony ecclesiastical, and so expensive that the common people were deprived of this foundation of society—and the consequences are easily imagined. The distribution of real and personal property in probate is discouraging, apparently unjust, and in many cases destructive. Government in the provinces has been extremely irresponsible and ineffective, the presidents being appointed by the Emperor and the legislatures being composed of young and inexperienced partisans. Elections to the Chamber of Deputies have been controlled by the government, and the members have been elected through the influence of the imperial organization. There has hardly been found a more perfect illustration of an empire with a legislative attachment than Brazil. In addition to other complications, the connection of the church with the state has always given rise to great difficulties, and has hardly been conducive to the progress of the country.

The financial policy of the empire has not been satisfactory. Taxes have been imposed with great inequality, and sometimes with ruinous effect upon the industries. Contrary to the theories of many modern doctrinaires, land when held in large estates has been

almost exempt from taxation. The railway system of the country is extravagantly managed, rates of traffic and passage being exorbitant, and the property unproductive. Nothing has been done to develop the internal commerce of the empire.

The resources of Brazil have always been unbounded, whether of field or forest or mine. In the early colonial days the wealth of precious stones and metals which poured into Portugal was incalculable, and astonished all Europe, while it encouraged the wildest public and private extravagance in the government and people who received it. Nor is this wealth perceptibly exhausted. The fortunes now existing in Portugal were largely acquired in Brazil. In September, 1866, the Amazon was opened to the commerce of the world; and led into a country fertile beyond description. Agassiz, who visited it in 1865, was charmed and astonished by the luxuriance of vegetation found on every hand. The great watercourses—the Amazon, a hundred miles wide at its mouth, and so broad a thousand miles above that a plain view of both shores is almost impossible—filled him with amazement. Water communication affords an easy access to the fields and forests which are only waiting to reward the enterprising and industrious settler. Fruits and nuts abound throughout all this great Amazon region, rare woods of every description are easily obtained, and their only market is the decay with which nature disposes of her surplus products. The climate is delightful. The thermometer never rises above 90° and never falls below 78°. The trade-winds which sweep across the Atlantic cool the wide valley of the great river to the very foot of the Andes, making day and

night comfortable. "Such a delicious climate," says Agassiz, "I believe exists nowhere else on earth." The soil, created in the same manner as the drift-beds of New England, "rich because it is the result of the attrition of the most diversified rocks," which is "the most fertile soil all over the surface of the earth," offers great temptations to the cultivator. The grazing lands are most verdant. The natural products are the palms, of every variety, and all tropical fruits in great abundance and luxuriance; and the cultivated products of the garden and the field present a most generous reward to the toil of the husbandman. The gathering of the crops there is now a matter of accident, and their supply to the market is very irregular. Of deep interest to us who hope for more intimate relations between North and South America, and who have reason to expect from the assembly of the citizens of the two sections recently organized closer commercial bonds, are the views expressed by Agassiz at the close of his scientific exploration of that region in 1866. He says: "As soon as cultivation should replace this accidental gathering—as soon as the endless variety of products, to which I have not even made an allusion, should be brought into the market—I have no doubt the valley of the Amazon will be one of great interest to us. Remember that it will be more advantageous for our northern population to go there to gather this wealth, than to any other parts of the tropical region, on account of its proximity, to begin with, and on account of the character of the climate. In eleven days from New York you can be in Para; in a fortnight after leaving New York you can be at the junction of the Rio Negro with the Amazon a thou-

sand miles above the mouth of the Amazon ; so that it is at our door, and the facilities of communication are so great that we should take advantage of this source of valuable traffic, now that it is thrown open to all nations, before others have taken the cream from the field."

This is the country which has suddenly been converted from an empire to a republic. I call it a republic because the present provisional government I look upon as merely an *interregnum*, in which Fonseca and his associates are expected to preserve the organization until it is delivered into the hands of their elected successors. That the evils of which I have spoken hastened the downfall of the empire, there can be no doubt — evils so glaring and conspicuous that even the mild and beneficent sway of Dom Pedro could not reconcile the people to their existence. But I suppose that what Dean Plumptre says of European society is true of Brazilian—that it "is gravitating to democracy." That it may organize without being influenced by its traditions, or led by the example of the past, is now the hope and prayer of every believer in popular government. It takes a long time for a republic to grow up on the ruins of a monarchy. The old customs pass away slowly, the paraphernalia remain a long time, the forms and ceremonies linger, perhaps never depart ; though the titles are dropped the deference will not die out, respectful ease and familiarity will not take the place long filled by courtly phrase and restrained form and observance. Love of decoration does not flee away at the rising of the republican sun. When therefore we are told that provincial presidents in Brazil, when assigned to the remotest

provinces, consider themselves sent into exile, we are encouraged to believe that there is a virgin soil on which republican institutions can be planted, and that from the frontiers at least may flow a liberal supply of healthy life-blood to the heart of the new republic.

It should be remembered that we of the United States have had little to do but to preserve the social and political doctrines and institutions which were declared and established in the beginning. All the events of the past belong naturally and harmoniously to our present system. Custom and experience have established our forms and our laws. It required no theory to inspire our Constitution ; the work of its construction consisted in combining the results of successful colonial experience, and so combining them that a familiar and well-recognized organization should follow. Before the one direct demand of the great practical man of our constitutional period, all theorists and doctrinaires exerted themselves in vain ; the timid retired ; the over-wise found their wisdom to be foolishness. No more inspiring picture is presented in all history than the life of him who, having led the American armies through the Revolution on to victory, superior to doubt and fear and defection and desertion, applied the strong qualities which made him great in war to the organization of a form of government which his experience and observation had convinced him to be necessary. With this demand the history of every colony was in accord. It is given to few men to fight successfully for national independence, and to toil successfully for a national government, with all the encouragement of a national history behind him. A

republic born of evolution has every element of success. Such a republic had Washington. Such a republic may have been developed by Dom Pedro during his æsthetic rule, which ended in his peaceful departure.

It is encouraging to believe that republics are not uniform. They appear like trotting-horses in every variety of shape ; and not until they start can we tell how well they can go. We can only wish them well and believe in their honest efforts.

When the royal family left Portugal for Brazil in 1807 the pageant which attended them was great. A fleet of ships of war attended the royal argosy. A thousand troops and attendants innumerable accompanied the imperial party. There was a splendor of bands and banners. And the arrival at Brazil was a signal for most imposing ceremonies and assurances of loyalty. When Dom Pedro I. returned to Portugal in 1831 he too came as the conqueror comes. And now we have here his successor, with whose career we are all familiar, and whose voyage forms a great contrast to those of his ancestors.

The times here are somewhat troublous. The controversy between England and Portugal on the East Africa question has reached a climax by the surrender by Portugal of every point claimed of her. It is true it was done under protest—but it was done, and Portugal mourns and rages alternately. I heard in the Cortes yesterday the statement of Barros Gomes giving his correspondence with the British Minister, and the patriotic considerations which led him to surrender, notwithstanding all the declarations he had made in his letters to Lord Salisbury. He did it very well ; his oratory was quite impressive.

The Portuguese are naturally very angry over the result. For two long evenings crowds of noisy and protesting persons have paraded the streets and have made a great disturbance, tearing down the escutcheon of the British Consulate, stoning the house of Senhor Barros Gomes, threatening that of the British Minister, and cheering the flag of the Brazilian Republic. Result—the resignation of the ministry and the formation of a new one.

This morning the storm seems to be over, notwithstanding the threats of the populace last evening. The republican sentiment has been roused to a great degree of excitement against England, and by the submission of the government to her demands. Last night it was proposed to give expression to the popular feeling by crowning the statue of Camoens and listening to patriotic speeches. The crowning and the speeches were suppressed by a municipal edict, and a sullen people were obliged to retire. Many loyal people doubt the wisdom of the suppression. Perhaps there was not much to suppress.

We now have from the government a long decree providing for increasing and reorganizing the navy and the army; strengthening the forts at Belem and elsewhere; building four large cruisers of three thousand tons each, with a speed of twenty miles an hour; issuing twenty-dollar bonds bearing four and a half per cent. interest to run eighty years, and smaller bonds for circulation; manufacturing heavy ordnance and torpedoes. In fact, the little kingdom is going to put on her armor. De Foe, in "Captain Singleton," says the Portuguese are quite efficient and brave when they have a leader; without one they amount to but little.

When I came to the Legation this morning all seemed peace and prosperity. Along the Rua Ferregial de Baixo—sweet name—where the Legation is, and which runs into the Rua de Alacrim, which means rosemary, I met barefoot girls and women, from fourteen to fifty years old, carrying broad baskets on their heads, four feet at least in diameter, filled with bread and cod-fishes; a flock of turkeys driven about to find a market; three large Holstein cows with muzzled calves; two heavily laden donkeys with panniers larger than themselves—girls, women, cows, calves, and donkeys all vocal. Peace has returned.

Meanwhile Lisbon is as busy as usual endeavoring to avoid trade with England, asking how they can establish relations with other countries contemplating a large increase of her commercial relations.

Socially the town is not lively. The opera this season is not fascinating. I sit before a fire these damp winter evenings reading the literature of my own country. The storm here is not quite over. It breaks out in unexpected places. At a circus the audience grew furious because the flag of Portugal was stolen and hidden in the sand of the arena—a part of the performance. When the bunting was unearthed and exposed in a soiled and bedraggled condition, the house rose in its wrath, and seats, chairs, decorations, doors, windows, and actors were sent flying through the air until the place was utterly demolished.

CHAPTER XI.

GIBRALTAR.—NAPLES.—POMPEII.—ROME.

March 3d.—We arrived here last evening about seven o'clock, after a voyage of thirty-seven hours from Lisbon, in the steamer *Malaga*, a good little vessel of eight hundred tons, with a fine English captain weighing many "stone," and a steady crew. For the first time for many a month I met joints and mealy potatoes and slices of bread and oatmeal and apple-pudding and other Anglo-Saxon substantialities, and I was rejoiced to escape *menus* and trifles and an "infinite variety." The weather on the voyage was brilliant. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, and the fresh wind drove us along over a sparkling and lively sea. The route is most interesting. The sail down the Tagus was charming. On one side the green hills rose above the shore in picturesque variety, and on the other lay Lisbon with its uniformity of clay-colored walls, its scarcity of imposing buildings, and its audacious hilliness. The fine dome of the Estrella, the finest church in Lisbon, and the great wide business-like walls of the small portion of the Ajuda now finished, and waiting for a return of Portuguese prosperity and surplus wealth to be developed into the most commanding palace in the world, were the only attractive and salient points of the city. We paused at

the tower of Belem to let off the port officer who accompanied us, and took a glance at the fragile structure, which combines some pretty conceits of architecture with the sturdy form of a protecting fortress which one modern broadside would demolish. We sailed out into the wide Atlantic, between the gloomy fortress of Cascaes, where Dom Luis died last summer, and a fort on Cape Espèchel whose name I have forgotten, if it has any, standing *vis-à-vis* at the other corner of the mouth. It took many hours to lose sight of the coast of Portugal, and it was after midnight when we reached Cape St. Vincente, under a moon so bright that it rivalled the sun in brilliancy and in its sparkling effect upon the sea. We had a most thoroughly Anglican company on board the steamer, a captain with the good Essex county name of Russell, a curate whose difficulty of hearing made conversation quite distinct and impressive, and with a most excellent knowledge of English literature and an entire appreciation of the United States and great anxiety to understand the exact difference between an English university and an American institution of education which has assumed this high classical name and which the noble old President Quincy called a "school." He had as a companion a brother curate of pleasant manners and good ecclesiastical quality and information. We had a good deal of pleasant talk, and I read of the bloody horrors of the Cæsars in "Sketches of Old Rome," and took a peep or two into "My Study Windows." All day Sunday the bright sun shone upon us, the sea sparkled all around us, the cloudless sky hung over us with the rich blue canopy of this section of the world, and we went on

with our even ten knots an hour past town and headland on the Spanish coast. White Cadiz appeared far off on our port bow, looking in the distance as if an enormous laundry had been hung out to dry at the foot of the hills bordering on the sea. The cape Trafalgar stood out with its sandy cliffs overhanging the bay where Nelson won his immortality and established the power of Great Britain on the high seas. On our starboard stretched the mountainous shores of Morocco, at whose feet nestled Tangier, the most Oriental town of this day, thronged with solemn Moors and excrescent camels and veiled women, and adorned with the Sultan's palace, whose domestic importance consists in a well-appointed harem. Before I had quite realized that Tangier lay so near us I was pointed to a stretch of white walls opposite, and was reminded that here lay Tarifa, distinguished above all other towns on earth for having given name to that system of customs revenue which nations organize in accordance with their industrial interests, unless liberalized, humanized, and Christianized by the brotherly love claimed for free trade. It was growing dark as we entered the renowned straits bounded on either hand by historic ground, and swelling uneasily with wind and tide as if impatient of the restraint of the two continents which bounded and confined them. It was quite the perfection of a moonlight night when we came to anchor under the shadow of the lofty rock of Gibraltar and surrounded by the great war ships of England, we looked out upon the frowning bastions which overtopped the thousands of lights which glittered in the town below. We were at Calpe, and Abyla lay opposite,—the pillars of Hercules,

through which all the commerce of the ancients passed and repassed.

It is hardly necessary to describe Gibraltar ; we know it all, and the world knows it, and is filled with admiration of the foresight which prompted Great Britain, in her days of deliberate, calculating statesmanship, to seize this sentinel of the seas and to hold it against the desperate sieges of rival powers, until her flag floats in triumph over its defiant and commanding heights. The gateway to the commerce of the old Mediterranean has become the gateway of the modern eastern sea, and the promises of Gibraltar are fulfilled.

When we reached the waters which wash the mole night was well advanced, and the captain, curates, the diplomatic family, and a mate or two enlivened the ship's salon with the best they knew, and reluctantly parted and retired. This morning the sun shone brightly still, and having secured a good English breakfast on board, we placed ourselves in the hands of a boatman whom Consul Sprague had sent out to take us and our baggage ashore. Our trunks were hoisted over the side into a weather-beaten open boat manned by two ancient mariners, who rowed us over a most billowy and uneasy sea which seemed determined to keep up its ancient stormy reputation, and which roused us into imperative demands that we be put ashore as soon as possible. And so we landed at the steps of the fort and were civilly met by a good-looking English officer, who, having been assured that we had neither "spirits nor fire-arms" in our trunks, hat-boxes, and valises, and that I was marching on under the protection of the American flag as a representative of "the greatest government on earth," respectfully

touched his hat and bade us proceed. This we did, and here we are in a comfortable hotel called the Calpe—ancient name—waiting for a little excursion with Consul Sprague this afternoon.

Consul Sprague—who has not known of him and his official merit and exact fulfilment of the perfection of civil service as understood by the reformers? His father left Boston in 1832 a representative of one of the most respectable and patriotic families of his day in that town, and, armed with a consular commission from Andrew Jackson, took up his abode in this station. He saw the administration of the old hero pass away, saw Van Buren and the triumphant Democracy rule and fall, saw Harrison and Tyler ride into power on hard-cider barrels and log cabins adorned with coon-skins, saw President Polk in the White House and George Bancroft in the Navy Department, and Texas annexed, and passed away to leave his son, the present excellent Consul in power here, with a commission from the Presidential hero of "fifty-four forty or fight." And here he has been ever since enjoying from youth to age the confidence of the country and the respect of all who have known him. And what a record has his country made meanwhile! The severe administration of Polk, the enigma of Taylor and Fillmore, the pelting storms of Pierce, the solemn weakness of Buchanan, the holy inspiration of Lincoln, the strange vagaries of Andrew Johnson, the sturdy power of Grant, the good intentions of Hayes, the tragedy of Garfield, the gayety of Arthur, the inscrutability of Cleveland, and the honest purpose of Harrison, have all come before his vision. What statesmen—Webster and Clay and Calhoun—have risen into radiant power and gone

down in bitter disappointment ! What American heroes have achieved their great triumphs—Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas ! What deluded warriors and statesmen have been ruined ! And Consul Sprague is still here, a kindly and attractive man with whom I now propose to take a view of Gibraltar.

We have taken a walk through the gardens of the Alameda and along the narrow streets where so many nationalities mingle. British troops and British tars jostle sailors from Malta, Moors in burnous and turban, from Africa "o'er the way," black-bearded Jews, Capuchin monks, rosy English girls in trim tailor gowns, Spanish women with mantilla and fan, Turks with baggy trousers, and American tourists—all are met in a single square. Every now and then people make way for a smart company of red-coats marching to fife and drum—the most piercing, inspiring, and splendid fife and drumming I have ever heard. At sunset and again at nine o'clock as the patrol passed we threw open windows and listened until the last note died away with a faint echo from the craggy heights.

The eastern side of the rock which forms the natural fortress is very striking—towering 1,430 feet into the sky, while at the base the dangerous reef against which a strong surf beats makes it impregnable. On the western side lies the town, and here it is defended by a tremendous mass of masonry two miles long—the line wall, with projecting bastions and guns turned right and left to sweep it. Two great hundred-ton guns are the pride of the garrison. They throw a ball weighing two thousand pounds over eight miles. The most interesting feature of the fortress is the Rock Galleries. A hundred years ago they were begun,

and gangs of hapless convicts blasted out the tunnels through which you may take a two-mile walk, mounting slowly through the broad passage cut into the solid rock. It is well lighted and protected, for at every dozen yards a port-hole opens upon the bay, and at each heavy guns are mounted on carriages. Whether they would be effective in a siege has been questioned; indeed, one of her British Majesty's officers told me he feared they would be quite useless. However that may be, Gibraltar has not yet surrendered, and is unequalled for resistance to most persistent attacks, for beauty and grandeur.

March 8th.—We are fast approaching Naples this evening in a bright moonlight on a smooth sea. The *Cuzco* is a good, well-ordered steamship, and our voyage has been most delightful. We left the unity of Gibraltar—all military, fortifications, regiments, bands of music, galleries, inaccessible forts on lofty pinnacles. And this is all there is of Gibraltar, besides the Consul.

Our *compagnons de voyage* have been most agreeable, some of them amusing. I talked long with a Scotch Presbyterian minister from Edinburgh bound for Damascus, one of those sensible, devout, wise, high-principled men who enable you to realize the goodness of which human nature is capable. His account of his boys and his parochial affairs, and his struggles for a college education, and his interest in all good things in America, in war and in peace, rejoiced my heart and reminded me of the simple, devoted, and honest ways I was accustomed to in my youth. His view of affairs in Scotland hardly confirmed the opinion expressed to me by Mr. Gladstone, that Scotland is entirely satisfied

and has no cause for complaint. I met also the Hon. Mitchell Henry, formerly member of Parliament from West Ireland, a large landholder in that troubled country, who informed me that he had a daughter married in the town of Ware, Massachusetts—and filled my mind with pleasant memories and associations.

We put into Algiers to land Mr. Henry, who has a winter residence there, as have many other Englishmen, and we made a slight night exploration of the town. Those of us who remained on board saw before us a high pile of buildings mounting up the sides of the great hill on which the town was built, while the water was covered with little boats for the accommodation of the passengers. Mrs. Loring and her Scotch friends went ashore, and on their return gave most interesting accounts of the veiled women they had seen on the streets, and the *cafés* where solemn Moors were smoking their pipes, and they exhibited with a triumphant air specimens of brasswork they had purchased of the natives. The air of Algiers is mild and salubrious, and the inhabitants around the English Channel and the Orkneys find there a most delightful winter resort.

I have read to-day, once more, Hawthorne's 'Transformation,' 'The Marble Faun,' as it first appeared; and I have been more than ever impressed with his wonderful power of expression, his keen analysis of motives and impulses, and his deep understanding of what was going on about him. I am not surprised that the philosophical thinkers did not quite comprehend him, and that the artists wondered at him and that novelists criticised him.

We sailed into the bay of Naples this morning about six o'clock. As we approached, Vesuvius ap-

peared on our weather bow, taking an early morning smoke, with her northerly slope from the top almost to the base covered with snow, a light fall of which had occurred in the night. A snow-covered chimney is not uncommon in the winter mornings in New England; but I must confess the transfer of this picturesque object from the mountains of New Hampshire to the sunny climate of Italy was a little startling and discouraging. Still in the morning sun the scene was beautiful. We steamed up to the mole, and when we had dropped anchor we found ourselves lying between the *Chicago* and the *Atlantic*, of the Squadron of Evolution, which had arrived only yesterday from her cruise in the Mediterranean. I made haste to pay my respects to Admiral Walker, and was sent ashore by him, with my family and luggage, in the ship's barge. Our entry into Naples was quite triumphant. The United States Consul met us on the pier; the custom-house officers passed my baggage without examination, and we were driven to the Grand Hotel as a starting-point for a short survey of the objects of interest in Naples. The air is soft, notwithstanding the snowy mantle which envelops Vesuvius, and the sun is bright and warm, and all the hills are bathed in purple light.

We have had a most delightful day at Pompeii, directed by a guide who has made a careful study of the latest excavations. The "Silent City" has grown much since we last saw it, and many public buildings and houses of great beauty have been opened.

In the house of Sallust we passed into the triclinium, or summer dining-room, which was charmingly decorated. The stone seats, the altar for libations, the marble basin into which the fountain fell, and the boxes

in which flowers formerly grew are still there. The dining-room opened into an arbor, and the outer wall was painted with fountain jets, trees, and birds. We gazed upon the delicate colors of the frescos and the beauty of the marble courts, and found it hard to realize that all life had vanished from them eighteen hundred years ago.

At the beautiful and interesting house of the Faun, the garden is surrounded by a portico with fifty-six Doric columns. At the house of Diomed, the garden has a portico, and close to the gate were found two skeletons believed to be those of the master and slave, who endeavored to escape while the other members of the family were hidden in the cellar.

The amphitheatre is a wonderful excavation, and from the arena where Glaucus made his mute appeal to the excited and blood-thirsty spectators, we looked involuntarily towards the mountain for the fatal cloud which had wrapped in darkness the doomed city it was to destroy.

We passed some pleasant hours in the Naples museum, rejoicing again in the grandeur of the Farnese Bull, and the Hercules, and the beauty of the lovely Flora, and the gallery of the Bronzes. We drove through the busy streets and along the fine new Chiaza, with many glances across the blue bay to Capri, "the loveliest pearl in Naples' crown."

March 16th.—Two days only at Naples and Pompeii with their museums, and excavations and churches and Roman relics! An old friend, who has become familiar with every street, and lane, and building in Pompeii, peopled the town for us, and we traded in the market-place, and luxuriated in the baths, and

applauded at the theatres, and held high converse in the house, and imagined ourselves citizens, with all its ancient literature and voluptuousness, and all the appliances of a luxurious people.

We came to Rome on the 12th for a flying visit—a performance which seemed ridiculous in view of what Rome was and is and is likely to be. The journey occupied about five hours through the wide valley which begins in view of Vesuvius and terminates in the Campagna. The snow-capped mountains stood on either hand in most picturesque array, and formed a striking contrast to the bright green verdure of the plains over which we were passing. When I saw Rome for the first time, many years ago, I approached it over the long and weary highway from Civita Vecchia where every object, even the carriage in which I travelled, and the *quintas* by the wayside, and the horses and the ancient driver, all reminded me that I was in the region of antiquity ; and as I approached the mistress of the world her venerable appearance was deeply impressed upon me by her solemn walls, her time-worn buildings, and her crown which sat, a great dome, on the head of St. Peter's. Everything reminded me of the emperors and the republic, and the marching armies, and the great victorious processions of conquerors, and the weeping captives and papal grandeur. It was Rome which I was contemplating, and Rome alone. But now I came into the city without that sublime view of St. Peter's and looking in vain for the venerable form of that antiquity which constituted its grandeur. I was whirled into a modern railway station of imposing proportions, most substantial in its youth and usefulness, and accommo-

dating the travelling public on ground once occupied by the Pretorian Guards. The adjacent buildings were large and new, and so many of them stood unfinished that I felt I was in the precincts of speculators and not in the courts of artists and ecclesiastics. The Hotel Continental loomed near by and opened wide its doors for our reception, and I looked about on every hand to find any proof that I was not in New York, or Boston, or Chicago,—or Salem before the Eastern Railroad station was burnt down. I was obliged to explore a little before I really discovered that there was an ancient Rome still—a Rome of history and romance and poetry so engulfed in modern common-place and utility that it seemed to be almost obliterated and destined to removal as an obstacle to the march of improvement. Rome is immensely built up, and increases in population at the rate of a thousand a month, and is not the charming and impressive and fascinating place of visions and dreams and beauty that it was when it had fifty thousand people and not a new house in it. Of course I had come to take a peep at old Rome, and set about exploring at once. I went forth to find Story as a fit introduction to the art of this great city of artists. When I last saw Story he was in Washington—a guest who entertained all his entertainers. He was to me a classmate and a fellow-songs-ter, and a most vital guest, who rivalled Lowell in activity, mental and physical, and was fond of me—why I could never tell. I hardly expected to find the “friend of my youth,” but I was not quite prepared to meet a rather venerable gentleman in artist’s blouse and cap, with a snowy head as white as the peaks I had seen on my journey hither. Nor was he prepared

to meet me in any guise, for he supposed I was playing diplomat in Lisbon, negotiating Delagoa Bay, and pondering upon the wrath of the Portuguese who think they have been despoiled by England of their African possessions. Our meeting was most youthful; it was that of two college boys and not that of a venerable artist and an ancient diplomatist. We embraced, he kissed me audibly, I turned my eyes most affectionately on him, we danced, we laughed, we admired each other, and all my time here has been made happy by himself and his family. We have dined with him; Mrs. Story has been most attentive and delightfully reminiscent; the artist son, Waldo, has impressed me by his genius, as his wife has by her beauty; and Edith, now Mrs. Perrozzi, has reminded me of all the kindness of a well-descended American woman. The amount of Story's art is wonderful. His busts of distinguished Americans are admirable; his statues are full of character; his conceptions full of beauty. His studio rooms are piled with works of art in groups—more than fifty statues of historic characters, and I know not how many ideal figures, nor does he know. As you go from room to room you are surrounded by most imposing forms of beauty and grace. I cannot describe them, but one can conceive of them, and as they are brought before the mind it is easy to imagine a Cleopatra with a face that startles you as you contemplate its heated eyes and its ardent mouth, and you may picture to yourself an Aphrodite, his last work, still in the clay, so full of beauty that you forget all he has done before for a moment, and all the elaborations of physical grace and spiritual charm that other artists have created. For nearly forty years

Story has been engaged in composing his record as an artist, and he can now look back over a life of devotion to beautiful creation, without a flaw, a uniform and complete chapter which is full of delight. His life has been most sweet, his record is most honorable. We have talked busily,—about his fellow-artists,—about Browning, whom he had known and loved, and whose last words to him but a few months ago, as they parted, were: "An unbroken friendship of fifty years"; about Lowell, whom we both admire; about Landor, who is to me a dull literateur and to him an irritable, and, as Mrs. Story says, an admirable old man; and about the former days.

A reception given by Lady Dufferin at the British Legation gave me an opportunity to meet many Americans, among whom I noticed the familiar faces of Governor Porter, the United States Minister, and his daughter; Mr. Winthrop Chanler; Mr. Sargent, the American naval *attaché*, accompanied by his wife; Mr. Osgood Field, the sight of whom carried me back to the days of his grandfather, the Revolutionary commander, the first Postmaster-General of the Republic, the friend of Washington, and to my own maternal ancestors in the historic old town of Andover. Conspicuous among the distinguished persons present was Prince Napoleon, the renowned Plon-plon about whom there is such a wide difference of opinion. He is a stout, substantial person, whose youthful beauty and resemblance to the First Consul still remain, somewhat matured and modified by time. He is a citizen now, with not much of a future, but with a past which is remarkable for striking incidents and gloomy with lost opportunities. He is undoubtedly one of the brightest

of the family of Napoleon, and while he has ability to distinguish himself as a ruler, has never enjoyed the possession of power, and has allowed his life to be controlled by the impulses whose influence his associations and his leisure have developed into mere eccentricities. He has been branded as a coward, but he has shown great independence of character, and while he has been strongly inclined to turn a contemptuous look upon the imperial honors which have slipped through the grasp of his family, he has manifested an audacious inclination to advocate republican doctrines whenever he could find an excuse for his natural love of democratic institutions. His religious views coincide largely with his political, and while he has been surrounded by extreme Roman Catholicism, and has seen his wife Clothilde hold herself aloof from the bedside of her dying father, Victor Emanuel, on account of his hostility to the temporal power of the Pope, his mind has rebelled against the ceremonials of the Church, and he has extended to the ecclesiastical officials the cordial hospitality of a gentleman.

Prince Napoleon has lived under the influences of refinement and culture and that imperialism of which he has had no share, in an association where all his wit and accomplishments are thoroughly appreciated, but where his common-sense could not display itself. He has been from the beginning the implacable enemy of the Empress Eugenie, whose lineage he unreasonably and unjustly disputed, and of whose character he has great dislike. His desire for France and for his cousin Louis Napoleon was that an alliance should be formed with some one of the ruling and royal families of Europe. The Emperor, however, was so enamored

of the beauty of the dazzling Spanish damsel without acknowledged nationality or family that he allowed his life to be controlled by her. It was she who resisted every attempt of the Emperor to manifest his sympathy with progress, either in Europe or America. By her advice, we are told, he failed to withdraw the French troops from Rome, and it was her passionate appeals which the Emperor was obliged to resist when he refused to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy. And the Franco-German war, which dissevered France and dethroned the Emperor, has passed into history, justly or not, as the War of the Empress. Prince Napoleon would not view a career like this, as he understood it, with patience or complacency ; and on every occasion, public and private, he has manifested his hostility to the Empress, whether in power or overwhelmed by calamity.

The relations existing between the Prince and his wife have not been productive of happiness or peace. In the beauty and character of his daughter he takes great delight. And so this man, who was born to rule, and as a literateur, or a scientist, or a diplomatist, or a man of affairs, might have achieved an honorable career, will be classed among the social wits and the public failures. His home at Prangins is famous for its luxury and taste, occupying one of the most picturesque spots on the shore of Lake Lemane, and adorned with great beauty of art and architecture. Prince Napoleon will be considered as one of the unemployed forces of Europe ; his life is roughly handled, as the life of an idler will always be.

Meanwhile we have strolled from one gallery to another—from St. Peter's to the ancient S. Marie del

Popolo, from the Borghese Villa to the Pamphili Doria, from the Forum to the great triumphal arches of Constantine and Titus, from the palace of the Cæsars to the house of Domitian, from the Capitol to the Museum, from gate to Corsa,—all of which is so well described in guide-books and in juvenile journals. Hildreth has been quite enthusiastic in his researches, directed by the untiring kindness of Mr. Wood of the American Consulate; and encouraged by the courtesy of Governor Bourn, the U. S. Consul-General.

One thing in Rome, however, guide-books have not described, nor have the hosts of travellers discovered, and that is the new attraction Hawthorne has given this ancient city. His spirit follows you everywhere. His stamp is left on every great work of art, his fiery criticism on every unworthy creation of the artists. Miriam and her awful model and her terrible secret haunt you. Hilda's tower stands as it was designed to stand, a guardian of the city made divine by her sweet spirit. I stood and contemplated it with most intense and wrapt adoration—for there is her window, there the lamp which has shone out for six hundred years, there the image of the virgin looking over the town, and there the creative spirit of Hawthorne, who wove this ancient structure into his inspired story, and selected it as the only spot in Rome suited as an abode for the pure and spiritual Hilda. The terrace at the Pincian Hill, from which Hilda and Kenyon looked down into the great Piazza del Popolo and saw Miriam kneeling at the fountain far, far below, still invites you to stand and look and imagine Hawthorne and his creation by your side. The smooth, and green, and grassy turf of the amphitheatre in which Donatello

danced and set all his companions, the grave and gay alike, into the wildest antics, lies deserted and beautiful before you as you pass along the avenue which leads to the Borghese Villa with its great collection of art. By what power Hawthorne was led to clothe all these spots with the creatures of his genius, whether they brought their appropriate imagery to his mind, or whether he found the proper home for the characters he was delineating, no man can tell now. But nowhere else could the abode of Miriam and Hilda and Donatello be found, and no reality could fill the places they fill in the "Marble Faun"—not even the living beings and statues of Rome. I have met Conway here, who is writing a Life of Hawthorne, and we have wandered about together, wondering how the great genius wrought himself into the life and art of the great city.

We leave for Naples to-morrow morning to take steamer for Gibraltar. I turn my face westward with delight: for that way Salem lies.

CHAPTER XII.

GIBRALTAR. — TANGIER.

March 20th.—We are again in Gibraltar. After dining with Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, where we met among other guests Minister Porter and his daughter, Miss Broadwood, Mr. and Mrs. Terry, and Mr. Dougherty, we prepared for our departure from Rome. We took an early train for Naples to meet the steamer *Oroya*, on which we were to sail for Gibraltar. We reached Naples about two o'clock, dined sumptuously, strolled about the town, and at sunset went on board. This was farewell to Italy. I might describe what I saw at Naples, Pompeii, and Rome, but I cannot describe the pleasure I had in the attentive friends who made my journey most agreeable.

This ship on which we embarked from Naples is a steady English steamer of nearly 7,000 tons burthen and 6,000 horse-power, running between London and Melbourne. Her voyage she makes pretty regularly in six weeks each way. Her passengers, who were almost entirely English of the Australian Colony, were returning home after a long absence, with their minds full of anticipations and reminiscences. Our voyage, therefore, was one of some interest, and I managed before it was finished to become acquainted with a steady, sensible English herdsman who had passed his life in

Australia feeding his flocks like the "frugal swain" in Douglas, to the number of 200,000, and with him I discussed the subject of wool, and had the pleasure of informing him that notwithstanding the efforts of his friend President Cleveland, in whose utterances he had great faith, Australian wool would not be admitted free into the United States. I also discussed English politics with a bright young man who had travelled through our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco, and was just completing his journey round the world *a la* Nelly Bly. He discussed Mr. Gladstone very shrewdly, knew Mr. Chamberlain, in whose town he lived, believed in the English-speaking people, whether John Bulls or Brother Jonathans, and on the whole was quite bright and entertaining. But the voyage itself was pretty bad. The state-rooms I had secured were very far forward and the motion of the great ship was felt as if there had been an earthquake. Soon after leaving Naples the wind piped from the southwest, "the sky with clouds was overcast," "the rain began to fall," and the bosom of the sea became most violent. As night wore on the waves rose in their wrath, not sweeping and dignified and imposing as on the Atlantic, but "sharp, quick, and decisive," angry, petulant, spasmodic, dashing themselves with headlong fury against the sides of the ship and throwing their spray in great showers over the bows. They seemed at times to be stretching their reach to the port-holes for inquiry into the misery they were creating in the cabins, or to touch the flying clouds which were responding to their turbulence from the heavens. The scene was sublime and exciting, and I

enjoyed the confusion and riot while I sympathized with those unhappy voyagers who were obliged to retreat to their hiding places. We had but little repose until we reached the lee of the land approaching the Straits of Gibraltar.

When we reached Gibraltar a severer trial still awaited us. The waters of the harbor were very rough, and we were obliged to land at the quay in little boats which came alongside, and in the most coquetish manner bobbed up and down at the foot of the stairs leading from the ship. One boat took our baggage, and was soon playing hide and seek on the crests and valleys of the restless waters. A boat was then brought alongside for us. She behaved worse than her predecessor. Down the steps went Mrs. Loring to get on board. When she reached the lowest step the boat settled ten feet below her, and then rose impudently ten feet above her, as much as to say, "if one thing does not satisfy you, you may try the opposite." When she stretched out her arms for aid and got it, she took a flying leap and landed in safety. Hildreth followed in similar fashion. I refused, and a tug-boat lumbered up with great upheavals and gave me a more massive but not a better opportunity. We all got ashore at last, and to-morrow we go to Tangier.

We left Gibraltar for Tangier on the morning of Sunday, the 24th of March, after a most kindly farewell from Mr. Sprague, over a "smooth deceitful sea," under a bright sun, with Spain on the one side and the mountains of Morocco on the other. The trip was delightful. We sailed into the beautiful little bay of Tangier, fringed with a white sandy beach, with a dark background of sterile mountains, about noon, and

were introduced at once to a crowd of turbaned, flannel-draped, bare-legged, swarthy, black-eyed Moors, who made the streets resound with their clamor. After a luncheon at a good hotel we started on our exploring expedition with a guide. It was "great market-day," as every Sunday is. We strolled through narrow, crooked, dirty, badly-paved streets, jostled by little ragged donkeys and great ragged Moors, beset by begging children and importunate cripples, and after a most painful and disagreeable walk of half an hour we reached the market-place. It was a wide, uneven slope, covered with groups of people engaged in feeding and trade, attended by the omnipresent donkey and a few disconsolate camels. I saw but little merchandise—large bread loaves, some panniers of oranges, a supply of potatoes and carrots, and a few pieces of decorated cotton cloth, of which I bought one, whose needlework alone must have occupied a month, for a dollar. The chattering crowd was great. Bare-footed, bare-headed, ragged-cloaked, baggy-breeched boys were engaged in playful fight, wretched old men sat round on their heels, crooked and haggard old women curled up under the walls, and the ground was diversified with dirt-heaps and mudholes. A more disgusting picture I never witnessed.

On our way back to the hotel we visited a "grand bazaar," full of rugs, and discarded guns, and trinkets, and red slippers, and brass plates. We resisted the temptation of all this display, and went on to a Moorish house where the strains of most discordant music informed us that a newly-married couple were celebrating their honeymoon. Passing through a blue and white court and up a precipitous flight of red steps, into a

narrow balcony, we found five musicians seated on the floor at one end. They had moorish instruments resembling a violin, guitar, mandolin, and castanets, and all banged away with a great noise and little harmony, singing at the top of their lungs at the same time. In front of them was a small round table with Moorish cups and saucers, and a coffee-urn in the centre. At one side sat a very well-developed girl, perhaps too well developed, dressed in white, with a pink silk handkerchief tied over her head, and her almond eyes sloe-black, gazed stolidly out from her fat cheeks, as some of the Moors came forward to shake hands with us and give us chairs. The guide whispered to us that this girl was the bride; that after the marriage the couple lived together fifteen days, and if dissatisfied they could separate on the payment of one thousand dollars to the girl's family, when the marriage would be satisfactorily annulled, the girl being allowed another matrimonial experiment. We pondered upon this free and easy adjustment of a somewhat solemn matter.

On arriving at our hotel we found the snake-charmer ready for his work. He was accompanied by two tambourine players, who beat their instruments loudly and chanted wildly over a dirty bag which was lying on the ground before them. Seated in red chairs, we were surrounded by a crowd of Moors, veiled women, and ragged children, listening patiently to the noise and waiting for the appearance of the snakes, which, on the opening of the bag, were drawn out one after another to the number of six, and tied together by the tail in two groups of three each, squirming and wriggling at our feet. The charmer then proceeded to stuff his mouth with straw, from which in a few minutes he

blew smoke and flame, and the snakes were supposed to be well charmed. Into this blazing mouth they thrust their heads, biting and wounding the man's tongue until blood flowed freely and was exhibited with great apparent pride. The performance ended with unbinding the tails, the freeing of the snakes, and their roaming savagely over the street, to the terror of the bystanders, who looked with horror on a sharp, fine tooth half an inch long which each snake exhibited with evident dire intent. The exhibition filled the crowd with wonder, and myself with an assurance that destroying the fangs of snakes renders them harmless, and tying their tails together fills them with confusion.

This morning, mounted on a mule with the tall Moorish soldier of the consulate marching ahead, and a guide in blue Turkish trowsers and jacket and a red fez at her side Mrs. Loring proceeded to visit the Sultan's palace, and to see the harem, which is not visible to masculine eyes. Through the vilely-paved and narrow streets, between the low white stuccoed houses, the procession passed on to the palace. The interior of this palace is a great courtyard, floors and walls of many colored mosaics, and the pillars and arches white with lovely lacework in plaster, to match the walls of the bedrooms which open into the court. The ceilings are in red and blue Moorish work and are very pretty. A great fountain was in the centre, from which the way was led to the harem.

The Sultan of Morocco lives in Fez, but he spends a month or two each year in Tangier, and as he has five hundred wives he leaves a few in each palace. From the fountain-court you enter another court finished in mosaics with graceful pillars and arches, at the end

of which, in a long room opening from it, seven women sat or reclined on rugs. Five were young and two were pretty, with dark eyes and fair skins. They were dressed in white, with broad sashes, and veils fastened away from their faces, while the prettiest had a red fez stuck coquettishly on one side of her head. In the centre of the group sat the oldest woman, crowned with a turban, who extended her hand to the visitor without rising and offered the only easy chair in the room. A great dish of maize was in front of the old woman, which she was picking while the girls were sewing on gold muslin or sorting their trinkets. In one of the upper rooms was a young woman established by herself in state, with a large French bedstead covered with pink silk, and with walls decorated in a most lovely manner. This young lady was exhibited with great pride and was evidently a favorite. As the visitor came down into the court again three of the girls were waiting for her, and one examined her dress; and another laid hands on her sun-umbrella, which she opened with a coquettish smile and held over her shoulder; and a third gave her a prettily embroidered handkerchief. They kissed their hand to the departing guest. Not a book, or a flower, or guitar, or a picture was to be seen.

March 26th.—We got out of loathsome Tangier on Monday evening, bound for Cadiz, on the French steamer, *Salvador*, sailing from Marseilles to the "gem of the sea." It was a long trip by open boat from the wretched dark stairs to the steamer, a fitting sequel to the walk through the streets well supplied with dirt, and donkeys, and Moors. The harbor was smooth, however, and our hearts were filled with hope with

regard to the night passage we were entering upon. We had a chatty French dinner on board, in which the demonstrative Gallic courtesy contrasted greatly with the gruff and curt fashion of the Anglo-Saxons we had met on our Mediterranean voyage. We dined late and retired early. About half-past ten we got under way, and in less than an hour we were awakened by "noise and confusion," compared to which that which broke up the political meeting and disturbed the political ideas of General Cass so many years ago was quietness itself. The revolving screw was shaking the vessel from stem to stern. The rattling of the engine was deafening. The waves were breaking mercilessly against the sides of the ship, which was rolling as if suffering from intense internal pains. I thought the voyage on the Mediterranean was bad enough, but it was bliss itself compared with this trip across the opening of the straits. All night the tumult continued. The wind whistled, the engine sighed, the waves dashed. We reached Cadiz about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning in the midst of rain, gloom, and wind. A great rough lateen sail-boat drew up alongside, our baggage was tumbled into it, we tumbled in after the baggage, and for one long hour we beat back and forth, unshipped and lost our tiller, were cuffed by the sail and buffeted by the wind and washed by rain and spray. At last we crept up the wet and shining steps to the quay and started for a hotel and a breakfast, having lost our self-respect, our confidence in mankind, and our romantic notions about the sea. It did not take long to explore Cadiz. It is the whitest and cleanest city I ever saw. The walls of the houses are the perfection of whitewash. The pave-

ments are as clean as the flagstones of a *patio*. The people are cheerful, well-fed, and busy. The history of the city is most romantic, including experiences with the Romans, the Moors, the Spaniards, and all other navigating nations. It has a great cathedral, a heavy, cold, massive, imposing, unsentimental, famous, beautiful structure, be-domed and be-columned externally and internally, so lofty and gloomy and hard that even the light of the gospel cannot enlighten it. There is not a vista in the whole building. You can gaze up to the high, heaven-shaped arches, but you cannot look along nave or passage or chapel. The altar is discouragingly bad. The pictures are copies. There was a mass going on when we entered, and the voices of the singers reverberated through the great walled spaces, and the organ pealed with a force and beauty heard almost only amidst the thunders of a tempest among the hills. We left the cathedral oppressed by its colorless and massive walls and arches, and as we wandered away we turned and looked back as one would on a hard and frowning cliff. We were obliged to go for relief to a convent of Capuchins where a crowd of beggars had gathered for a religious service, and some of Murillo's pictures warmed and cheered our souls. We drove around the harbor side, along the quay turned a contemptuous look upon the sea, snapped our fingers at the waves, and paying our respects to the sweet and busy town, departed for Seville.

Our journey through the valley of the "Guadalquivir, gentle river," was deliberate and delightful. We ran through the salt marshes which lie at the mouth of the fair stream, reminding us of the Lynn marshes and the

Eastern Railroad, only worse, and soon reached the beautiful landscape for which Andalusia is famous. The grain was waving in the wind, the grass was springing, the broad ploughed lands were rejoicing in their rich brown, the pastures were adorned by flocks of superb sheep and herds of fine cattle and droves of horses. The olive groves were like the luxuriant orchards of a former New England. My agricultural eye was fully satisfied, and I realized how the Spaniards and Moors and Romans believed in the possession of land as the foundation of wealth, and in agriculture as the most reliable and substantial of all industries. The journey roused all my slumbering rural tastes, blunted somewhat by a winter in the city of Lisbon and by a prolonged experience on the sea. I thought lovingly of my acres, and I was inclined to despise those mockers who have ridiculed my love of the land.

We reached Seville about seven o'clock in the evening and proceeded to the Hotel de Madrid, through a diversity of streets, some as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue and some as narrow as the filthy lanes of Tangier. To be seated at the dinner-table was but the work of a moment, and as we sat there we were joined by Percival Lowell, who rejoiced in us as we did in him, and reminded us of New England even more than the green hills of Andalusia had done, and of Corea and Polo, and the lively scenes of cultivated Boston, and the graces of an accomplished writer.

The next morning we set forth to see Seville. We saw the old, lovely cathedral, as beautiful as nature in her fairest form, with its picturesque tower, its graceful minarets, its superb doorways, its artistic walls, rent and riven and supported by huge timbers, and appar-

ently on the verge of dissolution. We drove along the glittering palace of the Duke de Montpensier and the great garden adjoining, and far out into the beautiful country which surrounds the town. We explored the "House of Pilate," erected by a devoted crusader and handed down through the ages as an exact model of the home of the weak and wicked Roman ruler who delivered Christ over to the bloodthirsty Jews. As a specimen of beautiful palatial architecture, with tiles and stucco appropriate, it is quite unequalled. We entered the Church of the Caridad, the Charity Hospital where the two great pictures of Murillo, the "Moses Striking the Rock" and "Christ Blessing the Loaves and Fishes," hang in such a "dim religious light" that it is impossible to study them, and where you are bewildered by gilded columns and fine marbles. And we drove out across the river into the suburbs, where the Marquis Pickman has his great pottery and has accumulated his great fortune. You may be sure I was eager to see one who bears the name for which I have so much love and respect and admiration, and which has been so dear to me all my life. We strolled through his great warehouse, and I learned from the brother of the Marquis that his father came from London more than sixty years ago and established the business, which had grown and prospered greatly under the hands of the family. Beyond the name, I could not trace the connection. But for me the name was enough, and I made up the lineage.

We met an American party at dinner, Mrs. Butterfield and her daughter, now Mrs. Ballard Smith, Mr. Lowell, and his friend Curtis, engaged in Spanish literature and art, who adjourned with my family to a gipsy dance, while I retired to write this gossipy journal.

March 30th.—We explored Seville, and departed on the morning of the 27th for Badajos and Lisbon, leaving behind us a most agreeable group of travelers and a most interesting and charming city. When you have become familiar with Seville, you are not surprised that the Phœnicians clustered on its "plain," that the Greeks and Romans followed in turn, and that Julius Cæsar fell into its charms. One by one they all held court here, and their marks remain to this day. Somehow its antiquity impresses one more than the ruins of Rome or the excavations of Pompeii. Its attractions are so evident now—its climate, its landscape, its distant views, its river—that you are not surprised at any evidence of its ancient and buried luxury and refinement. When you wander beyond the art and architecture for which Seville is famous, you reach at once remains of Roman wealth and civilization which are surpassed in no quarter of that world-wide empire. Beneath a little village less than five miles from the river bank, now occupied by Seville, lies buried one of the most beautiful towns of ancient times, now deserted by the winding river and concealed from human view. Italica was once a summer resort for Roman pleasure-seekers, the birthplace of emperors and scholars. Founded two hundred years before Christ, it was adorned with most sumptuous dwellings erected by the lovers of Andalusian languor. The Goths preserved it in their merciless ravages, and even after the river had changed its course its prosperity continued until the Moors abandoned it as a stream-deserted country. On the spot once occupied by its gorgeous buildings, its gardens and amphitheatres, a hundred years ago its pavements were discovered and the most beautiful and perfect amphitheatre was un-

earthed. From the time of its discovery until now it has poured fragments of the art which adorned its gardens and palaces into the public grounds and museum of Seville. Statues and effigies and tombs of most elaborate structure have been discovered, and the usual tragedy of imperial cities in ancient days is written on the burial-place of Donna Urraca Osorio, who was burned alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. The ruins of Italica tell a story of Roman luxury and mediæval beauty hardly surpassed anywhere within the limits of the great empire.

But the Seville into whose bosom all the wealth and culture of Italica were poured, has taken up the work of her ancient sister and displays her charms of art and architecture with all the beauty of the land she occupies. She possesses at this day some relic of every civilization which has ever found a home in her borders. Beneath Santiago el Mayor are the ruins of a Roman temple. The church of Santa Marina has a beautiful Moorish chapel. San Salvador was a mosque for centuries. Santa Maria la Blanca was a synagogue down to 1391. The Alcazar, that most interesting and beautiful complication of Moorish and Gothic architecture, occupies the site of the house of Cæsar, and has borrowed its decorations from the Alhambra. Here Charles V. was married to Isabel of Portugal in the gorgeous hall whose vestibule was surrounded with Roman Pillars opening out upon gardens like the Hesperides, whose air is still perfumed by orange-blossoms, and whose paths wind through the dark-green slopes and flowering shrubbery. Here the artificial pond where Philip V. used to fish still sparkles in the sun. Here are even now the baths in which Maria de Padilla

bathed, and here the scene of her triumphant rule over Pedro the Cruel, who surrendered to no charms but hers. In the great hall of the ambassadors this blood-thirsty monarch caused the Master of Santiago, his brother, to be murdered while he entertained him as his guest; and here he put Aba Said to death in order to seize his jewels, among which was the "fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Dom Pedro gave to the Black Prince, and which is the gem which now adorns the crown of England. The Christian architecture of Seville also stands unrivalled in grandeur and beauty. The great cathedral, it is true, is tottering beneath the weight of years, but even amidst its artificial support it fills one with wonder and admiration. More than a century it was in building, and it stands to-day as a museum of fine art, notwithstanding the spoliation of the invader and the dishonesty of its architects. It is a romantic group of buildings in which the cathedral stands. Above all rises the Giralda, that beautiful tower which forms the emphatic feature of Seville, whose belfry is girded with a motto from the Proverbs, *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*, and which, when lighted at night, seems to be a cluster of stars in the firmament. It was from this tower that the *muessin* summoned the faithful to prayers, and here the great bells sound forth the signal to solemn Christian ceremonies. At its foot is the court of orange-trees with its Moslem fountain, its Moorish arches, and bronze doors of exquisite design and construction. The Chapter Library, founded by the son of Columbus, offers its rich treasures close at hand to the scholar of to-day, as it once did to the canons to whom it was bequeathed, and you read the manuscript of Columbus' travels

and the treatise of his cabin companion, Petri de Aliaco, written during the eventful voyage of discovery. From the walls above the book-cases look down the portraits of the archbishops, who were in their day the pillars of the Church, and the vice-gerents of God. At the head of the wide hall opening into the library stands encased for support and safety the sword of Count Gonzales, which Garcia Perez de Vargas used in driving the Moors from Seville. An inscription in Visigoth hangs upon the wall, one of the remains of the period of Honoratus in 641. The manuscripts and the vellum-bound volumes remind one of the period when the monks of the middle ages kept the lamps of literature trimmed and burning, and of whom Longfellow in "Hyperion" says: "That they slept their lives away is most untrue. For in an age when books were few,—so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley-slaves to their benches,—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that but for these monks not one line of the classics would have reached our day. Surely, then, we can pardon something to those superstitious ages, perhaps even the mysticism of the scholastic philosophy; since after all we can find no harm in it, only the mistaking of the possible for the real, and the high aspirings of the human mind after a long-sought and unknown somewhat. I think the name of Martin Luther, the monk of Wittenberg, alone sufficient to redeem all monkhood from the reproach of laziness. If this will not, perhaps the vast folios of Thomas Aquinas will; or the colorless manuscripts still treas-

ured in the old libraries, whose yellow and wrinkled pages remind one of the hands that wrote them and the faces that once bent over them."

But not alone the works of art and architecture and genius which stand round about the cathedral, but the internal beauties also fill the mind with lofty thoughts and warm the heart with holy emotions. The Coro, the Gothic Retablo, the Capilla Real, the Chapter House, all represent the power of architecture to express the religious sentiments. In their keeping, moreover, are deposited the works of the most inspired painters. The "Guardian Angel" of Murillo, representing the loftiest love and the most earnest and childlike confidence, greets you as you enter, and the "Vision of St. Anthony," in which the infant Jesus is advancing from the radiance of heaven through groups of angels to pour into the soul of the devoted saint all the strength and beauty of a child's love, blesses you as you depart. These children express all that Murillo desired to present in his portraiture of the child Jesus, and which he failed to present in so many of his pictures. The companion of the "Guardian Angel," and the radiant form which advances along the heavenly way to meet St. Anthony, are children with all the perfection of childhood, all the sweet maturity of infancy, which is perhaps more impressive than that of riper years. The faith and hope and exaltation which Murillo has wrought into these little faces, the ecstasy of attitude and motion which marks their forms as their spirits irradiate their features, show how thoroughly he understood and appreciated that marvellous power which constitutes the "wisdom of babes," and which the Great Teacher recognized when he taught

his disciples to become as little children. I am sorry to say that Murillo, and not he alone, painted too many infants and not enough children ; too many dependents and not enough companions fitted to inspire and competent to receive the depth and meaning of parental love. In the gallery where is found the great collection of his works this defect is most manifest. Neither the strength of maternity nor the strength of childhood appears in many of his pictures, which are too often portraits of sweet peasant girls with infants in their arms. But when he rises to the full capacity of his genius no artist, ancient or modern, equals him in the delineation of that *spirituelle* which belongs to the Virgin and the Child—not even Raphael with his robust but spiritualized Fornarinas and his inspired Italian boys. And so Murillo gives vitality and greatness to Seville. It was his home. Here he worked, and here stands his monument overlooking the sphere of his labors and glorifying the spot he made immortal, as the lofty statue of Cameons commands the hills and squares of Lisbon. Here also is Murillo's house, lying close to the city wall in the picturesque Jews' quarter, and containing many rare fragments of his art, small pictures of the Virgin and Child, a young John Baptist with the lamb, a Head of Christ, accompanied by a little collection of works of his friends and contemporaries.

Seville has many points of great interest, and her history is most eventful and fascinating. Her commercial record connects her name with every maritime nation, and the river on whose bank she stands belongs not only to the courses of trade, but to poetry and romance. She has been the abode of great power, bore

once a Punic name, was re-baptized by the Greeks, then by the Moors, was the Romula or little Rome of Cæsar, was the capital of the Goths, gave archbishops who are now its sainted tutelars to the Church, surrendered to the Sheik of Jaen, furnished the model of Don Quixote, was the capital of Spain until Charles V. removed the court to Valladolid, and when the New World was discovered "became the mart of the golden colonies and the residence of princely merchants." But the pride of the royal city now is the fact that here Murillo wrought, and here his works and memory are cherished.

We approached Seville over the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, whose agricultural charms I have already described. When we left it we traversed the same region of olive-groves and vineyards until we reached the high and rugged ridges which divide them from the lands of equal fertility and beauty through which the Guadiana flows. The broad landscape was made up of a succession of wide wheat fields, newly ploughed and newly planted hillsides and valleys, and immense groves of olive-trees. Men and women in small groups were toiling on the land, and great flocks of sheep and goats, obedient to the call of the shepherd, grazed on the pastures. It was very easy to understand why Roman and Spaniard had made this region the seat of their power, and why they so reluctantly relinquished their possessions there. It was easy to see why the spirit of the people was in accord with Columbus in his great work of discovery, and to realize the wealth and strength to be derived from agriculture alone. From very early morning to early evening we travelled on a train whose speed was limited by law to

fifteen miles an hour, and which required no legal restraint to confine it to such sluggish progress, and found ourselves in Merida called upon to change for Badajos. Merida is on the Guadiana, has a Roman bridge built by Trajan, which has withstood bravely the ravages of time and flood and the French invasion,—that convulsion so fatal to art and architecture, and literature and science, and social peace and prosperity in Spain. It was to stop Marmont that the arches of the bridge were destroyed. Merida has a Roman castle which has been occupied by the bishop and by the Knights Templar, an arch built by Trajan, the remains of a Circus Maximus, an old church erected in the fourth century, a Moorish Alcazar built by the Moors in 835, and a Museum of Roman Antiquities.

A slow run of a few miles brought us to Badajos, where we remained a couple of hours and prepared for a night-journey to Lisbon. Badajos is a miserable town. Of course it has a fine bridge across the Guadiana, three or four hundred years old, a public square, in which stand a cathedral, an advertised *café*, and a town-hall. The cathedral has considerable merit and the tower considerable dignity. There are hard old paintings, and picturesque cloisters covered with layer after layer of whitewash. Badajos as a frontier town has seen the fights and sieges so frequent in Spanish municipalities. Alonzo IX. took it from the Moors in 1235; the Portuguese besieged it in 1050; Jose Imaz sold the place to Soult in 1810; inefficient Beresford failed to recover it; and the Duke of Wellington turned his attention to it, of course stormed it, his soldiers sacked it, and he obtained a position which enabled him to hold Lisbon and to drive the French

from the north. Badajos is a well-fortified town ; its gateways and bastions presenting a most imposing appearance, and this is all. It stands in that delightful agricultural region I have described, and has been a centre of every form of civilization since the days of the Romans.

We left it with pleasure on a night-train for Lisbon, in a compartment car without sleeping accommodations, and imprisoned in that barbarous and disgusting fashion the traveller finds so often in Europe—accommodations which would be destroyed in America as soon as a decent and outraged people could get at them. I bought three first-class tickets at Badajos, or supposed I did, having paid a first-class price, paid for a baggage-check, took my seat, followed by my family, who were prepared to share the dangers and sufferings of the trip. We arranged ourselves as comfortably as possible, pursued our way a few miles to the frontier custom-house, had our baggage passed through the influence of an imposing diplomatic passport, and then settled down for the night with every discomfort of a cramped position, a rattling, jolting car, and a rough track. The painful hours wore away until about midnight, when two persons clad in male attire insisted on entering and taking what room there was left. This was done against our gentle protests. Our mild assertions had no effect, nor had our united vociferations in profane English when one of the persons quietly drew a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, and commenced that fumigatory outrage met with all over Spain and Portugal. We opened the windows to let the fresh cold night-air in and the storm and smoke out. After a while the cigarette was meekly extinguished—but

not until two Iberians had learned the sound of American imprecation.

I had been cheated at Badajos, having paid first-class price for second-class tickets. In the night-time I was informed that I was in a wrong carriage, was obliged to pay my additional fare, and proceeded. We reached Lisbon at six o'clock.

CHAPTER XIII.

LISBON.—ANTIQUITY.—ARCHITECTURE.— AN INTERVIEW.

April 4th.—When I returned from Rome I found Chester here, who loved art and knew all the artists, and never put brush to canvas nor finger to clay ; who loved books and was intimate with all good authors, and never wrote a volume ; who was welcome at the fireside of all great thinkers, and knew how to encourage them without interference ; who talked of Browning and Lowell, and Story and Tennyson, and Longfellow and Agassiz as friends, and was Chester the sympathizer with them all. He had started from New York and had travelled through London, and Paris, and Rome, and Venice, and Naples, and Madrid, and had come to Lisbon to see something new. “ Nobody goes to Lisbon,” he said ; “ nobody seems to know much about Lisbon ; an old friend of mine came down here in his yacht, and lay a fortnight in the harbor without going ashore, so poor an opinion had he of the attractions of Lisbon. But how do you manage to do up Rome in a week ? ” asked he. “ As the Frenchman did,” said I. “ There were three of us,” he replied to a similar question, “ myself, my wife, and the boy ; in the daytime I took the restaurants, my wife went through the churches, and the boy

walked the galleries. We all met in the evening and compared notes." But it was evident this plan would not answer for the unknown Lisbon, and it was therefore determined that Chester should join me in the exploring expedition, and enjoy the pleasures and surprises of a new land. To him England meant Browning and Mrs. Browning and Landor, and in old times Rogers' breakfast-table; Paris meant Dumas, *pere et fils*, Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Alfred de Musset, and Sainte-Beuve; Rome meant a brilliant group of English and Americans; Madrid meant Castelar, whom Chester loved because Sumner loved him. The mind of the great Spanish orator and republican was still occupied with the revolution in Brazil, and I have no doubt it was his discussion of Portugal in this connection that had filled Chester's mind with a desire to see Lisbon. It was evident that Castelar hoped through the influence of Brazil to see the House of Braganza and all its connections utterly overthrown in Portugal. He consoled himself with the idea that Dom Carlos, the reigning king, is really a prince of the house of Coburg, but this was not the utter annihilation of the family which he had long waited for. "It is the two centuries and a half of Braganza rule," said he, "which have prevented Portugal from joining that republican movement which has occupied the thoughts of Europe, and we have seen that unhappy kingdom delivered by this family first to the Jesuits and afterwards to England, so that she should never enjoy independence and autonomy of her own." Castelar charged this family with having lost the Indies and Brazil, and probably would have charged to them the recent despoiling of Africa. He denounced their

flight to Brazil and their acceptance of a constitution for Portugal at the hands of England, condemned in unmeasured terms the reactionary movement of Dom Miguel, and ridiculed the appeal of Maria Gloria for aid to defend "what in the language of the Braganzas is called the monarchy and independence of Lusitania."

Castelar thinks that Portugal meanwhile has been influenced largely by Brazil—the only instance in history in which a colony has controlled a mother country. He says: "She supplied the sinews of war in the contests with Spain; she filled the coffers of the Braganzas; she sent forth the liberal charters which Dom Pedro, father of the ex-emperor, granted to Portugal; her rulers have joined every power engaged in the humiliation of Portugal. And now it is to be hoped that a rising republic in Brazil will extend its influence to that mother country she has ruled so long. The deposition of Dom Pedro ends the Braganza rule, and gives Portugal an opportunity for a new career, a career which the Braganzas might have inaugurated had they had wisdom and courage sufficient for such noble work. For more than fifty years he has worn the crown which he inherited from those who lost to Portugal all her resplendent power in South America and the Indies, and has cherished all the wrath which naturally falls upon the authors of such disasters in the families which suffer from their faults and follies. The republicans of Portugal possess all these irritating memories as a source of strength to their own cause. To their friends in Brazil they send words of encouragement and congratulation, evidently feeling that day has dawned also for themselves. Should men of affairs arise to give effect to the teachings and doctrines of

those who are endeavoring to lead Portuguese thought in the paths of free government, the work of regeneration will begin and go on to a rapid consummation. But thus far these practical leaders have not arisen. It is to be feared that the strength of monarchy in Portugal consists in the indifference of the people, which no appeal of leaders can remove. Popular education there seems not to have inspired popular freedom. Brazil is now removed beyond the range of influence, and her future no longer controls the future of Portugal ; and Brazil will not return to the Braganza rule—she has got far beyond that.” “ But then,” said Chester, “ I could not help thinking, as I listened to Castelar, that it was better never to have secured a republican form of government than to have lost it when once gained. I hardly dared to suggest this, however, to Castelar.”

It was on account of this interview with Castelar at this most interesting period of Portuguese history that Chester had come to learn what he could about Lisbon. He was not much of a politician, but he had devoted himself and all he had as a citizen to the cause of his country in the Civil War, and this experience has produced in his mind a deep interest in national affairs. Besides, he found no difficulty in finding records of the social and civil life of almost every community from New York to Corea, along every parallel of latitude and up and down every meridian of longitude ; and a reasonable record of Lisbon, with its fine harbor, and its picturesque location, and its curious mixture of importance and prominence and seclusion. Chester is sociably inclined, and manages to become part of every social organization with which he comes in contact. At dinner-parties


he is the life of the table, is always welcome, and makes his seat at the feast the centre of great wit and genialty. A reception at which he is present is never known to be dull. An afternoon call of his is an event from which a family can date a new era, and an evening spent by him at the fireside is not forgotten until he gives a new one to take its place. He makes it his first business to become intimate with the town, and considers the hospitality of the people to be the foundation of all its intellectual and moral and religious life. Observing a community at arm's length he considers most unsatisfactory business, and having had large experience in all the great cities of Europe and America, he requires no guide to his entrance into society and no leader after he gets there. Entertainments of this description have so long formed a part of his life that he seldom alludes to them as matters of importance in conversation, and, as he is no gossip, he seldom gives an account of what is said or done, unless he happens to meet some person of distinction, whose opinions or experiences are valuable. Chester was very busy during his stay in Lisbon, and, as I heard nothing to the contrary, I infer his time was divided between investigating the curious and thrilling history of the place, visiting the many objects of interest, and attending the balls, routs, assemblies, and dinners, with which every rich and cultivated community abounds, and which constitute the difference between the fascinating life of the town and the dull monotony of a country village. Once or twice I think he alluded to the brilliant conversation of some beautiful and accomplished young woman whose knowledge of literature and art had astonished him, and of the costly jewels of some

dowager whose ancestors had entered early upon the diamond mines of Golconda or the emerald riches of Brazil. As he formed very definite opinions on the African question, and expressed on one occasion great admiration for Serpa Pinto, I suppose he met occasionally some minister of state or perhaps a member of the Geographical Society, and became familiar with the best opinion of Lisbon on this disputed matter. He seemed to have learned the exact boundary lines which enclose the territory along the Zambezi, the Shirà, and in Massononoland, which Portugal discovered and occupied long before the British flag floated in South Africa or a British keel divided the waters of the Indian Ocean. Into the sources of his knowledge I never inquired, my own time being chiefly occupied in securing the rights of American citizens in the Delagoa Bay Railroad. I never met any one else who knew so much about Lisbon society, or who found so many intimate friends in this city in so short a space of time.

The social charms of the place, however, did not draw Chester away from the object he had in view when he came to Lisbon, in addition to the pleasure of meeting an old friend—a pleasure which he always counted superior to all others.

To learn the intent and meaning of any place one must commence, Chester thinks, with its history and origin. But Lisbon, I suggested, seems never to have had a beginning. If it had been founded on the hunting-grounds of an exterminated Indian tribe there might be some hope for its antiquarian explorer. If it could be traced into the regions of fable—that would hold out some hope. But to be told that Lisbon was founded by the great-grandson of Noah, or by Ulysses after the

destruction of Troy, is quite discouraging, considering the cloud of mystery which hangs over Noah and Ulysses themselves. We must content ourselves, therefore, with the subjugation of Portugal by Carthage under the lead of Hannibal as the beginning of the active existence of Lisbon. That Lisbon was attractive from the very outset is easily understood. Its harbor is by far the best on the entire coast of Europe from the Clyde to the Adriatic. To every storm-tossed mariner skirting the coast in his little ancient shallop, the mouth of the Tagus offered a refuge, and the wide bay into which he floated as he reached the site of a future city gave a haven of rest and safety. The beauty of the scene, too, was unsurpassed. The hills on which the town now rests swept their curves along a sky of singular radiance, and were clothed with perennial forests and adorned with great clusters of the rose and the myrtle. The fame of all this natural charm reached the remotest regions occupied by man—and Roman, Goth, Vandal, and Moor struggled alternately for the great possession. There is nothing in all history more weird and oppressive than the wild and sweeping contests which raged over this land, from the earliest periods of the Christian era to the Peninsular wars of Napoleon. Here the Moors secured their power in the early part of the eighth century, and for more than three hundred years held their gloomy sway over Lisbon. Here the great Affonso Henriques swept on with his victorious forces from Ourique to Lisbon, through a career of slaughter and siege and famine and horror and victory. Here Don Juan, King of Castile, besieged the city and furnished another chapter of "man's inhumanity to man," and



of what is called valor and courage. Here in 1580 the city was taken by Philip I. and the conspiracy against Spanish dominion broke out, ending in seating the Braganza family on the Portuguese throne. Here the Prior of Crato, who had been declared king on the death of Cardinal Dom Henrique, fought his fatal battle with Alba, and Lisbon was delivered over to Spanish atrocities. Here in the middle of the eighteenth century the great earthquake swept away the town, and Pombal defied the destructive power of nature and outraged the rights of man. Here the armies of Napoleon committed their ravages and Wellington displayed his genius. Here the Miguelites exercised their cruelty, and here this long period of strife and blood terminated in the accession of the present royal family to the throne. To recount the personal suffering of all this period, the tortures and murders, the destruction of life by disease and starvation, would be merely to tell a tale which belongs to the savagery of war. It is only especially noticeable because it constitutes the career of Lisbon. During this constant struggle the vast colonial possessions of Portugal had been secured in India and South America, the wealth of the world had been poured into her coffers, the names of John de Castro and Vasco de Gama had been enrolled among the great of the earth, and Portugal had achieved an earthly power unequalled in her day and had built an empire on the sand. Of her philosophy and art and literature and culture the names of St. Anthony of Padua and Luis de Camoens and Padre Vieira and Pope John XXI. almost alone remain, with her monumental churches and despoiled monasteries, to bear witness to her genius and devotion.

The early conversion of Lisbon to Christianity gave it an important position in the church, and its ecclesiastics have always held an intimate relation with Rome. To its relief came a great body of Crusaders who, in 1147, paused on their way to the Holy Sepulchre to aid Affonso Henriques in expelling the Moors. In 1394 it was raised to the rank of an Archbishopric and became the capital of the kingdom. At the Castilian usurpation in 1580 it was reduced to the rank of a provincial city, and was only restored by Dom John V., who adorned it with many of its finest public buildings, many of which were destroyed by the great earthquake of 1755, whose marks remain to this day.

The political career of Lisbon has been interesting and perhaps important. The seat of a great empire one day, a dependency the next, the stronghold of an usurper at one time and the loyal home of a royal family at another, it has passed from one era to another without exerting a controlling influence on the kingdom. In political agitation and progress Oporto has always been its rival. And its political distinction has been gained mainly as the home of contending rivals for power.

The view out from Lisbon is much finer than the view from the river into it. While it is a strong well-built town, the absence of towers and cupolas and minarets injures greatly its general effect. Standing on any one of its hill-tops and looking over the wide river to the mountains beyond, you are impressed with the rare beauty of the scenery. The architectural taste of the buildings is manifest in their interior, while their exterior is chiefly marked by strength and solidity. Of course the city abounds in churches, as does every

Catholic country; but when one has carefully studied the Church and Convent of St. Jerome at Belem, the real beauty of Church architecture in Lisbon is exhausted. After Burgos and Seville and the Alhambra the cluster of churches in Lisbon appears somewhat commonplace; and among the two hundred places of worship in the capital the Estrella and the San Roqua—with the remains of the Carmo left by the earthquake—are the most interesting.

Of the church at Belem I have already said enough and I can do no better than give Chester's account of the structures which attracted his attention chiefly. THE BASILICA DO CORAÇÃO DE JESUS, commonly called the Estrella, situated on the high ground which forms that part of Lisbon named Buenos Ayres, was to his mind and is to mine the most satisfactory and attractive of all the ecclesiastical structures in the city. It is situated in a wide open plaza on a most conspicuous point and commands a charming view of the city and surrounding country. It has the only fine dome to be seen and attracts the attention of all who approach the town—a dome of great merit.

The church owes its origin to a vow made by Dona Maria I. for the birth of an heir to the throne, in fulfilment of which it was built, being commenced in 1779 and completed in 1790. The architecture is in imitation of the famous convent at Mafra, especially the dome and the two towers. The four colossal figures on the peristyle represent faith, adoration, liberality, and gratitude, qualities so conspicuous in the royal foundress. The images in the niches are St. Theresa, St. Elias, and St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi. The two statues in the vestibule are our Blessed Lady

and St. Joseph. In the sanctuary are two seraphs beautifully executed, and on the epistle is the mausoleum of Dona Maria I., whose remains were brought hither from Rio de Janeiro, where she died in 1816. It has been said by critics that some portions of this church are over-ornamented, but the interior is of commanding height, the chapel is most imposing, and the coloring and gilding in strong contrast to the generally cold and colorless finish of most of the Lisbon churches. The effect of the Estrella is so fine that it is easy to imagine yourself in a much more elaborate order of architecture than belongs to Portugal. Great genius was manifested by the architects and artists engaged in the erection and adornment of the structure.

SAN ROQUE, which was most carefully studied by Chester, was formerly in the hands of the Jesuits to whom it was given by King John III. in 1533. From its pulpit once preached St. Francis Borjia, and his cloak, darned by himself with white thread, is preserved as a relic. What good pictures there are in Lisbon are found mainly in this church, which was built by John V. with the treasures brought from the Brazils, and who lavished great sums on the chapel of St. John the Baptist, which on account of the name he took under his special care.

Dimensions of the chapel were sent to Rome with instructions to the Portuguese ambassador to have a chapel made of the richest material and finest workmanship, regardless of expense. The chapel was consecrated by Pope Benedict XIV., who received for this favor from the King a present of £10,000.

The construction of the chapel is most gorgeous. The exterior of the arch is of coral, with the royal

arms of Portugal on the keystone supported by two alabaster angels. The interior of the arch is of alabaster. A balustrade of verd-antique divides the chapel from the body of the church, the entrance to it being by two side-doors of bronze delicately worked, with jambs and lintels of verd-antique. The walls are of black marble, jald-antique, and alabaster, with pilasters of jald-antique. Over the doors are two mosaics set in porphyry frames. The cornice is of jald-antique relieved with bronze. The vaulted roof is of the same stone and verd-antique ornamented with jasper. Over the altar is a large mosaic with porphyry frame, representing the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. In this mosaic are a figure of the Eternal Father, groups of angels, the dove descending, and figures of the two Marys. The mosaic on the gospel side represents the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles and the Blessed Virgin; that opposite is the Annunciation. These mosaics are the first works of their class in Europe, and are so well executed that many incredulous visitors refuse to believe they are other than oil-paintings until they have carefully examined them by the touch.

On either side of the principal mosaics are columns of lapis-lazuli, with bronze capitals; the wall at the back of the columns is of alabaster and amethysts; the architecture is of jald, and the figures of the angels are of jasper. The space between the altar and the mosaics is filled with coral, amethysts, and lapis-lazuli. The floor is a marble mosaic inlaid with porphyry imitating a richly flowered carpet with a globe in the centre. These mosaics were made in the Vatican manufactory, and are copies of pictures by Michael

Angelo, Guido Reni, and Raphael. The cost of this superb structure was more than £200,000.

But the fascinating church in Lisbon is the *IGREJA E CONVENTO DO CARMO*—the ruined Carmo—the great edifice stricken by the earthquake nearly a century and a half ago, and standing there without roof and with broken arches and columns, so grand in its decay that the imagination exhausts itself in the work of replacing the vanished beauty to accord with what remains. The Carmo was built in the latter part of the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth centuries, to commemorate the great victory of Aljubarrota. It was founded by the Lord High Constable Pereira, the commander of the Portuguese on that field, and was erected at his expense. It was dedicated to the Carmelite monks, and in its peaceful cloisters the great captain passed the close of his life in religious seclusion. In all its design and association Carmo is the most impressive structure I have yet seen; as a ruin its grandeur is unsurpassed; as a collection of broken architectural beauty it is quite unequalled.

When it was demolished by the earthquake its roof, which stretched over an enormous nave 160 feet in length, fell upon the hundreds of devotees who had gathered there on the morning of All Saints' day, and not one escaped. As you traverse the floor, from which the accumulation of broken marbles has at last been removed, you see high above you the lofty arch of the sanctuary still remaining, and the displaced ribs of many of the smaller arches, held in position by their perfect construction, which even that great convulsion could not entirely destroy. The remaining columns and capitals are models of beauty.

In addition to the relics which the church itself has furnished, the sanctuary and collateral chapels have been converted into a most interesting museum of the Archæological Society—a collection of antiques from Greece and Rome—window-panes and doors of ancient convents, rare marbles and medallions. Mafra has furnished a beautiful iron railing with bronze ornaments. Models of the Acropolis, the Circus Maximus, and other classical buildings, as well as of the tomb of the founder, attract as much attention as models are entitled to. An upright figure in armor represents Nuno Alvaraz Pereira as Lord High Constable, and a recumbent figure represents him in the habit of a Carmelite friar. If you would be reminded of the valor, and fanaticism, and devotion, and ancient power, and tragic experience of Portugal, study the church and convent of Carmo—what there is left of it.

Of the rest of the churches in Lisbon there is little to be said. They are all of one style, and differ only as "one star differeth from another star in glory." And here I leave Chester pondering upon the irregular architecture of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XIV.

LITERATURE.—SCULPTURE.—PALACES.—COACHES.
—POLITICS.

April 8th.—Having studied the churches, Chester turned his attention to the literature of Lisbon. Of course he was first attracted by Camoens, the poet of Portugal, whose statue towers above the square on which it stands—a colossal bronze presentment of the once abused and now deified author, mounted on a lofty marble pedestal, around which stand statues of Lopes the historian, Pedro Nunes the cosmographer, Eannes de Azurara, João de Barros, Castanheda the historian, and Quevedo, Jeronymo Corte Real, and de Menezes, the epic poets of the kingdom. This constitutes the *personnel* of Portuguese authorship, and this led to a walk through the libraries. The small collection of old volumes taken from the Jesuits and lodged in the Ajuda, the well-arranged collection of religious works in the Convento de Jesus, and the library of the Academy of Sciences are soon examined by the expert explorer. The National Library, however, demands more attention. Here are gathered nearly three hundred thousand volumes, derived mainly from the libraries of suppressed monasteries, and constituting but a small part of the spoils taken from those literary treasure-houses. The library is well arranged in commodious rooms—the public documents of the United

States hardly receiving that attention and care to which Chester thought them entitled. The manuscripts are rare and beautiful—a large collection numbering fully ten thousand, and including three hundred of the Cistercian order from the Convent of Alcobaça, one of which is the first volume of a Bible taken from the Spaniards at the battle of Aljubarrota in 1385, and said to have belonged to the King of Castile, whose arms it bears. Of the vellum manuscripts are: the Old Testament in Hebrew with Rabbinic annotations, Latin Bibles, a *Horæ Beatificæ Mariæ* of the fifteenth century, a *Forus Judicum* of the fourteenth century, several illuminated missals, St. Ambrose's *Officiorum libri tres*, Roma Triumphans of Flavius Blondus Forliensis,—to which, with their three hundred fellows, a separate room is dedicated, on every side of which the venerable and ghostly volumes stand in all the charms of vellum and antiquity.

There is probably no rarer collection of monkish literature in the world. The library also contains a valuable collection of English works on Portugal.

The Cabinet of Coins is large and interesting, being about twenty-five thousand in number, and including coins of Spain, Celtiberia, ancient Greece, Macedonia, Syria, and Egypt, Rome from Julius Cæsar to Commodus, and medals and coinage of Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Arranged with them are Roman bronze statues, lamps, amphoræ, lachrymatory vases, and African implements and weapons. To the student and archæologist the library is most interesting. Chester wandered through its alcoves many days, only repining over the absence of a catalogue, to which he thinks every good collection of books entitled.

It was towards the close of winter and before the spring rains had commenced that Chester came to Lisbon, and the clear, cool, and lengthening days gave him ample opportunity to stroll through the streets, whose hills, bad as they are, were not enough to discourage such an experienced pedestrian, who had already explored on foot every mountain region in Europe and many of the most famous in America. He was told to visit the Avenida—the widest and handsomest street in Lisbon,—but he found it unfinished and lined on either hand with dwellings of somewhat ordinary structure, not imposing enough, at any rate, to stand along a great fashionable highway. He was struck, however, with the narrowness of the streets and the length of their names, among which he found the Rua da Porta do Carro do Hospital Real de S. José, Travessa do Abarracamento da Cruz do Taboado, Rua de Santo Antonio da Praça do Convento do Coração de Jesus. It is encouraging to know, however, that in ordinary intercourse these names are abandoned and short ones substituted, of which there is no record either on the corners of the streets or in the directory. Now and then a charming garden or a well-arranged public square relieves the weary eye. In fact, pretty gardens abound in Lisbon—the great charm of the residence of Sir George Glynn Petre, the English Minister, being an ample garden high along the river-bank, laid out by Lord Lytton during his administration as Ambassador at this Court. But the squares are worthy of a great city and a great people. The Praça do Commercio, on account of its material and historical importance, is entitled to the most attention. It lies along the river, and before the earthquake it was the Palace Yard; but

the earthquake changed all that, the palace having been swallowed up. It is now known among the mariners who throng its hard and gravelly surface as "Black Horse Square," after an equestrian statue of Dom José I., which stands in the centre overlooking the swelling tide. This statue, which some admirer has said to be "unsurpassed by any other in Europe," is an object of great curiosity. The horse is stout, thick, chunky, heavy-barrelled, and long-backed, with an excess of crest and a heavy head, an immense quarter with a huge tail clinging closely and meeting the ground, and so put together that as it appeared to Chester for speed on the road he would be useless and for draught incapable. The king is loaded with garments, and crowned with a hat which is a great cluster of plumes. By the side of the horse on the lofty pedestal stands a cub elephant—called a cub to excuse his being placed there at all when his full size would have dwarfed even the horse Chester described. Victory and Fame flank the equestrian statue, which stands twenty-one feet high and weighs eighty thousand six hundred and forty pounds. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion with the effigy of Pombal, who restored the city after the earthquake and left a chasm in Portuguese morals vastly more awful than that which the great convulsion of nature left in the hills and valleys of the town.

On each side of the square are long rows of arched cloisters within which are the public offices of state, and at the head and on the north side of the square stands the Anodœmo Augusto, a work which was more than a century in construction. It is a triumphal arch, with windows on one side and a clock on the other,

surmounted by an enormous pile a hundred feet high from the crown of the arch to the top of the cornice. On the face of this are the arms of Portugal. The allegorical group at the top of this huge entablature is Glory rewarding Valor and Genius—Glory being a draped female figure, Valor an Amazon partially covered with an ancient Greek military dress, and Genius a nude figure of a youth with wings partially spread. Letters and Arts are also represented, and the Lyre signifies that Harmony should preside over the products of Intelligence. There is a great deal of this arch, but it must be confessed it forms a striking contrast with those structures which stand about the Roman Forum to commemorate the victories of Trajan and Antoninus, and Septimius Severus, and Constantine and Titus.

The statues over the columns of this great arch are of four national heroes and are due to the chisel of the Portuguese sculptor, Victor Bastos, who has executed his work with great taste and skill, as he also has his recumbent figures representing the rivers Tagus and Douro; and those of Pombal, of whom I have already expressed an opinion, of Vasco de Gama, and of Variatus, who exchanged the duties of a peaceful pastor to those of a great warrior, and was only defeated by the betrayal and treachery of two of his ambassadors—not an unusual event in Portuguese history,—and of Nuno Alvarez Pereira.

Of the other squares, the Rosio is distinguished for its elaborate monument in memory of Dom Pedro IV. ; the Largo de San Roque, near the church of that name, containing a monument erected by Italians to commemorate the marriage of Dom Luis with Dona Maria Pia, the daughter of Victor Emanuel ; the Largo de

Belem, famous, as has been well said, "as having been the spot where the Duke of Aveiro, Marquis and Marchioness of Tavora, Count Atoguia, along with several other members of the Portuguese aristocracy, were executed in the most ignominious and cruel manner on the 13th of January, 1759, having been falsely accused and found guilty of participation in the pseudo-conspiracy against the King's life ingeniously contrived by the Marquis of Pombal," and ten or a dozen squares of smaller proportions and less importance. These squares, together with the public walks and the garden of the Estrella, the Botanical, and the Zoölogical Garden for which the ex-Emperor Dom Pedro had a great affection, and which contains one immense lion, many monkeys, a huge dog kennel and an extensive poultry yard, afford great pleasure and are very conducive to the health of the people.

Of the palaces contained within the limits of Lisbon, even Chester's elaborate notes furnish no further information than has already been given in accounts of public ceremonies which have taken place within the last year. Of the amusements, the world knows that the Opera of Lisbon ranks among the best in Europe. And of the picture galleries, the lovers of art in Lisbon bear witness that, "although foreign artists are represented in the National Gallery by the brilliant names of Michael Angelo, Caracci, Carlo Dolci, Guido, Murillo, Raphael, and Rubens, yet it must be confessed that the works are inferior specimens and not to be compared with the *chef's d'œuvre* of these renowned artists." It does not appear that art students resort to the galleries of Lisbon. In the museums, however, the student will find admira-

ble collections for the study of mineralogy, the crystals and minerals of Portugal, and of Russia, Vesuvius, and Brazil, together with large paleontological and zoölogical collections. A collection of products of the colonies in the rooms of the Geographical Society is well worthy a careful examination.

Lisbon provides liberally for the education of her people in polytechnic, medical, pharmaceutical, agricultural, naval, literary, industrial, and commercial institutions, and a good system of common schools. Of course hospitals, law courts, and markets abound. Cemeteries are of the usual number, including the Val Escuro for animals. The arrangements for funerals are somewhat extraordinary. The coffins resemble huge trunks, having a convex lid fixed on hinges and fitted with a lock and key. On reaching the cemetery the lid is raised, a little quick-lime is thrown on the face, after which the coffin is locked and the key given to the chief mourner. The coaches in which the priests accompany the *cortège* are called *berlindas*, and are interesting specimens of the Portuguese vehicles of the last century. They are on two wheels, and have a large gilded chaise top body for the accommodation of the priests, while the coffin is borne on an iron frame fixed across the shafts near the whiffletree. Chester endeavored in vain to get a photograph of one of these establishments, no artist being found who was inclined to take one.

Chester became much interested in the coaches. The universal *coupe* and Victoria and Landau can be found in all the streets and stables, with a few dog-carts and beach-wagons; but no light wagons, no buggies, no top-wagons so called in New York. Light

driving is unknown. The American trotting horse is not found, and of course the American trotting wagon is never seen.

But of one class of coaches Lisbon appears to have a monopoly. The royal coaches are to be seen in the coach house near the palace of Belem. This collection comprises many curious specimens of the coach builder's art, especially during the reign of Dom John V., who was extravagantly fond of ostentatious displays. On the occasion of the marriage of his son, Prince of the Brazils, with an Infanta of Spain, the royal family went in procession from Elvas to the frontier to meet the Spanish Court. This *cortège* consisted of 49 royal coaches drawn by 354 horses, 150 royal carriages drawn by 468 horses and mules, 673 saddle-horses with velvet saddle-cloths embroidered with gold, and 316 mules, besides an immense number of carriages and horses belonging to the retinues of the nobles and other persons who accompanied their majesties.

The number of coaches possessed by the Crown has been greatly reduced ; the earthquake of 1755 destroyed many ; upwards of fifty were taken to the Brazils by the royal family, and many in a dilapidated condition were sold during the reign of Dona Maria II. Nevertheless thirty-nine still remain in the royal court house. Amongst this number the most notable are :—

A coach brought by Queen Maria Francisca from France, a present from Louis XIV., richly carved and gilded, with a painting on the back representing her Majesty seated on the throne—a very good portrait.

Three chariots which served at the marriage of Dom John V. with Dona Maria Anna of Austria in 1708. Also one presented to King John V. by his Holiness

Clement XI., and one presented to Dona Maria Anna of Austria by the Emperor Francis Joseph I.

Three coaches used at the marriage of the Prince of the Brazils, son of King John V. with the Infanta of Spain, Donna Marianna Victoria.

An immense unwieldy, cumbersome octagonal travelling carriage with a table in the centre used by Dom John V.

Several coaches brought by the Philips from Spain, and some of which belonged to John IV., Affonso VI., and Pedro II.

Two modern travelling carriages made in England for Queen Maria I.

These state coaches appeared on all royal occasions, and with a young king and a pretty queen, sitting in their amplitude of gilt and satin, present a most gorgeous appearance.

Chester had been so entirely occupied with the material condition of Portugal and its varying fortunes that he had forgotten the value of intellectual culture and power in the work of creating and preserving a nation. He had seen so many monuments erected in memory of kings and warriors and explorers, so many churches built in commemoration of great deeds of church and state, in honor of saints and martyrs, in gratitude to God for victories and conquests and heirs to the throne, that he forgot the mental achievements which are the boast of every people truly great. He could not lose sight of Camoens—for his monument overtopped the city. He had not forgotten the theological disquisitions of Anthony and Bartholomew and Pedro Negles and André d'Almada, and Guzman and Bernardes; or the oratory of Vieira

and Timotheo de Ceabra ; or the poetry of de Mello and Antonio Ferreira and Bocage and Manoel de San José ; or the historical works of Veigas and Telleo and Bernardino de Silva and Diego de Conto. But the theology was rather out of date, the orators were not fitted to the present occasion, the histories were so much of the past that those engaged in the affairs of the present seldom alluded to them. The restoration of Portugal means not the revival of letters, or the application of profound systems of state and society, or the cultivation of an old philosophy, or the perfection of a long sought system of government, or devotion to a great popular declaration, but a return to the golden days when the fabulous wealth of Ormuz and the Ind was poured into the coffers of the extravagant and the ambitious. In such a struggle æsthetic books were of small importance ; theories were a delusion and a snare ; science was quite unnecessary ; and popular education and technology fulfil all the requirements. In a community like this book-worms are not abundant, philosophical societies are not common, transcendental discussions are rare, lyceum lectures have no attractions, Browning clubs do not flourish, the inventive genius is unheard of, the poet does not soar, the popular orator is seldom heard. The genius of the fathers did not run in this direction.

Chester seemed to be evolving these thoughts as he sat before my fire at the spacious Braganza after a long day of exploration, during which the hills seemed to be interminable and the valleys unfathomable. He was getting into a gloomy view and he was evidently attempting to find in Portugal a Magna Charta and a Cromwell, or a Winkelried and a William Tell and a

Morgarten, or a club of Encyclopædists and Girondists, or a Mazzini and a Garibaldi, or a Washington and a Jefferson, as if all these were necessary for national glory and strength.

"Now," said I, "you need have no fear of Portugal. She has her ancient renown and power and has just as good a right to travel her own road to distinction as her neighbors and contemporaries have to travel theirs. She once reached a great height and has had but a few years of peaceful endeavor since her tide turned. And it is evident she has now turned her attention towards industrial development and the application of her energies to her vast outlying colonial territories. When the Minister for Foreign Affairs announced not long ago that the future of Portugal lay largely in her African possessions, he undoubtedly pointed the path his nation proposed to travel. Portugal is a most interesting study—only study her just as she is."

Into this study the politics of Portugal naturally enters, and of this chapter the dozen sacks and sieges of Lisbon, and the public and private murders of kings and queens and councillors innumerable, which mark the last thousand years of her existence form no part whatever. Under the ancient *régime*, notwithstanding the constantly recurring civil commotions, the Portuguese had been undoubtedly a united and happy people, who, while they differed materially on questions of supremacy, had no occasion for political divisions or discussions. With the French armies, however, came French philosophy and politics. The people, who were not to be subdued by the armies of Napoleon, and whose autonomy was considered an important integral part of the imperial power of Europe, yielded to the

more insidious influence of popular assertion and claims for popular right. Political clamor and political punishments commenced. The first attempt to establish a constitutional government failed and its leaders were brought to the scaffold. When in 1820 the Constitution was proclaimed in Lisbon and Oporto, a citizen monarchy commenced and political agitations were organized. In the Nova Lei Fundamental were embodied changes in the laws and institutions of the country—the sovereignty was declared to reside essentially in the people and the title of Majesty was given to the Cortes. In 1807 the royal family had left Portugal and taken up its residence in Brazil, a regency governing in Lisbon in the name of the Queen Dona Maria I. At her death in 1816 her son, Dom John VI., became King but continued to reside in Rio. Meanwhile liberal ideas began to take root in Portugal, and agitations increased rapidly. An attempt on the part of England to restore the royal family failed. Secret political societies were organized in Oporto and elsewhere. A *junta* presided over by Silveira Pinto de Fonseca, whose protestations of fidelity to the Crown and the reigning family of Braganza, had great influence in leading the people to acquiesce in the proposed change of government. An ineffectual proclamation drawn up by the Count de Palmella and signed by the Cardinal Patriarch, the Marquis de Borba, Count de Peniche, Count de Faria, and by Senhor A. Gomes Ribeiro was issued; but the Cortes met in vain, Lisbon followed the example of Oporto, the "*junta Provisional do Governo Supremo*" was formed and the regency was dismissed. The people were at once called upon to take the oath of

allegiance. The *junta* issued orders that deputies for all the provinces should be elected to form a representative chamber ; on January 24, 1821, a Cortes assembled in Lisbon. The Provisional *junta* resigned its powers ; and on the 3d of the following July the King, Dom John, arrived from Rio with four thousand followers, including his family, the *Corps Diplomatique*, the ministers, the court deputies for the colonies, and a numerous suite. The King proceeded at once to the House of Deputies where he took an oath of allegiance to the new Constitution "so far as it was already prepared." On the 1st of October following, the King took the required oath under a completed Constitution ; one hundred and forty deputies signed their adherence to the Constitution, and on the 4th the chamber was prorogued. The royal consort, Dona Carlota, refused to take the oath, and by a royal decree was ordered to retire from the Court and reside at the Quinta de Ramalhão near Cintra.

This Constitution was short-lived. It was opposed to the general opinion of Europe. A single chamber elected by the people was empowered to nominate a State Council of thirteen members, whose term of office was to be but four years. The Crown was silent and powerless in the presence of the Legislature. The sovereign was obliged to yield to every whim of the assembly—and to unjust and fatal laws he could only oppose a temporary opposition. This "Congress" commenced issuing theoretical principles, and entangled itself in questions of secondary importance ; and the Constitution was "reduced to a collection of theoretical maxims." It is said that during the last months of its existence there were committed more

scandals, more injustice, and more illegalities, if possible, than during the days of absolutism. The establishment of this Constitution of 1822 was so strongly opposed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, that they recalled their ministers from the court of Dom John.

Prior to this time there had been Cortes in Portugal apparently as wise and independent as any ever assembled in Europe. This was the case in 1352; and in 1697 a meeting of the Cortes is recorded, consisting of members of the three estates of the realm: the clergy, the nobility, and the people.

It is easy to imagine that violent opposition to the Constitution and the Cortes should have arisen. In February, 1823, the Count de Amarante issued a proclamation at Villa Real de Tras-os-Montes, in which he declared that he rose "to deliver the country from the yoke of the Cortes and the revolutionary pest, and to give the King his liberty;" a performance for which he was deprived by the King of his titles and honors, and was forced to take refuge in Spain with his troops.

Whether the King was in earnest or not in his action is not known—but it is known that not long after the condemnation of Count de Amarante, the King's own son, Dom Miguel, commenced his operations which threw the country into a long and cruel civil war. Dom Miguel made his first decree at Villa Franca on the 27th of May, 1823, and was there joined by a large body of troops. The movement in Villa Franca was seconded in Lisbon, when a regiment of infantry marched to the palace and shouted, "*Viva el Rei Absoluto! Morra a Constituicas;*" to which the King replied, "Since you wish it, since the country desires it, '*Viva el Rei Absoluto!*'" and ere long issued a proc-

lamation declaring that the Constitution was illegal and incompatible with good government. Dom Miguel was meanwhile appointed commander-in-chief of the army. Queen Carlota plotted a complete reaction in favor of absolutism. The King, Dom John, returned to the capital and formed a new ministry, and a counter-revolution was commenced, having its origin in the Court.

Revolutions are always attended with great confusion. In this affair in Portugal it seems as if "confusion were worse confounded." The King had his plans—the Queen had hers—Dom Miguel had his. Plots for the King's dethronement were charged upon the Queen and her son. The King sought safety on board H. B. M. ship-of-war, the *Windsor Castle*, from which he issued a proclamation promising public security to the Portuguese; denouncing the "sinister inspirations" by which his son, Dom Miguel, was led; withdrawing from him the authority which perverse intrigues had led him to abuse; and commanding all to preserve strict obedience to the authority of his royal name. Upon this Dom Miguel embarked for Brest, and the King returned amidst great rejoicings. All this happened in 1824.

On the 10th of March, 1826, Dom John VI. died, having on the 6th signed a decree appointing his daughter, the Infanta Dona Isabel Maria, regent, in the absence of his eldest son, Dom Pedro, the lawful heir to the throne of Portugal, an arrangement quite unsatisfactory to the pretender, Dom Miguel. He, indeed, declared his approbation until, as he expressed himself, "the intentions of the legitimate heir and successor to it, who is our much beloved brother and lord,

the Emperor of Brazil, should be made known"; and he also addressed the Emperor Dom Pedro, in which he acknowledged His Imperial Majesty as his "legitimate sovereign and heir and successor to the Crown of our glorious ancestors." With these declarations of loyalty and fidelity, however, Dom Miguel was already entertaining the idea of returning to Lisbon from Vienna, to which he had been banished by his father. The Spanish minister at Vienna strongly advised his return to Lisbon. Intrigues sprang up at once in his behalf. The King of Spain was opposed to the return of Dom Pedro "on account of his liberal ideas." Attempts were made to arrange a marriage between Dom Miguel and Princess Christian of Naples. Still the virtuous Dom Miguel resisted. Dom Pedro confirmed the authority of the regency to govern until the constitutional charter which he had prepared for Portugal should be promulgated—the charter of 1826; and having effected this, he abdicated in favor of the next heir, his daughter, Dona Maria da Gloria, on condition that the charter should be received and ratified in Portugal, and that a marriage between the young Queen and Dom Miguel should be contracted.

Dom Miguel had, however, fallen into other hands. The Emperor of Austria was opposed to the Charter. Prince Metternich stated that "the Señorita Infanta had brought him a letter and papers which had been sent to his Highness for the purpose of convincing him of his right to the throne and of the nullity of the oaths they had obliged him to take." He fell into the hands of the absolutists. The hostile intentions of King Ferdinand toward Portugal continued, and the name of Dom Miguel was constantly invoked in aid of these

rebellious attempts. The Portuguese ambassador was instructed to call on Great Britain for that assistance which was stipulated by treaty between the two countries. Accordingly George IV. sent a message to the two Houses of Parliament, calling on them to secure from foreign hostility "the most ancient ally of Great Britain."

Five thousand British troops were in consequence sent to Lisbon under General Clinton.

Declarations in favor of Dom Miguel were made at once in many parts of the kingdom. In April, 1827, the garrison of Elvas, on the frontier of Spain, united itself with the populace, and declared in favor of Dom Miguel as absolute King with cries of "Death to the Constitution!" The course of Dom Pedro was not easily understood. On July 3, 1827, he wrote to George IV. that "the necessity of establishing order in Portugal and of consolidating the constitutional system which has there been sworn to compels me, as legitimate sovereign, to send an order to the Infante Dom Miguel, my brother and son-in-law, to proceed to govern that kingdom in my name and as my lieutenant." A signal like this the Pretender was not reluctant to obey; at this call every obstructive element in the kingdom rallied to his banner.

On 18th October, Metternich, in conference with the English Ambassador and the Portuguese plenipotentiary, agreed that Dom Miguel should accept the regency and set out for Lisbon at once, giving assurance that on his arrival he "firmly intends to support the charter." The Duke of Palmella urged the return of Dom Miguel as a relief to the prevalent disorders of Portugal, and fearing that unless this was done changes and disturb-

ances would be in store for many years to come. The Spanish minister also urged his return. October 27, 1827, Dom Miguel wrote to his brother Dom Pedro accepting the appointment of regent of the kingdoms of Portugal and the Algarves and their dependencies, and declaring his intention to maintain the institutions by which the Portuguese monarchy is governed. On October 30th he arrived in London, was entertained by King George IV., visited the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye, and passed on to Lisbon, where his adherents were already engaged in *vivas* for "The holy religion of our fathers ; Dom Miguel, the absolute monarch ; the august throne of Bragança ; the re-established monarchy." On February 22d Dom Miguel arrived in Lisbon, and Dona Maria, the regent, formally handed over her powers to him. Meanwhile complaints were made by the Minister for Foreign Affairs that democracy had gained too much power in Portugal. The regent commenced at once to resist and oppose all revolutionary principles ; dissolved the Chamber of Deputies on the ground that many of its members had made the famous protest against any alteration of the Constitution of 1822 ; called around himself a party ready to proclaim him absolute King, and secured a convocation of the "ancient Cortes of the kingdom" in place of the Chambers of Parliament. England was disturbed ; Lord Dudley, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, expressed to Palmella the belief that Dom Miguel entertained the firm intention of setting aside the Charter. Portuguese funds began to fall ; the Duke of Wellington feared serious consequences from the recent proceedings. Dom Pedro became alarmed ; a protest to the Portuguese nation was issued in his

name and that of his daughter, Queen Dona Maria, against the unjust and shameful usurpation of the sovereign's rights. A reign of persecution now commenced throughout Portugal. The Cortes signed their adhesion to the usurper. The insincerity of Dom Miguel became more and more manifest. His ministers established a reign of terror. Ten liberals were hanged on one scaffold at Oporto on April 9, 1829; thirteen others of the same party were sent to the coast of Africa, and a long list of colonels, captains, and judges were exiled or put to death. Noblemen and officers were bound with cords, dragged through the streets of Oporto, and strangled on a lofty scaffold so that their punishments might be witnessed by the people; their heads were cut off, their bodies burned, and the ashes thrown into the sea. A formal attempt to secure from the English government a recognition of Dona Maria was met by the declaration of Lord Palmerston that this would be impossible under the circumstances of Dom Miguel's possession of the kingdom. The entry of the Queen's forces into Oporto alone relieved that city; the prisons were opened; the hangman was put to death by the mob. The strife was transferred to Lisbon, where the struggle was fierce and bloody. Innumerable were the atrocities committed by the partisans of absolutism in many parts of the kingdom during these years. In Estremoz alone, on the 27th of July, 1832, thirty-three political prisoners were barbarously assassinated in the prisons by a frantic populace incited by the authorities and assisted by the military force which was itself appointed to guard the safety of their prisoners. Lisbon was besieged, and the destruction of life and property was enormous. The forces of Dom

Miguel were at last dislodged, Sir Charles Napier annihilated his fleet, and he was obliged to resign all claims to the Crown. On September 22, 1832, Dona Maria arrived in the Tagus and at once took possession of her throne. But war and slaughter still went on. Factions divided the people; and not until June, 1834, did Dom Miguel embark at Sines, the birthplace of Vasco de Gama, for Genoa and for that exile from Portugal which ultimately brought peace and an opportunity for improvement to that unhappy kingdom.

The day, however, broke slowly. The assault on Leiria for its rescue, the battle at Pernes, and the rout of the Miguelites were advancing steps in the onward march of the supporters of the Queen; but it seemed as if intrigues more disastrous than battle would never end. It is said that a portion of the clergy, supporters of Dom Miguel, sought every means of injuring the cause of the Queen. The campaign of 1834 was most active and, as I have stated, most successful. The political complications were most interesting and important. The people were still dissatisfied. The government was not popular. On more than one occasion the Queen was insulted, and when on August 15, 1834, the Chambers assembled, Dom Pedro reviewed the history of affairs from 1826 and asked for a decision of the question whether he should or should not act as regent during the minority of his daughter. There was a multitude of councillors—not, however, of that kind which secures safety. In the confusion Dom Pedro withdrew from the regency; the majority of Dona Maria II. was proclaimed by the Cortes, and she assumed the reins of power and the duties of the wife of Charles Eugène Napoleon, Duke de Leuchtenberg, at the same

time. The reign continued, but the death of the Duke broke up the family. Still Dom Miguel threatened from his retirement. Disturbances broke out in the colonies. The finances were in disorder. Party hate led to frequent assassinations. The national guard was disorganized. Dishonest subordinates had to be dismissed. The ministry was frequently dissolved. And a new era was inaugurated on January 1, 1836, by the marriage of the Queen with Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who was made Marshal-General of the kingdom. Questions still arose with regard to the ministerial power. The struggle continued between the supporters of the Constitution of 1822 and the Charter of 1826—the former being counted against the monarchical power and the latter in its favor. The Constitution was based on what were called “the rights of man”; the Charter of 1826 was prepared on the plan and principles of the British Constitution. The Constitution nullified the sovereign’s right of veto—the Charter made the right of veto absolute. The Constitution conferred all the prerogatives of royalty on the Council—the Charter provided for life members of the Council named by the Crown. And now peace being restored, the Cortes met for the purpose of forming a new constitution—the new Constitution of 1838, which provided for a Senate and a House of Deputies, the principles of the Charter still remaining so far as the Executive was concerned. This Constitution met the usual fate, and in 1845 it was set aside and the Charter of 1826 was restored. The acts of the Assembly organizing a magistracy, regulating the taxes and the department of health created a fresh disturbance, and the formation of a new ministry resulted in riots and

martial law in the streets of Lisbon. Again securities fell, and the prospect was gloomy. Now and then a faint shout was heard for Dom Miguel. In the midst of the confusion, on the 15th of November, 1853, the Queen Dona Maria II. died suddenly, leaving the King Consort regent during the minority of his eldest son, Dom Pedro V., born on September 16, 1837.

The story of the death of this young King and his charming Queen, Estaphania is familiar to all readers of history, and his graceful example, his unpretending desire for good government, his domestic fidelity, form a picture between the disturbed condition of Portugal, to which I have hastily called attention, and the present, which gives additional charm to the comparative peace and prosperity which have followed. The accession of Dom Luis to the throne was attended by a most characteristic Portuguese tragedy. Without warning the royal family had been swept away by an unaccountable disease, brother after brother had succumbed, the Palace of Necessidades had been turned into a tomb, and the heir to the throne had been preserved by the accident of absence from Lisbon in the naval service of his country. Dom Luis on coming to the throne left behind him the strange story I have related. At the close of his reign he received the American Minister in Cintra, where he gave him an audience, in the Royal Palace there, broken in health and soon to pass away. During his reign he had perfected many of those measures of reform which are bringing Portugal into the front rank of nations as a constitutional monarchy. The well-defined power of the King is everywhere recognized. The people are determined for the rights of their country. The cause of education is encouraged.

The dignity of the government is preserved. And Dom Carlos I. has only to manifest a deep interest in the welfare of his people to secure all that loyalty and devotion which are their peculiar characteristics. That the generally diffused prosperity of Portugal is on the increase there is strong belief. The energy which for so many centuries placed her in the foremost rank of nations, and which enabled her to assert and defend constitutional right against the intrigues of the most adroit and powerful legitimists in Europe, will undoubtedly develop her resources and confirm and strengthen her power.

April 20th.—It is more than half a century since the political events I so hastily reviewed to Chester occurred, and during all that period Portugal has been steadily and gradually settling into a normal condition. The storm did not retire at once—but flashes were occasionally seen in the horizon, and a far-off subdued roar of thunder was heard as the clouds passed away. From his retirement Dom Miguel took occasional observations, and now and then an uprising in his behalf was threatened. The marriage of the Queen, however, in 1836, to Dom Fernando, introduced an element of strength into the country and secured most valuable alliances, the effect of which continues to this day. The charter of 1826 was restored in 1845. And on the death of the Queen, which occurred in November, 1851, Dom Fernando became regent, in which position he continued until 1855, when his son, Dom Pedro V., became of age and assumed the reins of government—a young King of most engaging manners, great sincerity, unusual wisdom, who, with his young Queen, Estaphania, died after a short reign, as I have said, in

1851. Dom Luis, his successor, has but recently passed away.

This hasty and imperfect sketch of the last great political struggle in Portugal I gave Chester as an illustration of the trials which surround a people whose history and traditions are not in accord with the object for which they strive. Portugal was not passing from monarchy to republicanism, as many of her people hoped, but from one form of monarchy to another. It cannot be said that popular government had any interest whatever in the strife. The extreme absolutism of Europe encouraged in her a reactionary movement, not on account of immediate alarm, but out of a fear that perhaps a growing desire for self-government in Brazil, with which her relations were most intimate, might gather strength enough to revolutionize her own institutions. England had assisted Portugal in defeating the armies of Napoleon, but England had no desire to see imperialism overthrown in the rescued country. Austria was alert for monarchical power in all Europe. And so the struggle went on. The power of the monarchy was confirmed. The most easily fitting constitution was secured. The alliance of Portugal with the great monarchical powers of Europe was strengthened. And she sailed over the stormiest sea to float at last into a harbor where she finds opportunity for all those faculties which her varying fortunes and her trials have developed.

"Portugal has a peculiar charm for me," said Chester, "that charm which always goes with a veil. I have tried to read Southey's unfinished history, and Beckford's rhapsodies, and Miss Pardoe's sketches, and Murray's old quarto, and have read Portugal old and

new, but I always wanted a friendly introduction. You know the old mysterious kingdom, which when Napoleon had succeeded in ruling and closing every port from Trieste to St. Petersburg on the European continental coast, stood out against him, patted on the back by England, and exchanging nods with the defiant young republic of the Stars and Stripes. I like the picture."

"You are affectionate," said I, "now, when you say anything about Portugal tell about the busy Portuguese in America, what industrious citizens they are. Tell about the charming little gardens of Lisbon. Tell about the great camellia trees in Cintra, beneath which at this season the ground is thickly strewn with the fallen flowers, and tell Blackmore that he is mistaken when he says in 'Kit and Kitty' that 'if you send for camellias to Portugal you see a great clumsy stickout at the heel of the graft and the bark grinning open all along,' but that for camellias and roses and geraniums, Cintra can match the world. Tell about the good things in Portugal, as you do about those in England and France and Italy, and advise your friends to come and see."

"The rest you know well," said I to Chester, who seemed desirous of prolonging the description. For the provisions of the present Constitution, to which he was willing at last to turn, I referred him to a letter I wrote some months ago to my excellent American correspondent, to whom I have also given account of the royal funerals, coronation, and christening, and the political movements which have occurred since Dom Carlos ascended the throne. In the excitement attending the occupation by England of territory in East

Africa claimed and occupied by Portugal on the ground of original discovery, the government here has conducted itself in a firm and dignified manner, protesting against the crown of Great Britain and counselling moderation among the exasperated people. Quietly one ministry has retired and another has been called together by the King. A Cortes has been dissolved and a new one elected without opposition, beyond a successful coalition of progressists, republicans, and Africans in Lisbon. Energetic steps have been taken by the Government for an increase of the army and navy. A disposition has been manifested to enlarge the commercial relations of the kingdom, which have been somewhat confined to a single channel. At the opening of the Cortes, on the 19th of April, the King delivered an address marked by sound judgment, a spirit of conciliation, and an earnest desire for the prosperity and honor of the country. Of the mode of conducting business in the Cortes I can say but little. The only important assembling of this body that I have seen was that convened to hear from Senhor Barros Gomes his account of the difficulty between Portugal and the English Government, and I was struck with the courtesy and good order of the audience. And now, Chester, what more have you to say about Lisbon?"

"O, Lisbon has been entertaining," said he. "The populace are orderly and respectful. They take off their hats when they meet and part, and they shake hands frequently. They are well dressed and ride on most excellent saddle-horses with a firm and graceful seat. The streets are remarkably free from drunkards and brawlers. A pet lamb is the favorite attendant of the common people. The teamsters drive fine, well-

trained oxen, always on the off side. Newspapers abound and are universally read. The problem of the hack-drivers I have been unable to solve; there is no price fixed except an exorbitant one, and the threats of the police are without effect. The most picturesque person I have seen was a *gallego* girl with a red turban on her head, a red sash around her waist, enormous golden rings in her ears, a short striped shirt, a blue and crimson waist, and feet and ankles of the natural color. She was riding on the front seat of a horse-car. She was one of the fish women at leisure, one of the *Varunás*, as they are called, and one of a class of curious, industrious, interesting people, engaged in fishing and selling their fares on the streets. The husbands, brothers, and fathers live on the sea like the Swampscot fishermen and reap the same ample reward for their labor. The female side of the family do the traffic—little girls of eight or ten years old and women of fifty and over. Their street-cry is most piercing. The bawling of the mule-drivers and teamsters is feeble when compared with that startling strain with which the women and girls cry "*Peixes*," as they march steadily and rapidly through the streets; and woe be to him who insults or chaffs one of these strong and sturdy females, who can walk all day with untiring vigor, and strike a blow in self-defence which would astonish John L. Sullivan, of Boston.

"These people and the sellers of lottery-tickets make up the most lively and demonstrative part of street-trade in Lisbon. The lottery is an established institution now, and it has always been, in spite of obstacles. The Portuguese will take the chance when they can get it. When in 1833 the lottery was abolished, good

people rejoiced, but the masses objected so strongly that for the benefit of the great charity of the Misericordia it was restored, and now the charity and the government which taxes it get the reward—charity getting 12 per cent. of the amount drawn, and the state getting 15 per cent., the latter amounting to 154,000 francs annually.

“The nobility are numerous in Portugal in proportion to the population. Their power, which was broken by Pombal, was, after his death, restored by a liberal supply of newly elevated persons of wealth or accomplishments or favoritism, who devoted themselves to the patronage of the government. In this industry they were quite successful. Among all classes, however, admirable characteristics are found which really indicate the nature of the people. They have great courage, self-possession, patience, cheerfulness, and affection. They are seldom in a hurry, and society moves on with great tranquillity. They are polite and obliging, strong in their loves and in their hates; and find in their families and in the social atmosphere of Lisbon, where few strangers gather, all the society they need. At the theatre and the opera the audience is quiet and undemonstrative, though easily roused. Holidays abound and are strictly observed. The private equipages are good, and together with all other carriages, are driven with great speed. I have never seen a horse stumble even on the most precipitous hills. I have never seen such furious driving, up hill and down, and I think I have never seen so many unsound horses at work in the streets. And now, what city would you advise me to visit next?”

“If you have never seen Seville,” said I, “go there.

There is no town like it. Oriental, bright, commercial, with a beautiful river, with poetic traditions, with the noblest and mournfullest cathedral in the world, with a picturesque hotel, with delicious art, with vivacity and energy, with fine avenues, beautiful gardens, a charming surrounding country, and a most romantic history,—go to Seville and then return to America.”

The next day Chester departed on a new exploration, and in search of a new interview. Whither he went I know not, but I do know that he carried with him a keen interest in the ancient little kingdom, and a sincere desire that her “days may be long in the land.”

CHAPTER XV.

LISBON.—BOSTON.

June 1, 1890.—My mission to Portugal has come to an end, and I sail to-day in the steamer *Lanfranc* for Liverpool and thence for Boston, where I can land in the neighborhood of my own home. To bid farewell to Portugal seems to be a very simple matter, but when I recall the events of my diplomatic career, and the scenes and associations I have enjoyed, I realize that I have had an experience in which my official services have had by no means the most important part. It is not easy for a traveller to forget the beauties of Portugal, the charming river, the scenery of Cintra, the antiquity of Lisbon, the lonely and mysterious silence of Mafra, the grandeur and beauty of Alcobaça, the luxuriance of the north and the sandy wastes of the south, the languid industry of the people, and the gardens and *quintas* which adorn the mountain sides and lie along the sunny slopes—it is not easy for a traveller to forget all this even after the most rapid flight. But a year's life in this dreamy land leaves an impression which is not easily broken, and which lingers like the flavor of the violet. Portugal keeps her peculiar place in art and literature; and no one can forget the uniformity and repose into which she has settled after centuries of storm and conflict.

When I reached Lisbon it became my duty to call the attention of the government to a demand for redress for the course pursued towards a railway in Africa which had been seized for non-fulfilment of a contract made with an American citizen. It is unnecessary to set forth the details of the controversy over the Lorenzo Marques railway, and it is difficult as well as imprudent to settle the question here. The Portuguese government assumed that they had acted in accordance with the spirit of the concession they had made, and that they were not called upon to adjust the difficulty with any government but with the claimants. The instructions from the State Department made it necessary for me to demand an arbitration in which the United States might appear in behalf of the citizens whose property had been confiscated. It was a question evidently for peaceful negotiation, and it furnished an opportunity for the two nations to manifest their characteristics in conducting and settling a controversy. The correspondence between myself and the Foreign Office at Lisbon continued throughout the entire year of my residence at the Portuguese Court, and resulted in the selection of Switzerland as the power to indicate an arbitrator. The question was not one in which the peace of nations is involved, but it was one in which the temper and disposition of the parties engaged might be conspicuous. The correspondence was intricate and voluminous; and it gave me an opportunity to study the character of the contestants. Of my own government it may not become me to speak—it carried its point promptly and firmly. Of the Portuguese government in all this long and intricate negotiation, in which England also was involved, I may express my

gratification with the skill and courtesy with which the correspondence was conducted. In my weekly visit at the Foreign Office I was received with great civility and consideration by the ministers who during the year conducted the diplomatic dealings of the kingdom. I have already spoken of the graceful and impressive manner in which Senhor Barros Gomes presented his policy on the African question to the Cortes, and I shall always recall with great pleasure the agreeable and kindly controversies I had with him on the matter in which I had an interest. And so of his successor, Senhor Hintz Robeiro, with whom the negotiations were finally concluded ; I learned to admire his diplomatic skill and the grace with which he accepted the conclusion.

From the Political Director, Senhor Agostino de Ornellas, and from the Secretary of the Minister, Baron San Pedro, I received such courtesies as have placed them among my most valuable acquaintances and friends.

It was from the Foreign Office that I received a full set of the acts and decrees of the government of Portugal, numbering nearly two hundred volumes, for deposit in the State Library of Massachusetts, virtually an interchange with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for the valuable volumes of these two organizations, which I presented to the government of Portugal.

The business which a foreign minister has with the Foreign Office is performed with great promptness and simplicity. On each Wednesday the ministers meet in the salon of the stately building in which the office is located, formerly an ample and beautiful palace, and each official is admitted to the Secretary in his turn.

On this occasion all nationalities are equal, the exception being made only in the case of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Vannutelli, who takes precedence of all, of whose unassuming and impressive kindness I have already spoken, and who since my leaving Portugal has been elevated to the rank of Cardinal in the Church of Rome, an honor to which he was eminently entitled by his virtues and accomplishments.

It was on these occasions that I met Sir George Glynn Petre, the Envoy of Great Britain, who cared for the hospitality and social enjoyment of the Diplomatic Corps; and Baron de Waecker Gotter, who represented so well the German Empire, and in his presence resembled the manner and bearing of the old Emperor William; and the prudent Goedel-Lannoy, who carried most carefully the honor of Austria in his heart; and his Excellency de Grelle Rogier, the Envoy of Belgium, the hospitable and prudent; and Baron d'Aguiar d'Andrada, who was depressed by the misfortunes of his old friend and master, the ex-Emperor of Brazil; and the Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain, Senhor Mendez Vigo, the courtly and loyal Spaniard; and Monsieur A. Billot, who carried with him as Envoy the spirit and energy of the French Republic; and the Count Collobiano, who represented Italy, the fatherland of the Dowager-Queen Maria Pia, for which she has an undying affection; and the typical Russian, de Fonton; and Steenbock, the social Swede; and the musical Rosty, Secretary of the Austrian Legation; and Polo de Barnabe, the Spanish Secretary; and now and then Chevalier Cotta, Secretary of the Italian Legation. In the absence of Sir George Petre, Sir George Bonham, the stately and prudent and diplo-

matic, represented the government of Great Britain. And these were the official associates of the United States Minister to Portugal.

In a year passed in any town or country one always gathers about him a group upon whom he depends for the friendly intercourse which makes life tolerable. I recall them all—my official companions: Wilbor, the Vice-Consul and *Chargé*, who had preserved his fidelity and his mother tongue during nearly twenty years' residence in Lisbon; and Ramos, the faithful old messenger of the Legation, who had never spoiled his Portuguese by an infusion of English; and De Mattos, the interpreter, the American citizen who lived with and loved Abraham Lincoln,—and the aid they rendered me in the intricate duties of my office. And among the outside companions of my daily walks I can never forget the venerable banker, George Torlades O'Neill, one of the many generations who have occupied the old banking house, the representative of Torlades, whose dingy and well-worn quarters remind one of the Cheeryble Brothers, and whose appreciation of Spanish ballads, which he repeated with great spirit, gave a peculiar lustre to his fine accomplishments and his strong moral qualities. The rare O'Neill, with his loose-fitting garments, and his quaint office, and his glass of Copenhagen, and his six miles of a morning on his favorite little mare, and his fine varieties of port wine which he gathered up for his purchasers in Boston, and his integrity and his beaming eye and noble head and warm heart,—he alone would make Lisbon a spot to be remembered by all whom he loved. With him let me count also the son of New Hampshire, the Union soldier, the genial and warm-hearted Alexander, whose

hospitality rounded out many a leisure day, and recalled the scenes which every New-Englander loves, and made the place American.

And now as I leave Portugal I look back on her civil institutions with a deepened interest, as I do upon her hills and dales and mountains and rivers. The future of Portugal is a most interesting problem. Small in territory, without large manufactures, with the simplest agriculture, she maintains her individuality by every measure that constitutes nationality. Lying along the Atlantic Ocean on the western shore of Europe, where the seas are the most peaceful, and the gales are the mildest, and the air the softest, she has preserved her independent character against a long succession of wars and tumults, and has kept her tongue pure in spite of the influence of the powerful nationality which bounds her on the east. Her present repose is impressive. While civil commotions disturb so many of her sister nationalities, and the great questions of popular welfare and labor and civil right and the distribution of power are discussed throughout the world, she preserves her autonomy apparently undisturbed by any of the great social problems which are discussed by other peoples on both hemispheres. Her government, which is a constitutional monarchy, and possesses all power to protect her property, to consolidate her institutions, to secure the holders of her great debt, has laid the responsibility of her civil organization on a ministry selected from the people. The freedom of the Portuguese subject can be compared favorably with that of the American citizen. The bonds which bind the people to the throne are felt in every walk in life. And when the doctrines of popular government are an-

nounced it is found that all the privileges contained in those doctrines are already in operation. When a brilliant scholar in Oporto presents his republican views, and a brilliant journal in Lisbon makes a cordial response, it appears on examination that these views have already occupied the political soil of the kingdom. Nowhere is the pressure of royalty felt ; but one of the glories of the kingdom in the eyes of the people is the preservation of that ancient ceremony which gives grace and beauty to her government, and is free from indications of tyranny and oppression. I doubt if any throne stands so near the people as does that once occupied by Dom Fernando and Dom Luis, and now graced by Dom Carlos and Princess Amélie. This intimate and peaceful relation was increased when Portugal emerged from her stormy period, and the reign of Dom Fernando commenced with its industrial improvements. Then her territory became intersected by good roads and well-organized railways. Attention was turned to popular education. A government which had found refuge in another hemisphere returned to its legitimate work ; and the people went with it. A dangerous or an uncomfortable habitation is generally abandoned. A sinking ship is always deserted. The discontented usually flee from the cause of their discontent. The Portuguese seldom emigrate. The attachment they feel for their own land keeps them at home ; and that home furnishes them the means of subsistence and comfort.

But how about a Portuguese Republic? To a close observer the organization of a republic in Portugal would appear to be quite difficult. In fact, many Portuguese themselves declare that but for the existence

of Spain on their borders the question of a republic would not be raised ; and that the republican agitation in Spain is a warning and a lesson to Portugal. While there are those, moreover, who would apply the principles of popular government to this compact and well-organized monarchy, a monarchy which has been called a " Monarchical Republic," the great mass of the inhabitants of city and country rejoice in the existence of peace, and have been taught to believe that domestic controversy means cruel and bloody war. The strife in Portugal has been thus far a strife for the succession ; and in this strife the people have " waded through seas of blood " until they desire only peace with their rights. And this they think they have. The spirit of the main body of the army is loyal, even where it is uneasy. Of the thirty-three thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, any feeling of dissatisfaction has never yet developed into an open revolt. And whenever a proposition has gone from an ambitious advocate of republican doctrines to the soldiers, the result has been a slight and unimportant discussion rather than any organized action. In Lisbon and Oporto there are a few advocates of republican theories of government who are inclined to believe all causes of complaint can be removed by the delivery of the machinery into the hands of the people more emphatically than is now done. But the people are thus far content. They have all the power they desire. And an uprising is more likely to be a disturbance than a revolution.

In this ancient kingdom ample provision is made for the administration of law. The judges are appointed for life. The judiciary consists of tribunals with elected judges, justices of the peace, and intermediary

tribunals. There are two Courts of Appeal and a Supreme Court, one hundred and forty-two tribunals of the first instance, two hundred and eighty-six intermediary, eight hundred justices, and three thousand nine hundred elected judges. The juries have judicial powers. The courts are open to all. The press is free, without limitation; domicile is inviolable; no person can be imprisoned except by due form of law. The Roman Catholic religion is recognized by the charter as the religion of the state, while religious freedom is universal.

Law, literature, and religion in Portugal are sufficient for the wants of the community, and are recognized as the firm foundation of an intelligent society. While all around are the monuments of the past which remind the people of the old glory of the kingdom, I cherish its memories as I do that of the pictures of the old masters.

The territorial possessions of Portugal are great. Along the shore of Eastern Africa and the streams that run into the Indian Ocean she still holds most valuable territory. Western Africa is a tract of great extent, offering her products to every market, and destined to become one of the most industrious and influential portions of the globe, as commerce advances and the dark continent is occupied by civilized races. In the islands of the sea Portugal has rights which cannot be easily invaded. She is like the owner of large possessions of wild lands, waiting for the inevitable advance of civilization. To this may be attributed the extraordinary fact of the value of her bonds in the great money markets. The premium they usually bear indicates confidence in the accumulation of wealth behind

them ; and the former owner of Brazil, with her enormous wealth, and of the riches of the East Indies, may rest in patience while a busy world presses upon her unoccupied territory in Africa.

It seems to be the part of diplomatic wisdom for England to pacify Portugal, and bring her into a close alliance once more. In the hands of England rests all the commerce of Portugal, whose market for her manufactures she can hardly afford to lose. A peaceful adjustment of the African land question ; an agreement with regard to the navigation of Portuguese rivers in Africa ; a satisfactory tariff on goods crossing Portuguese territory ; the construction of railways and telegraphs on all the territories—once secured by the two nations will undoubtedly promote lasting peace. An alliance like this expands the power of one and gives vital force to the other. And as England in all her national intercourse recognizes the value of her trade, and always treats and fights for her prosperity, it is probable that the present disturbance may result in a combination advantageous to British commerce, the British holder of Portuguese securities, and to the confirmation of the power of the Braganzas in Portugal.

In the dispute which arose between Portugal and England over the East Africa territory, Senhor Barros Gomes expressed the strong sentiment of Portugal with regard to her ancient possessions. Lord Salisbury had instructed the British Minister, Mr. Petre, to "inform his Excellency that her Majesty's Government recognize on the Upper Zambezi the existence of Portuguese occupation of Tete and Zumbo, but that they have no knowledge of the occupation of any other place or district." To this the Portuguese Minister

for Foreign Affairs replied at considerable length, and in his communication said :

“ Portugal, who conquered India and created Brazil, has a past exceeded by no other nation. That past gives her the right to insure her hopes of a brilliant period for her nationality. Africa alone can guarantee it to her. When she defends her right on that continent, she defends her future.”

To this proud and touching appeal Lord Salisbury replied :

“ Researches have been made in this country, but hitherto without success, for the purpose of recovering the text of the treaty with the Emperor of Monomotapa, on which such large consequences are based. In the absence of this documentary confirmation we have at present no ground for believing that the Emperor himself possessed or affected to convey the extensive territories which he is assumed to have surrendered on that occasion. Still less importance can be attached to the forts whose ‘ well-preserved ruins ’ have been discovered by recent explorers. They are believed by archæologists to belong rather to the beginning of the sixteenth than to the seventeenth century ; but whatever their origin, or the date of their construction, their existence in a condition of well-preserved ruin will hardly contribute much to the establishment of the sovereignty of Portugal. Forts maintained in a condition of efficiency are undoubtedly a conclusive testimony that the territory on which they stand is in the military occupation and under the effective dominion of the power to which they belong. But forts which are in ruins and which have neither been reconstructed nor replaced, can only prove, if they prove

anything, that so far as that territory is concerned, the domination of which they were the instrument and the guarantee is in ruins also.

"I do not propose to enter further into the archaeological argument for the claims of Portugal, which are advanced in the despatch of Senhor Barros Gomes, because in the judgment of Her Majesty's Government they are not relevant to the contention for the establishment of which they have been adduced. The controversy must be decided on other grounds. The fact of essential importance is that the territory in question is not the effective government or occupation of Portugal, and that if it ever was so, which is very doubtful, that occupation has ceased during an interval of more than two centuries. During the whole of that period the Government of Portugal has made no attempt either to govern or civilize or colonize the vast regions to which a claim is now advanced; and it may be said, with respect to a very large portion of them, that no Portuguese authority has ever attempted their exploration. The practical attention of that Government has only been drawn to them at last by the successful efforts of British travellers and British settlers. The Portuguese authorities during that long interval have made no offer to establish in them even the semblance of an effective government or to commence the restoration of their alleged dominion, even by military expeditions, until they were stimulated to do so by the probability that the work of colonizing and civilizing them would fall to the advancing stream of British emigration. It is not, indeed, required by international law that the whole extent of a country occupied by a civilized power should be reclaimed from barbar-

ism at once ; time is necessary for the full completion of a process which depends upon the gradual increase of wealth and population ; but on the other hand no paper annexation of territory can pretend to any validity as a bar to the enterprise of other nations, if it has never through vast periods of time been accompanied by any indication of an intention to make the occupation a reality, and has been suffered to be ineffective and unused for centuries. Her Majesty's Government are unable to admit that the historical considerations advanced by Senhor Barros Gomes can invalidate the rights which British traders and missionaries have acquired by settlement in the valleys of Nyassa and the Shirà, nor can they affect the lawfulness of the protection which has been long extended by Great Britain to Lobengula, and more recently to the Mahololos.

"Her Majesty's Government, therefore, cannot but look upon any attempt to exercise Portuguese dominion over the British settlements in the district of Shirà and Lake Nyassa, or over any tribes which are under British protection, as an invasion of her Majesty's rights."

The demand that Serpa Pinto, who had command of the Portuguese forces in that region should be withdrawn, having been enforced by England, and the demand of Portugal that she would place herself under the shelter of the provisions laid down in Article 12 of the General Act of Berlin, providing for mediation or arbitration in cases of dispute, having been denied by the British Foreign Office, his Majesty's government "reserving in every way the rights of the Crown of Portugal to the African regions in question," sent the orders required by Great Britain to the Governor-General of Mozambique. And so the contest ended.

In this connection the views of the Portuguese people with regard to British diplomacy in Eastern Africa are valuable—and if not valuable, are entitled to consideration as an illustration of the popular inclination on questions of civilization and reform. The document I now quote was addressed on November 20, 1890, to the government by the Geographical Society, a most respectable body, who are interested in the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom. The address undoubtedly represents the popular feeling on African civilization.

“ Monsieur le Ministre :

“ The Lisbon Geographical Society could not remain indifferent to the events taking place in Eastern Africa. They have watched them with close attention and the particular interest which they owe to their social mission and likewise to the encouragement they have received from the government of this country. They therefore come forward to-day, to place in your hand the expression of their deep regret and of their indignation regarding a fact which they consider offensive and injurious to the principles of mankind, of civilization and law, which ought to govern the influence, the action, and the relations of civilized nations in Africa between themselves or with the native tribes. The fact they allude to is particularly serious, as it implies the violation of an international agreement to which Portugal has loyally adhered.

“ As you are aware, Monsieur le Ministre, the discovery of important gold mines north of the Limpopo, the advantages and profits to be derived on certain markets from the mining concessions so easily extorted

by cunning adventurers from the savage chiefs of African tribes, have attracted a number of travellers and explorers to the country known as Metabeleland.

"Several of these travellers succeeded in 1887 in obtaining from the principal chief of that tribe (Lobengula) a contract granting them the sole right of working the gold mines situated not only in his own country or territories, and in country or territories lying under his sway, but also in neighboring territories. What Lobengula was to get in exchange for this singular concession no one suspected for a long time. It was merely stated that the lessees were to pay him a certain royalty payable yearly, but that the validity of the concession was dependent upon the reception by the chief of a certain quantity of arms and ammunition with which the lessees were to supply him. The existence of the latter clause was removed in the Transvaal and the British Cape Colony, but it is only recently and from what transpired in a debate at the Cape Parliament that it has become an ascertained fact—a fact which all reasonable and well-minded authorities on African questions had hitherto declined to believe.

"Mr. Merriman, Member of the Cape Parliament, questioning the Cape Government, pointed out that the lessees of the Metabeleland gold mines had forwarded to Lobengula 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles, with their bayonets, and 300,000 cartridges, and that the weapons had been conveyed in transit through Cape Colony in spite of the special laws governing the importation of firearms and war ammunition.

"The first reply made by the Prime Minister, Sir Gordon Sprigg, clearly shows that the minister did not believe such a report. He promised, however, to make

immediate inquiries, and on the following day declared to the Chamber that the assertion was well founded.

"He related the circumstances in detail, and added that he had thought fit to blame the conduct of one of the highest officials of the Colony, who, knowing that the weapons had been introduced in the country, had not informed the Colonial Government of the fact. The truth is that from January to March of that year, 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles had passed in transit with 300,000 cartridges through Cape Colony. They had been taken from the Custom-House and forwarded by the agents of the Matabeleland mine lessees. The Colonial authorities after some hesitation had at last assented to the arms leaving Kimberly and being conveyed across the frontier on the strength of an order signed by Sir Sidney Shippart, High Commissioner in British Bechuanaland, the representative of the actual Government of Great Britain, toward which he was solely responsible for all measures taken by him.

"The above-mentioned debate and the discussion which followed in the newspapers cleared all doubts as to the fact of 1,000 rifles and 300,000 cartridges having been sent to Matabeleland and supplied to Lobengula. Now the Matabeles are considered by the best-informed travellers as the most quarrelsome, barbarous, and sanguinary tribe throughout Southeast Africa. This tribe is not composed of natives of the district it occupies. It conquered it by exterminating the original population in 1837, when the notorious Muzilikatse, routed by the Boers, crossed the Limpopo and went to settle in Matabeleland with his Zulus. Succeeding Muzilikatse, Lobengula followed in his footsteps by remaining faithful to the bloody and tyrannical tradi-

tions of his race, invading and laying waste the territories of neighboring tribes, stripping the latter of all their valuables, reducing them to slavery, spreading on all sides terror and death.

"The principal victims of such a violent policy have been the natives of Mashonaland who reside northward. This peaceful and industrious population, which have long maintained the relation of friendly vassals to the Portuguese authorities and settlers of the Zambezi, are cruelly persecuted and constantly assaulted by the Matabeles, who seek to conquer and annihilate them, although they have not yet completely succeeded in their attempt.

The cruelty of the Matabeles has been recently brought into strong relief by the Bishop of Bloemfontain, an authority whom no one will gainsay. Returning in 1888 from an excursion in that country, the noble prelate, still smarting under the impression of the barbarous acts he had witnessed, delivered in a public meeting at Vriburg in British Bechuanaland the following words which Mr. Merriman quotes in one of his Parliamentary speeches :

" ' One thing I would not do for the life of me would be to hand a gun to Lobengula even if he were to ask me. I would rather sacrifice the lives of the whole of my expedition than to supply firearms to a Matabele, for every one should know that in the hands of such a tribe rifles would only be used for the purpose of murdering innocent and powerless people. The man who handed a rifle to the Matabeles would have cause to repent it bitterly in this world and the next. The mere act of providing the Matabeles with weapons is so abominable that no fiendish cruelty could surpass it.' "

"Although widely known, the opinion thus expressed by a venerable and truthful churchman has not been able to prevail against mercantile self-interest and greediness, nor to prevent an English company from providing a barbarous and bloodthirsty people with improved firearms, which will make it easy for them to crush and destroy in complete safety the peaceful tribes living in the neighborhood.

"But this is not all. Such an outrage on civilization has left many people unmoved, and has even found many to excuse it in a country of which certain institutions and several newspapers persisted, and still persist with all their might, against all truth and justice, in denouncing Portugal as a country which reduces the natives into bondage and ill-treats them.

"Of what use could these arms and ammunition be to Lobengula? Surely he was not going to keep them within the boxes in which they had been conveyed through two British colonies, nor to hang up and admire as harmless works of art.

"Several English papers acknowledge that this dangerous and formidable equipment will be used by the Matabeles to achieve the conquest of the Mashona territories and their wealthy mines, and to hurry into slavery the unfortunate native tribes, who, although mentioned on English maps by the extraordinary title of 'Slaves of the Matabeles,' have not been entirely reduced into bondage or wiped off the face of Africa by means of the simple arrow or the assegai.

"Presumably the proud and savage chief will endeavor to justify by means of iron and fire his claims already acknowledged and approved by British diplomacy, but which are wholly unfounded and denied by

more than one competent authority, and which amounts to saying that the territory of the Mashonas belongs to the country governed by Lobengula.

"Now Mashonaland is a traditional portion not of the territory occupied by the Matabeles, but of those which have always been considered as within the sphere and sovereignty of the Portuguese, a circumstance which the Portuguese Government has just taken care to proclaim by the final organization of the Zumbo district.

"Part of the weapons handed to Lobengula might have been put to another use worthy of special attention at the present time, and in the face of the international agreement in operation. They could be sold and exported by Lobengula in the Northern countries where the Arab slave hunters would have purchased at high prices rifles and ammunition which the blockade of the eastern coast prevented them from obtaining from the latter quarter. This view of the matter is perfectly rational. Persons of experience in African ways and customs well know how easily the natives travel through enormous distances to exchange their goods against other goods they have a fancy for or feel in want of.

"Neither were the governments which had agreed to the blockade of the Eastern coast unaware of this themselves. This is proved by the fact that on November 16, 1888, the British Minister at Lisbon when notifying to our government the intention of blockading the Zanzibar coast, declared that the British and German governments did not believe in the efficaciousness of such a measure without the co-operation of Portugal and the simultaneous closing of the Mozambique coast to the exportation of slaves and the importation of

arms and ammunition with which the Arab dealers provide themselves for the expeditions into the interior. The Portuguese government acceded to this. According to a decree dated December 6th, they ordered the blockade of the Portuguese coast as far down as the District of Lorenzo-Marquez, and prohibited the introduction of all ammunition of war in the districts of Cape Delgado, Mozambique, Angochè, Quilimane, Sofala, and Inhambane.

“What a singular coincidence. At the very moment when a great number of chiefs, our friends and vassals, complained of being without arms and ammunition for their own protection and the requirements of every-day life ; at the very moment when English adventurers and intriguers were inducing them to believe that we refused supplying them with such arms in order to render them defenceless against ourselves (a fact of which we have written proofs in the records of our Society) ; at that very moment Lobengula, situated at the north of Inhambane, was receiving a formidable amount of weapons which he could offer to the slave dealers and which at all events were to be partly used in reducing to slavery the peaceful and industrious Mashonas.

“If this consignment of improved firearms in the hands of a greedy and barbarous chiefain accustomed to practise the horrible slave-trade had been made without the approval and knowledge of a highly situated British official, one could at the most but deplore the neglect and shortsightedness of the British authorities and the blindness and selfishness of a mercantile speculation carried on in violation of the law. But as it has been shown and proved that the highest authority of a

country which prides itself upon working in the cause of mankind and African civilization has been consenting party to such a sale of weapons, the circumstance assumes the gravest aspect possible and can but cause feelings of sorrowful surprise and excite the most melancholy apprehensions.

"Such is the sentiment of respectful but firm and sincere protest which the Geographical Society of Lisbon, a humble and loyal co-operator in the holy cause of African civilization, has the honor to submit to the exalted and patriotic attention of the Portuguese Government, as represented by your Excellency.

*"To his Excellency the Minister }
of the Marine and the Colonies." }*


It must be evident to the reader of this document that the Portuguese are interested in the elevation of their country. That they resent any insult offered it directly or indirectly we have already abundant evidence. As in the case of the occupation of Portuguese territory in Africa, so in the introduction of institutions repugnant to the best sentiments of the country, the protest is strong and determined. This is apparently the character of the people who hold in their hands the destinies of Portugal. It is not easy to tell when this determination will change. But I think not yet. The introduction of French Republicanism during the Napoleonic wars has undoubtedly had some effect on the popular mind ; and this effect is demonstrated by the liberal spirit into the constitution and the organization of the government. There are those who think this spirit will go no farther. But there are those also who can see in their minds' eye the King flying across

the frontier, and the sudden organization of a republic, with a bloodless revolution. The effect of the French Republic on the governments of Europe is destined to be great. From confusion and turmoil a strong and powerful and peaceful and prosperous nationality has arisen which attracts the attention of all Europe, and will one day exert a vast influence on the popular mind. Whether the existing governments can resist this influence time alone can tell. But whatever may be the result, the day is far distant when the old monarchies will be transformed, and the old habits will be laid aside, and the institutions of the fathers will be remodelled, and the civil atmosphere will be changed. When the floods come and the winds blow, the fate of the nations can possibly be foretold. Meanwhile Portugal as a political institution maintains her position.

But the time arrived when I could admire and speculate on Portugal no longer. It was when the sun was declining across the wide waters of the river that I stepped on board a steam tug and was whirled over the wavy stream to the steamer *Lanfranc*, in which we were to be borne to Liverpool. The day was bright and breezy, the little tug danced, the spray washed and wet us, and we clambered up the side of the great ship, where we lay for an hour signalling our farewells to a few kind friends. And then as the sun went down we passed the picturesque and dignified and hoary Belem, and ran along the heights of Cintra, and watched the lights as they came out in the evening darkness, and wondered which was Montserrate and which the "Lawrence" and which the Guedes, and saw the ray which shot from the height and knew that this was the last to us of Pena, the charming

old home of Dom Fernando and his Countess. As we skirted along the coast the mysteries of the scenery increased in the darkness, we began to calculate how many hours it would be before we reached the mouth of the Douro and the Cape Finisterre, and we were soon on our way on the trackless sea with the stars above us and nothing around us but the splashing waters. The morning came, and with it the consciousness that we were traversing the Bay of Biscay and were well on our voyage. The wild and stormy Bay was in its gentlest mood. The surface of the sea was sparkling with the most cheery and brilliant light, as the west wind drove over it and warmed and lulled us into security in that home of wild storms and tempestuous waves. I looked for the "vivid lightning" and listened for the "dreadful thunder" and waited for the rain which "a deluge poured," and called to my mind the spirited voice of the great Braham as he sang that inspiring song which won from the Italians of his day the tribute, "*Non c'è tenore in Italia come Braham*," and roused the ancient audiences to a stormy wildness. We crossed the Bay while it was in gentle mood and steamed on day and night companionless and alone, until far away we discerned the Scilly Isles enveloped in fog and assuring us that we were in a known region of the earth and bound up the Channel for Liverpool. Day was far spent when we sailed up the Mersey and found ourselves welcomed by the officers of the port, who had been notified of our coming, and who took good care for the storage of our luggage, and directed us to the hotel which was to shelter us until the next day, when we were to sail for Boston on the good steamer *Scythia*.

The final voyage was bright and sparkling. We sauntered over a smooth sea into the harbor of Queens-town to take the mails and pick up a passenger or two, and trade with the agile girls who sat in the bight of a rope as they were hoisted up the side to sell their pipes and lace and linen, and to admire their agility and courage. And when the mails were all on board and the traffic all over we steamed out into the wide ocean and were soon lost to all the world. Day after day the tireless flocks of gulls followed in our wake, resting at intervals on the bosom of the waters, and rising in sweeping flight to settle in a hurrying crowd upon a morsel of food thrown from the ship. The sea was wintry—so said the captain. The bright little Irish girl, who was bound to Salem, tried in vain to cheer us—the sea was at times too much for us. My mercantile friend from Boston laughed evening after evening at my vain attempts to beat him at euchre. The solemn form of Mr. Leslie Stephen paced up and down, or fore and aft, the deck, giving assent now and then to some wise remark upon the weather or on some well known hero in history. The second-cabin passengers cast longing glances over the ropes upon the scattered crowd who ruled in somewhat melancholy mood the privileged and aristocratic planks of the ship, until the divided community was thrown into one by that most tragic of all events at sea, the plunge of a passenger into the seething waters. A poor bewildered waif, crazed by the sorrows of life, or heartbroken by the thought of those he had left behind, or maddened by drink, suddenly tore himself from his companions and threw himself into the sea. The horror-stricken men and passengers gathered at



the sides of the ship and strained their eyes to catch sight of that desperate mortal whom the ship was fast leaving in the raging waters. Not a sound was heard, except the hurried loosing and manning of the boats for the rescue, in which every moment seemed an hour. Somewhere in those crested waves which danced and ran in a hurrying tumult was a human being, struggling or drowning in desperate resignation. Far off, the boat, tossed upon the waters, took her course for the ship. All hope was abandoned, and we were left to realize in silence that a fellow-creature had gone to his last account. We were called to contemplate the despair of man and the mystery of the sea.

The remaining incidents of the voyage were tame and usual. The moaning of the ship's horn in the "gloomy doubts" of the fog, the startling appearance of the iceberg which lay at the windward of us and solemnly made its way to that destruction from which we sped, the ship at sea which we signalled and whose tidings were unimportant—these things made up the ordinary sea-voyage. But there is an hour when the familiar headland appears in the far-off horizon, and the charm of that scene where "his islands lift" their welcome hills and groves and warm your heart, and the familiar fisherman steers his swift schooner close to the stern of your ship, and the spires of the city loom and glisten in the sun, and the gilded dome shines in the morning light, and you realize that at last you have reached the desired haven, Boston. In an hour I was in Salem, and my diplomatic career had come to an end.

APPENDIX.

An explanation of the vignette on the title-page, the magpie, can be found on page 37.

The death of Prince Napoleon, George Torlades O'Neill, and De Mattos has taken place since these pages were written.

The financial condition of Portugal is variously stated. The debt in 1882, according to the best authorities, amounted to \$392,775,000. In discussing this indebtedness it is now declared that it has risen from about \$400,000,000 in 1875 to nearly \$700,000,000 at present. The deficit estimated for the current year is upwards of \$2,000,000; and but for the controversy with England, a Portuguese loan of \$50,000,000 would have been negotiated last year in the London market, based on a government monopoly of the tobacco manufacture. It appears that it was not a want of resources, but a want of harmony, which prevented this loan.

The debt of Spain was \$2,504,748,370 in 1882; of Italy, \$2,042,000,000; of France, \$4,750,337,109, according to the returns of that year.

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